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MEMOIR OF JOHN URQUHART.

MEMOIR

INCLUDING

LETTERS AND SELECT REMAINS

OF

JOHN URQUHART

LATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS.

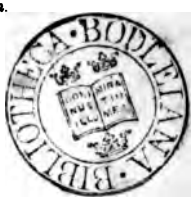
BY WILLIAM ORME.

WITH A PREFATORY NOTICE AND RECOMMENDATION

BY ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D. LL.D.

"Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit."—HORAT. *Carm.*

"What though short thy date?
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures;—
The man of wisdom is the man of years."—YOUNG.



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PREFATORY NOTICE

AND

RECOMMENDATION.

BY THE REV. DR. DUFF.

THE first and only British edition of Mr. Orme's Memoir of John Urquhart having long been out of print, it has been suggested to me by various parties, who were aware of my personal acquaintance with the youthful subject of it, that a new and revised edition might tend greatly to subserve the cause of true piety and Christian missions. Under this impression the task of revision has been gladly undertaken. As the general result it may be stated that several minor mistakes, into which the biographer had inadvertently fallen, have been corrected; that various passages of inferior importance, or of merely local or ephemeral interest, as well as all the essays of a purely literary or philosophical character, have been omitted; and, finally, that the whole has been broken up into the more convenient form of chapters.

With some it may be a matter of doubt whether the essays ought to be altogether excluded. Considered as the college exercises of a youth of little more than sixteen, they cannot but be regarded as no ordinary productions. Their simplicity, as Mr. Orme has truly remarked, constitutes their charm; the *lucidus ordo* is

most delightfully exemplified in every one of them; the thoughts of the writer constantly flow in a train peculiarly clear, always natural and unaffected; and the easy, elegant diction in which he expressed himself was the perfect picture of his mind. To the students of mere secular literature and philosophy, they might well serve to show how, between true science and true religion, there is not only no real discrepancy, but a beauteous and mutually enhancing harmony; and how, with the utmost ease, precision, and intelligence, a Christian young man, whose whole soul was inflamed with the spirit of missions, could, in the ordinary course of his academic career, and at the call of duty, turn aside and successfully grapple with some of the most abstruse and perplexing questions in ethics and political economy.

Nevertheless, on mature consideration, it has been deemed expedient wholly to omit these remarkable essays, since the grand object of the Memoir is to exhibit the rise, progress, and formation of the religious character of the individual whose short life is illustrated. Amid the many clustering excellences that adorned that character, by far the most prominent and striking was the evangelistic spirit and self-devotion by which it was so peculiarly distinguished. It was this which chiefly conferred on it at once its lustre and its *uniqueness*. The Church of Christ in all lands can happily point to not a few young men of sincere and shining piety; but, unhappily, to very few, who, at the age of young Urquhart, have been privileged to obtain and cherish so marvellously clear and intelligent an apprehension of the duty of exemplifying that piety by a solemn act of personal dedication to the God-like enterprise of the world's evangelization.

It is under this more distinctive aspect of it that I would earnestly crave the special attention of Christian

young men in general, and more particularly of Christian students and candidates for the ministry, to the life of John Urquhart.

In his case we find the true *rationale* of personal dedication to the cause of missions unfolded with singular point and clearness. In early youth it was his inestimable privilege to enjoy the benefit of religious training, under the instruction and example of pious parents. Being naturally of a mild, gentle, amiable, guileless, Nathanael-like disposition, such example and instruction could not fail to have their due effect, in not only restraining him from the commission of gross outward sin, and saving him from the contagious influences of evil companionship, but also in superinducing a habit of external conformity to the practices of Christian devotion and worship. Still, until he had passed his fourteenth year, there is no evidence whatever of his having undergone the great change of the *new birth* in the soul. On this subject his own statement to his pastor, Mr. Orme, is perfectly explicit. Writing in April 1824 he says, "My first impressions of danger, as a sinner, were caused by a sermon you preached, on a Lord's day evening, about a year and a half ago. At the time I was very much affected; it was then, I think, that I first really prayed. I retired to my apartment, and with many tears confessed my guilt before God."

This first partial awakening occurred towards the close of the autumn of 1822. Soon afterwards he went, for the first time, to the College of St. Andrews. There his first religious impressions became somewhat blunted, though not effaced. On his return home in the summer of 1823, he tells us that he began to feel less pleasure in the exercises of prayer and praise and reading of the Scriptures; yea, that these employments became a weariness to him, and were at last almost

totally neglected. "My soul," he adds, "reverted to its original bent, and the follies of this world wholly engrossed my attention, and had I been left in that state, I must have inevitably perished."

But the Lord, who is rich in mercy, and who delighteth not in the death of the wicked, had better things in store for him. Through the powerful operation of the Holy Spirit, a process of illumination and conviction was commenced and carried on in his soul, until at last it issued in manifest conversion to God. Returning to St. Andrews for the second time, towards the close of the autumn of 1823, he was enabled, before the end of that session, thus to write:—"God, in His infinite mercy, has again been pleased to call my attention to the things of eternity. For some months back I have been led to see the utter worthlessness of earthly things; to see that happiness is not to be found in any earthly object. And I think I have been led to seek it where alone it is to be found—in Jesus crucified for me. I have felt great pleasure in communion with God; and I have felt some love, though faint, to the Saviour and to His cause. I have had a long struggle with the world. I have counted the cost, and I have at last resolved that I will serve the Lord."

Under these reawakened and more vital impressions, and as a scripturally ordained means of heightening and permanizing them, he at once resolved openly to profess his faith in Jesus, by formally entering the communion and fellowship of a Christian church. Relative to this decisive step, his biographer, with equal truth and emphasis, remarks that his reasons for taking it "were those by which he appeared to have been [illegible] influenced in his religious course. He first [illegible] ertain what was the will of God, and on [illegible] satisfactory conclusion on this point, he [illegible] pared to encounter all difficulties which

stand in the way of full compliance with it. He delayed not, but hastened to keep the commandment."

On being received as a member of the Church of Christ, he not only felt keenly alive to the seriousness and solemnity of the step he had taken, but entertained the most humbling sense of his own weakness and unworthiness, coupled, however, with a well-grounded reliance on the all-sufficiency of his covenant-God. "I see," he remarks, "many temptations in my way, and I feel that I am not able in myself to withstand them. May God perfect His strength in my weakness, and may He enable me henceforth to live, *not to myself*, but to *Him* who died for me, and who rose again; *to offer my body a living sacrifice, and to devote all the faculties of my mind to His service.*"

These were no mere words of course, expressive of aspirations that were to perish with the utterance. No; they were the spontaneous effusion of an intensely conscientious and ingenuous mind. From the day that he united himself, as a member, to the body or visible Church of Christ, by a deliberate act of public communion, it was clear to all around that he regarded himself, in strictest literality, as "no longer his own," but as one "bought with a price;" and therefore bound to serve his divine Lord and Redeemer, with "soul, body, and spirit, which were His." Suddenly startled out of the dreamy indifference and illusory visions of old nature—arrested in his downward career towards the fiery lake—snatched as a brand from the burning—and overwhelmed under a vividly realizing sense of so great a deliverance, he might well have given expression to the actual inner workings and new spiritual instincts of his soul in words like these: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? How can I most effectually testify my adoring gratitude and love? Here am I, a sinful, guilty rebel, ransomed by Thy blood from

power of sin and death, and hell and the grave; do with me what Thou wilt, for I am Thy servant, under obligation the most absolute to be and to do whatsoever Thou wilt."

Assuredly in his case there was no first consulting with mere flesh and blood! No tacit reserve in favour of mere natural tastes or antecedent predilections! No partial or half deference to the whims or humours, the likings or prejudices of friends! No plausible transference, through a voluntary humility, of individual personal responsibility to the arbitrary decision of others! No secret clinging or cleaving to any favourite or previously cherished scheme or department of labour! No timorous respect to the ordinary routine or stereotyped conventionalities of ecclesiastical usage! No! "Here I am, Lord, whenever, wherever, in what way soever *Thou* wilt have me to serve Thee—only do Thou show me, that I may promptly obey,"—seems but the faithful and compendious embodiment of the real feelings and convictions of his heart.

It was, then, when in this Isaiah-like, Paul-like mood and frame of mind, the true spring and source of noblest self-renunciation and most heroic self-sacrifice, that the Lord was pleased powerfully to impress his mind with a desire to devote himself to the Christian ministry, in direct connexion with the great work of heathen evangelization, as the sphere in which, if rightly improved, most glory might accrue to God, and most good to the souls of men. Thus it was that in his case the evangelistic spirit, which ultimately led to so solemn an act of personal consecration, was coeval with the dawn and manifestation of the new birth in his soul. Planted there, as in a soil prepared by the Holy Spirit, and watered by the dews of the heavenly grace, the tender germ gradually sprung up into stature and strength, keeping pace with the growth of the new man, until

at last it bore the ripened fruit of an unconquerable resolve.

It is true that with the subject of missions, in its general aspects, he had long been well acquainted. It was one in which his pious parents and pastor were deeply interested. It was therefore linked with many of his earliest and most familiar home associations. But it was not until he himself was sought out, effectually called, and quickened, as one of the lost, that he began to feel the influence of a Saviour's example and command constraining him to consider whether it might not be his own duty, in imitation of his divine Lord and Master, to go forth in person into "the waste howling wilderness" of sin and death to seek and to save the lost! The discovery of his own ruined condition by nature opened up to his unsealed vision a new and appalling prospect of the whole world lying in wickedness, and exposed to endless miseries here and hereafter. The felt realization of the joy and blessedness of pardon and sanctifying grace to his own soul, from the Fount itself of redeeming love, inspired him with new and unwonted emotions of sympathy and compassion towards the perishing, as well as new and unwonted desires to be honoured as the herald to them of the glad tidings of a great salvation. An overpowering sense of grateful loyalty to Him to whom he owed his own everlasting life inspired him with an uncontrollable longing to do what in him lay to advance that glorious cause of the world's evangelization, in the consummation of which alone He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied. Thus it was that in him the first stirring of the missionary spirit was not the impulse of a mere ordinary philanthropy—not the fitful gleam of a doating imagination—not the fond vision of chivalrous romance—not the sudden movement of excited feeling —not the wild project of adventurous enterprise—not

the momentary flash and sparkle of an ebullient enthusiasm. Oh, no! It was the welling forth of a divine sentiment of pity and compassion, gratitude and love, from the profoundest depths of a renovated spirit —it was the lighting up of a radiant and enduring principle of life and energy in a soul now struggling, in the new pathway of holy duty, to disengage itself wholly from the smoke and tarnish of a turbid earthly atmosphere.

Still, he was very young and inexperienced, not having yet completed his sixteenth year. On this account, with a judgment pre-eminently sound, he resolved, in the first instance, to keep his newly awakened thoughts and desires to himself, spreading them out before God only, and seeking for further light from the illumination of the Holy Spirit in the reading of Scripture, meditation, and prayer. A better evidence of perfect calmness and sobriety, coupled with earnest determination, could scarcely be afforded than was indicated by this course of action. "If," wrote he, even at a later period,—"if my wish to preach the gospel of Christ among the heathen have in it aught of the romance of a boyish imagination, a few years' thought and experience will extinguish its ardour; but if the Lord has appointed me to declare His name among the Gentiles, and that wish has been implanted in my breast by the Spirit of God, delays and disappointments will but foster its growth, and make it yet more vigorous." How sagaciously he had thus judged the result abundantly proved.

After the lapse of a considerable period, devoted to *private* readings, meditation, and prayer, he resolved, in his intense anxiety to learn his Lord's will in the matter, to seek for light from every available extraneous source, steadfastly watching the leadings of Providence with a filial eye. Conscious of his own liability to err, and with a diffidence and modesty peculiar to the sincere inquirer after truth and the path of duty, he was led,

among other means of enlightenment, to ask counsel from friends to whose candour and practical wisdom he might look with some degree of confidence; not that such counsel might form a decisive or determining element in the case, but simply furnish materials for the confirmation or correction of his own immature judgment. It was to his pastor, Mr. Orme, that in his letter of February 18th, 1825, he very naturally and properly first unbosomed his mind on the subject, stating that he had long considered the object of the missionary enterprise as "one of the most important, perhaps the most important, which can engage the mind of a Christian;" that "for some time he had even seriously thought of devoting his own life to the cause of missions;" that he was "aware of the difficulties to be encountered, and of the danger of rashly forming a resolution of such importance;" that "even the desire he had thus expressed was the fruit of much meditation and prayer;" and that he had "communicated it to Mr. Orme in order to have the benefit of his advice."

But while he thus sought the counsel of experienced friends, it was from the Bible that he drew his chief inspiration and guidance; praying at the same time for the illumining influences of the Holy Spirit. The substance of his cogitations and conclusions in this direction he himself supplies. In a letter to a friend, July 8th, 1825, he remarks as follows:—

"In connexion with this matter, I have been led to consider more attentively those passages of Scripture which refer to missionary exertions, and the result has been a deeper impression than ever of the duty of engaging in this work. It is very true that much has to be done at home; that there are many here, as my friend Craik writes, who 'can only be considered in the light of more criminal heathens.' But this is a wilfu

ignorance; they are not 'perishing from lack of knowledge.' And this argument, if carried to its full extent, would stifle missionary exertions to the very end of the world. What would have been the consequence had the apostles resolved not to leave Jerusalem till every one of their brethren according to the flesh was truly converted? The Gentiles would not have received the glad tidings of salvation to the present hour. This was not the command the apostles received, however; and accordingly they acted in a very different manner. They were to preach the gospel to all nations, *beginning* at Jerusalem. The nation of the Jews had a claim upon the first preachers of Christianity which our countrymen have not upon us. They were not only their 'brethren according to the flesh,' but they were also God's chosen nation; and as such it was right that they should enjoy a pre-eminence over all others, in first receiving the proclamation of pardon. But how did their brethren, the apostles, act even to this favoured nation? They made a full declaration of salvation through Christ; they made a free tender of the mercy of Jehovah; but by almost all this mercy was slighted and rejected. By thus sinning against greater light, these individuals became *more criminal* even than the heathen. Did the apostles, therefore, think that they should not go forth to the heathen till all these rejecters of the truth were convinced of the error of their ways? No; that very rejection of the gospel by their countrymen was a signal for their departure. 'Seeing ye *reject*,' etc., 'behold, we turn to the Gentiles.' Had the gospel been proclaimed in like manner to *all* other nations, the apostles would have felt it their duty to have laboured assiduously among their brethren at home. But, while there remained a single nation on the face of the earth that had not received the knowledge of salvation, they felt that the parting command-

ment of their Master was not yet fully obeyed; and while they lived, they made it their business more and more fully to execute that command. But their missionary spirit died with them; and at the present hour that commandment remains still unobeyed. Is it difficult, in this case, to see the path of duty? Besides, I cannot see that by preaching at home we hasten the coming glory of the Church. God has promised that all shall *know* Him. He has not promised that all shall *serve* Him. On the contrary, He has said that He will gather His people out of every nation, kindred, and tongue, and people; which evidently implies that *all* shall *not* be His people. Far be it from me to depreciate the work of the ministry at home. It is a most important work. But still, while there are any sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, it must yield in importance to the missionary field. Besides, who can tell what an effect our neglect of God's commandment to preach to *all* nations may have in causing Him to withhold his Spirit from the exertions of Christians at home?"

In a subsequent letter he supplements this clear, simple, resistless scriptural statement, by the following very impressive view:—

"I still am inclined to think that the publication of the gospel as a message of mercy to sinners is the grand object for which the Christian ministry was instituted; at least it is one of the greatest objects. I do think that even the edification of the body of Christ yields to it in point of importance. We believe that if a sinner once embraces the gospel he cannot finally fall away; and even if his progress in the divine life should be slow, we know that in a very few years at the farthest, a full display of the glories of the divine character must burst upon him. Now, whether

is it a more important work to rescue a sinner from hell, and place him in this condition of safety, or to antedate, in a very slight degree, the happiness of a future state in one who has believed? For all our advances in the knowledge of divine truth here must be held insignificant, when compared with the immense addition to our knowledge and our happiness which we shall receive at that time when the dim conceptions of faith shall be exchanged for the bright realities of actual vision. I beg that you would not understand me as estimating lightly the work of grace in the hearts of believers. It is only when contrasted with the work of regeneration that I would ever think of it as of secondary importance. But I am not sure that the work of grace would go on more slowly in the hearts of believers from the attention of the pastors being more called to the work of evangelizing the heathen. I do think in the present day we are apt to trust too much to public ordinances, and I would almost like to see Christians more thrown upon the resources of private devotion, and more direct communion with God. Our knowledge of divine things, to be sure, is small; but oh that our piety were but equal to our knowledge!"

As a further means of furnishing himself with sufficient data to insure an intelligent and solidly based resolution, he sought and obtained, in the autumn of 1825, a personal interview with Mr. Townley, formerly a missionary in Bengal, and Dr. Morrison, the celebrated Chinese missionary, then resident in London. To them he openly expressed the wish he had for some time fostered, to devote himself, if the Lord willed, to missionary labours. As China, on account of its magnitude and the comparative neglect of it, at that time, by the Christian world, presented the strongest claims to his mind, he looked forward to it as his probable future mission-field. He accordingly attended Dr. Morrison's

instructions in Chinese, that he might gain as much insight into "the mode of studying the language as might enable him, should he wish to pursue it, to do so alone." And his biographer testifies that the papers he left behind sufficiently evinced how ardently and successfully he entered into the study of that difficult language.

Returning with his friend Mr. Adam, who had devoted himself to the missionary cause, about the end of October, to St. Andrews, they both resolved to apply themselves afresh to their general studies, and to a thorough examination of everything relating to missions. For this purpose, they searched the sacred Scriptures, and summed up their inquiries under the heads of *precepts, prophecies, examples,* and *promises.* In order to render the investigation the more complete, they also resolved, at the same time, to collect from other sources all the accessible information on the interesting subject. In this way they carefully perused Brown's History of Missions, Horne's, Ward's, Milne's, and Judson's Letters; the lives of Martyn, Brainerd, and Chamberlain; Ward's History of the Hindus, etc., praying more earnestly than ever for wisdom and direction from above.

It is surely not possible to imagine anything more enlightened or judicious than the preparatory course of inquiry thus systematically pursued. No rashness, flightiness, impulsiveness, flashy enthusiasm, or ephemeral excitement here! On the contrary, all is characterized by a singular calmness and sobriety of spirit, comprehensiveness of aim, and persevering steadfastness of purpose, the clear indications of a simple, earnest, honest, conscientious desire to ascertain the divin[illegible] bed path of duty.

. what was the result? A growing convict paramount claims of the heathen field, and [illegible] of personal engagement in the missionary

Accordingly, as he had been led to give the first intimation of his long-cherished *desire* on the subject to his friend Mr. Orme, so, on the 10th of March 1826, he deemed it proper to convey to him the first announcement of his *final decision.* In that admirable communication he tells how Mr. Adam and himself had made the subject of missions a matter of daily consideration throughout the session, reading nearly all the principal works relating to it; how he had thus obtained much sounder views of the matter than before; how the brilliant colouring of romance, if it previously existed in any degree, had faded from the picture, only leaving its outlines more strongly and broadly marked than before; how he was distressed by the prospect of those temptations before which so many of the missionary agents had fallen, and yet, how he felt encouraged to trust in God, who could enable him to stand in the midst of all temptations; how he saw more clearly than ever that unwavering faith in God's promises and closeness of communion with Him were among the many requisites in the character of the missionary; how, the further he proceeded in his inquiries, he was impressed more deeply than ever with the duty of engaging in this department of the ministerial work; and how, as the result of the whole, "*after deliberately viewing all sides of the question, and candidly comparing the claims of our home population and the heathen world, and earnestly seeking for direction from Him who has promised to be the guide of His people even unto death, he had come to the final resolution of devoting himself to the service of God among the heathen.*"

His first *public* announcement of this final resolution was made, about the same time, towards the close of his concluding address to the members of the St. Andrews University Missionary Society. It was in these terms:— "The matter" (of personal engagement) "some time ago presented itself very forcibly to my own mind, and I felt that it at least demanded my serious consideration. As

I have proceeded with my inquiries on the subject, the difficulties seemed to have gathered thicker on the prospect, but the convictions of duty have grown stronger too. The arguments for personal engagement seem to me to have acquired the strength of a demonstration. I have therefore resolved, with the help of God, to devote my life to the cause; and I have only solemnly to charge every one of you, who are looking forward to the ministry of Christ, to take this matter into most serious consideration."

The writer of these remarks happened to be present when these sentences were uttered, and he can testify to the deep and solemn impression which they produced. It was not that they displayed aught of the artistic in style, the fascinating in rhetoric, or the brilliant in oratory. Ah, no. In themselves, the words were abundantly simple, artless, and unadorned. But there was, notwithstanding, a spell-like charm in them which at once reached the heart and caused it to vibrate to the innermost core. The address was on the subject of "personal engagement in the work of missions." The speaker commenced with a somewhat abrupt and hurried intimation which instantaneously aroused and arrested general attention. As he advanced, step by step, every statement seemed so clear and strong in common sense—every illustration so apt and telling—every appeal to the head and heart so backed and fenced round and round by scriptural authority—and all, so firmly clenched by that consummating announcement, which proved, beyond the possibility of cavil or debate, that the earnest advocate was no mere special pleader who strove to influence others by appeals which had failed in practically convincing himself—that the cumulative argument seemed to bear down on the sincere and candid mind with a force all but resistless. And then, there was something so touching, so melting ev[illegible] that youthful expression of countenance, when [illegible]

up with the kindlings of an unearthly sanctity—something so piercingly persuasive in those suffused eyes, when glowing with the fire of wistful longing and fervent entreaty—something so soul-thrilling in that naturally sweet, soft, mellow, silvery voice, when quivering with the pathos of out-gushing emotion from a surcharged heart,—that the combined effect of the whole might well be said to have been overwhelming. For a moment it appeared as if all present were ready to rise up and march forth as a united phalanx into the battle-field; and few there were who did not then at least resolve to submit the subject to an examination with which it had never been honoured before; while of some, it can be added that they did not pause till they found themselves across oceans and continents, in front of the bristling hosts and frowning citadels of heathenism.

When his long and sore travail had thus fairly brought his final resolution to the birth, one would have thought that it would have been joyously hailed, with general acclaim, by the friends of Jesus. But no. Already, while merely prosecuting his earnest researches on the subject, he had met with not a little discouragement on the part of those from whom he had good reason to anticipate a different reception. And now, the formal announcement of his final decision seemed only to be the signal for an onset of more positive and determined opposition. But it was not to be expected that a resolution which had been the deliberate result of so much patient, painstaking conscientious inquiry—accompanied with so much fervent prayer and devout waiting upon God—could be easily shaken. It was not like Jonah's gourd, the growth of a day, destined to wither before the first attack of an insect foe, in the morning of a summer's day. It rather resembled the monarch oak, which, slow in growth, gradually attains to a robustness of strength that enables it not only to defy, acquire increased tenacity of root and texture from

every assailing tempest. The result abundantly proved that every antagonistic argument and appeal only recoiled on their authors, with a quicker and yet more vehement rebound,—thus furnishing fresh and incontestable evidence of the massive solidity, the adamantine firmness, of the basis on which the resolution had been founded.

It is therefore with feelings of deepest pain, on account of his friendly but misjudging opponents, and intensest admiration of the heavenly-minded youth—in whom sage-like wisdom seemed so rarely blended with childlike simplicity, and the tenderest sensibilities intertwined with the stern, heroic, martyr-like spirit—that we find so many entries like the following in his subsequent journals and letters:—"He" (a venerated professor whom he greatly esteemed and loved) "tries to persuade me to stay in this country, but I do not think his arguments powerful." "I have been in Glasgow twice. I met Mr. Erskine there, as well as Mr. Ewing" (colleague of Dr. Wardlaw in the Theological Seminary), etc. "All are against my being a missionary; but I have heard no arguments against it that seem to me at all conclusive." "Have you been thinking more of missions? I find everybody dissuades and discourages me, urging the great wants of our own country. I think I feel the claims of our own land as strongly as some who urge them against my plans. But still this does not prevent me from feeling the immense argumentative force of the simple fact, that nothing has yet been done for heathen nations, proportioned to their vast extent; and nothing to fulfil the wide command of our Lord." "I have been partly terrified out of the idea of attempting publication, from the decided opposition *our* sentiments on this subject have met with, when I have laid them before those whom I have, from infancy, looked up to as men m
in the Scriptures. Do not mistake me: my ow

victions are by no means weakened. Every prayer deepens their impression. And at times of closer communion with God, a brighter light seems to be shed on the path before me. My own conscience must be my guide." "On the subject of missions every prayer strengthens my purpose. I am aware of the glow of romance which fancy may throw round the idea of Christian expeditions to foreign lands; but I have tried to make due allowance for this; I have prayed that a youthful imagination might not lead me astray. The result is, I am every day more and more convinced that my convictions on this matter are founded in Scripture." "On consulting my friends" (when on a visit to Perth) "I was astonished to find them even more opposed than before. There seemed to be even some disappointment that I had not by this time abandoned the idea of being a missionary altogether. Had the impulse on my mind been a mere boyish fancy, in all probability this would have been the case, exposed as I have been to influences altogether unfavourable. But I trust there is no enthusiasm in supposing that the impression has been made by the Spirit of God, when time and meditation and prayer make it deeper and deeper. Still, my relations are quite against my views."

In connexion with this determined and continued opposition, which he had to encounter to the very last, from professors, ministers, relatives, and acquaintances, Mr. Orme, in the exercise of Christian charity, endeavours to present a plea, partly apologetic and partly explanatory.

One of the dissuasive arguments frequently adduced —rather a favourite one with fond parents and doating friends—was the alleged weakness and delicacy of his constitution. But apart from the grand fact that all are in the hands of a gracious and sovereign God, who can preserve the weak, though exposed to the greatest peril, and strike down the strong, though placed in cir-

cumstances the most advantageous, Urquhart was persuaded of the soundness of the opinion of the physician whom he had consulted, coinciding as it did with that of the most experienced on the subject: "That no physician could predict how any particular constitution would suit a hot climate; and that, in general, persons of a *thin, spare habit*" (like his own) "were more likely to stand than those who were *stouter*."

Another of the redoubtable and stereotyped arguments with which he was constantly plied—the favourite one with Theological Professors and home pastors, who yet, at times, can eloquently declaim on the awful spiritual necessities of the heathen and the glory and grandeur of the missionary enterprise—was the urgent claims of home; implying, that he possessed some special fitness, from the peculiarity of his tastes and talents, for home work. Now, the real fact was, as stated repeatedly by himself, that he was led, in the very consideration of the missionary question, to regard more attentively the state of his own country as to religious knowledge. And no one can carefully and candidly read the many communications in which the subject is discussed by him, without perceiving how thoroughly he had examined, and how intelligently he had appreciated, the claims of home; yea, how diligently he had laboured, as time and opportunity were afforded, in supplying the wants of home, by teaching Sabbath-schools, collecting young men around him, holding prayer-meetings with the poor, visiting from house to house, distributing tracts; and yet how vastly, in the case of one like himself, who simply strove to learn *where* the Lord's cause had *most need* of his *personal* services, the claims of the heathen were felt to preponderate.

But a truce to all such objections! From whatever quarter they proceed, they are "of the earth, earthy." Professors of religion indolently and sinfully suffer themselves, for the most part, to be so entrenched in ante-

cedent prejudices, preferences, and predilections, that their minds can very seldom indeed fairly look the subject in the face. Nay, more! The real truth is, that the teeming brood of ordinary objections will be found to spring from a deeper source than any that appears on the surface, or any that is usually avowed. The saddening and discreditable fact ought not to be glozed over or disguised, from the cowardly fear of offending man—however lofty in talent, station, or influence, or however endeared by ties of earthly relationship—that there is, in the minds even of most of the friends and supporters of missions, a thoroughly inadequate apprehension of two most vital gospel requirements:—First, a thoroughly inadequate apprehension of the *real nature* and *extent* of the *self-sacrifice* which the gospel *demands* of *all* true believers, though such self-sacrifice be not a super-eminent grace, expected to belong only to a chosen few of transcendent piety, but one of the primary constituent elements of the Christian character—the destitution of which would argue not so much weakness of faith as the non-existence of genuine faith altogether; and secondly, as thoroughly inadequate an apprehension of the *real nature* and *magnitude* of the missionary enterprise, and of the *peculiar claims* of heathen nations, viewed in the light of *Scripture prophecy* and *divine commands* as compared with those which, for ages, have enjoyed the blessed dispensation of the gospel. Hence it is that, too often, even pious professors and ministers would begrudge young men, that are rarely gifted by nature and grace, to the heathen world; as if the conduct of a great war in the territory of a powerful foe demanded less talent, genius, or energy, than the commandership of a peaceful garrison in one's native land; or as if the procedure which God himself exemplified in separating Paul and Barnabas, the mightiest of apostles and apostolic men, from the great and flourishing Church of Antioch, to become His ambassadors to

the realms of heathenism, constituted no precedent, and challenged no imitation! And hence, also, it is that, too often, even godly parents would begrudge a beloved son to the glorious work of proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ among the Gentiles; as if he were *their own* and not *His*, whose claims as Creator, Preserver, and Redeemer are altogether paramount; or as if the Divine declaration "that God *so* loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life," constituted no example, and imposed no practical obligation!

How far the painful and harassing course of dissuasion and resistance so obstinately and unyieldingly persisted in by parents, acquaintances, and friends, may have acted on Urquhart's keenly sensitive nature, so as injuriously to affect his bodily health and help to precipitate a fatal issue, it were vain for us now to surmise. On this extremely delicate point every reader of the narrative must be left to judge for himself. One thing is certain, that up to the very last his own mind remained firm and unshaken as the iron rocks amid the ceaseless buffetings of old ocean. Of his unshaken firmness and heroic devotedness one who knew him well thus testifies:—"If I might be allowed to say anything, from the acquaintance I had with him—and there was scarce a day last winter in which I was not some time with him—I would say of him as his biographer said of Henry Martyn, 'A more perfect Christian character I never knew.' Like Martyn, indeed, it might be said of him, 'His symmetry in the Christian stature was as surprising as its height.' I never saw a finer example of 'a living sacrifice;' he seemed, indeed, to reckon himself not his own, but bought with a price, and, as such, he was entirely devoted to the glory of God. Nor did he care what perils or sufferings he underwent, if so be that that object might be promoted. In this cause

even death did not appal him. I remember well when he thought of China as a scene of missionary labour; and when he was told that the Government positively prohibited the missionaries from preaching in that country, he said he should conceive it his duty to transgress this prohibition; and if his death was the consequence, let it be so; the blood of a missionary sometimes advanced the cause as much as his long life and labours. Think of such devotion in a youth of eighteen, whose rare talents and unquestioned Christian character gave him the fairest prospect of usefulness and comfort in his native land, while they would have infallibly secured to him the admiration and affection of all who knew him." The very *last* entry in his journal, referring to the commencement of the attack which soon terminated his earthly career, very touchingly shows, as his biographer has well remarked, how the ruling passion—his devoted attachment to *personal* service in the missionary cause—appeared strong in death. After recording the doctor's professional verdict, he remarks: "This has distressed me a good deal, *as it may unfit me for the East; which I have long contemplated as the scene of my labours.* But the Lord knows what is best."

Verily, the good and the gracious Lord did know what was best; and He now began visibly to take the whole matter into His own hands. He who knows the heart well knew how sincerely and devoutly it was in the heart of the youthful Urquhart personally to labour in the distant fields of heathen evangelism. And, doubtless, the approving sentence, that it was good to have cherished such a purpose in his heart, has been duly registered in the book of the Divine remembrance. But, as endless obstacles were interposed in his way by relatives and friends on earth, the Lord was pleased, in sovereignty, to decide the question by taking him himself. They would not consent to his serving his Master in foreign climes below, and so *He* trans-

ferred him to a nobler service in the climes above! They would not consent to his leaving home and fatherland on an embassy of mercy to perishing millions; and so, in loving-kindness to him and in rebuke to them, the Lord ordained that what they would not willingly suffer him to attempt by his life *He* would honour and enable him to accomplish more effectually by his early death! It is known that already the perusal of this memoir has been sanctified as the means of quickening the desire of some, and confirming the timid resolve of others, to go forth as the heralds of salvation to the unevangelized tribes of earth. These, then, may truly be regarded as his substitutes and representatives in the heathen world, which he had so longed to visit and help to save. And souls rescued by their instrumentality from the bondage of sin and Satan may yet hail him in the realms of everlasting day as, in an important sense, their honoured spiritual progenitor.

Recommending, therefore, this volume, with all earnestness, to the members, and especially the juvenile members, of all our evangelic churches, my fervent prayer is, that the lessons which it is so well fitted to teach may not be lost on old or young,—that the perusal of it may, under God, be blessed to the stimulating of their souls to holier and more self-denying endeavours for the advancement of Christ's cause and kingdom in the world—that the mantle of the saintly, devoted, and now glorified Urquhart may fall on not a few youthful, ardent disciples, who, imbued with a double portion of his spirit, may be privileged to rear the standard of the Cross over many a hitherto unconquered province of Satan's empire.

ALEXANDER DUFF.

EDINBURGH, *March* 1869.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST AND ONLY BRITISH EDITION.

BY THE REV. WM. ORME.

I HAD scarcely received the intimation, alike unexpected and distressing, of the death of my beloved young friend, when I was importunately solicited to give some account of him to the world. The reasons for making this application to me will be sufficiently apparent to the reader of the volume, so that no explanation on that point is required in this place. Prompted at once by my love for the individual, and by a sense of duty to God, whose grace and goodness were eminently illustrated, I assented to the request, before I knew what it would involve. I had then no correct idea of the nature of the materials which existed, and supposed that a very small number of pages might include all that I could furnish of sufficient interest. No sooner, however, was my purpose made known, than, besides the papers left by himself, which were more numerous and valuable than I had supposed, his friends and fellow-students poured in upon me such a number of letters and communications, that I have found great difficulty in keeping my selection even within the bounds to which the work has finally extended.

The individuals who have thus supplied some of the

most valuable parts of the volume, and have contended who should bear the most decided testimony to the character and talents of him whom "they admired when living, and adored when lost," though occasionally mentioned, in connexion with the correspondence, will, I am sure, experience some gratification in having their names more distinctly connected with this memorial of their departed friend. It is due from me to say that, without their aid, I must have failed in doing justice to his character and history. It is due from the readers of this volume, if they shall experience any gratification from those letters, which I consider to be no less beautiful as compositions than they are admirable in sentiment. And it is especially due to that sacred and Christian friendship which subsisted between them and him who has gone to receive an early, but a full reward. I earnestly pray that the band of youthful spirits, united at St. Andrews, may, "when the dispersed of Israel are gathered into one," be again united, to rejoice together in the fruits of their sacred association.

The following are entitled to an honourable place in this statement:—Mr. John Adam of Homerton, between whom and the deceased there was a solemn agreement to labour together among the heathen, should Providence permit. Mr. Alexander Duff, still, I believe, a student, the earliest friend of John at the University. Mr. William Alexander, his latest companion while there, and who is still prosecuting his studies with a view to the Christian ministry. Mr. Henry Craik, now at Exeter, between whom and John a most powerful attachment appears to have subsisted, which rendered his death almost overwhelming. Mr. William Tait, son of the Rev. William Tait of the College Church, Edinburgh; Mr. William Scott Moncrieff, of Edinburgh; Mr. Herbert Smith, of Egham, Surrey; Mr.

James Lewis, Mr. Alexander Reid, and Mr. Robert Trail.

To other individuals, besides these, I have also been indebted for some valuable contributions; but whose names I could not with propriety mention. They will accept of my affectionate acknowledgments for the readiness with which they allowed me the use of the letters which I have published.

Besides those testimonies, which I have used throughout the work, both to support my own opinion of the talents and character of the deceased, and to illustrate the various points of view in which they were contemplated by others, there is one which is entitled to a distinguished place in this memorial. Knowing that John had been a favourite pupil of Dr. Chalmers, and that between the Doctor and him a very intimate friendship had obtained, before I did anything myself I wrote to Dr. Chalmers to inquire if he could undertake the office of biographer, and offering him, in that case, all the information and documents I possessed. In answer to this I received the following letter, which confers a high value on the work that contains it, and shows the estimate which was formed of this admirable youth by one of the most eminent men of the age:—

"St. Andrews, *Feb.* 12, 1827.

"My dear Sir,—I received your letter some days ago, but have been prevented, by various engagements, from replying to it so soon as I could have wished.

"I had been previously applied to, from another quarter, for a Memoir of John Urquhart; and felt myself obliged to decline, in consequence of other engagements. I have less difficulty in pleading the same apology to you; for your superior opportunities, and earlier acquaintance with him, point you out as *the person on whom* the task is most properly devolved.

"He is altogether worthy of the biographical notice which you purpose. My first knowledge of him was as a student, in which capacity he far outpeered all his fellows; and in a class of uncommon force, and brilliancy of talent, shone forth as a star of the first magnitude.

"I do not recollect the subjects of his various essays; but the very first which he read in the hearing of myself and of his fellow-students placed him at the head of the class in point of estimation: a station which he supported throughout, and which was fully authenticated at the last, by the highest prize being assigned to him for those anonymous compositions, which are submitted to my own judgment, and among which I decide the relative and respective merits, without any knowledge of their authors.

"For several months I only recognised him as a person of fine taste and lofty intellect; which, teeming forth as they did from one who had not yet terminated his boyhood, gave the indication and the promise of something quite superlative in future life. It was not till after I had, for a time, admired his capacities for science that I knew him as the object of a far higher admiration, for his deep and devoted sacredness.

"It was in the second session of my acquaintance with him that I devolved upon him the care of a Sabbath-school which I had formed. In the conduct of this little seminary he displayed a tact and a talent which were quite admirable, and I felt myself far outrun by him in the power of kind and impressive communication, and in that faculty by which he commanded the interest of the pupils, and could gain at all times the entire sympathy of their understanding. Indeed, all his endowments, whether of the head or of the heart, were in the best possible keeping. For example, he was alike literary and mathematical, and combined the utmost beauty of composition with

rigour and precision of the exact sciences. But his crowning excellence was his piety,—that virtue which matured him so early for heaven, and bore him in triumph from that earth on which he hath so briefly sojourned. This religious spirit gave a certain ethereal hue to all his college exhibitions. He had the amplitude of genius, but none of its irregularities. There was no shooting forth of mind in one direction, so as to give a prominency to certain acquisitions, by which to overshadow or to leave behind the other acquisitions of his educational course. He was neither a mere geometer, nor a mere linguist, nor a mere metaphysician; he was all put together,—alike distinguished by the fulness and the harmony of his powers.

"I leave to you, sir, the narrative of his higher characteristics. I have spoken, and fully spoken, of the attainments of his philosophy; to you it belongs to speak of the sublimer attainments of his faith.

"Had I needed aught to reconcile me to the transition which I have made, from the state of a pastor to that of a professor, it would just be the successive presentation, year after year, of such students as John Urquhart; nor, in giving up the direct work of a Christian minister, can I regret the station to which Providence has translated me, at one of the fountain-heads of the Christian ministry in our land.—Yours very truly,

"THOMAS CHALMERS."

MEMOIR

OF

JOHN URQUHART.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory observations—John's birth, and early education—John sent to the Grammar-School of Perth—Mr. Duff's account of him while there.

BIOGRAPHY is not dependent for its usefulness on the length of an individual's life, or on the station which he occupies in society. Were this the case, the longest livers or the most dignified personages would constitute the chief subjects of this species of writing. But so far is this from being the fact, that the great body of those who live to advanced years, and occupy the high places of the earth, pass out of it with little more than an antediluvian notice,—"They lived, begat sons and daughters, and died."

Such a record is all that the vast majority of these persons deserve. They live for a time, and they live for themselves. In their characters none of the elements of an enlarged and immortal benevolence

exist. To the present state of being all their views and wishes are limited, and with the objects which minister to their own gratification they are almost entirely engrossed. When they have finished their day, therefore, they have obtained, such as it is, their reward. As while they lived the world was nothing to them except as it conferred enjoyment; so when they die they are nothing to the world, which in their death has sustained no loss. The blanks which such deaths occasion are quickly filled up. The candidates for the pleasures and honours of the earth are innumerable; and they are generally too busy in attending to themselves to think much of their predecessors, or to derive either warning or improvement from their fate.

It is admitted that the lives of such persons will frequently supply a large portion of what is called incident, which is too generally regarded as the principal charm of biography. In proportion to the number of extraordinary events, unlooked-for occurrences, and strange combinations, is supposed to be the value of the memoirs or the life; while all the while the events illustrate no principle, develop no specific class of causes, and furnish little or no instruction to the reader. They appear as if they were stuck upon the subject, instead of growing out of his character, and might, for anything we can see, as well belong to a hundred other persons as to the hero of the story.

The life of the most interesting person whom this world has produced, whose actions were entirely

directed to the affairs of the world, and whose training had little bearing on the enjoyment and occupations of a better state, must be of less importance than the life of the least individual in the kingdom of heaven. In the former case, the results, as far as the person himself is concerned, terminate with time; in the latter, they embrace eternity. Here the germs of an immortal existence are planted; here the roots are struck of that tree of life which is destined to fill the celestial paradise with its sweetest and most fragrant fruits; here the first elements of the heavenly sciences are learned; and here commence those dispositions and habits which shall grow to perfection in the courts of the Lord.

The writer of the following pages has no romantic tale to tell; but he regards it as one of some interest, or he would not tell it. It will be found to contain nothing of the poetry or fiction of religion, which are so eagerly sought by the sickly sentimentalists of the age. It records none of those splendid acts of religious heroism, the external glory of which the men of the world are sometimes disposed to admire, while they hate the principles which produce them. His aim is to present a faithful, though he is conscious it is only an imperfect, portrait of one dear to himself by many recollections; whose mind was cast in one of nature's finest moulds, and highly polished, not by art and man's device only, but by the Spirit of the living God; whose character rose to maturity more rapidly than that of any individual he ever knew, and who lived as much in a short

time as most who have been honoured to adorn the doctrine of the Redeemer. Should the simple story of his short pilgrimage enforce on the minds of his youthful associates the importance of cultivating his virtues and following his example, and lead others to examine the nature of that religion which was the object of such devotion to a mind of no ordinary vigour and acuteness, great will be the reward. In that case, it may at last appear that John Urquhart lived not in vain; and that the time spent in recording his history has not been unprofitably employed.

The subject of these Memoirs was born in the town of Perth, on the 7th of June 1808. As his parents are both alive, it would be indecorous to say much more than that, professing the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, they felt the importance of devoting their offspring to him, and of bringing them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. To his mother in particular he was indebted for his earliest ideas and impressions; and of her tenderness and attention to him, he retained, as will afterwards appear from his letters, the liveliest and most grateful recollections.

From the extraordinary quickness and precocity which distinguished him, more than usual encouragement must have been presented to instil into his mind the elements of knowledge and religion; and I have reason to believe that advantage was duly taken of his docile and inquisitive disposition to

direct his attention to the most interesting of all subjects. It is not often that we can trace the impressions of childhood in the future habits and character of the man. They are made during a period in which the mind is inattentive to its own operations, and unconscious of the nature of the process which it is undergoing. The effects remain after the cause which produced them is forgotten. The writing upon the heart often becomes legible only when the hand which traced it is mouldering in the dust; and the prayers which have been frequently breathed over the cradle of infancy sometimes do not appear to have been heard till after prayer has been exchanged for praise. These considerations, as well as the appropriate promises of the Word of God, ought to induce Christian parents to commence their work of instruction with the first dawn of intelligence, and not to be dispirited because they do not soon reap a visible harvest of success. To this, as to other departments of service, the language of inspiration is applicable: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

At five years of age he went to school, and, from having a remarkably sweet and melodious voice, soon became an object of interest as one of the finest readers among his juvenile associates. Shortly after, also, he was sent to a Sabbath evening school, there to receive instruction of a more strictly religious

nature than can be communicated in the seminaries of every-day instruction. At this school he remained, I believe, with occasional interruptions, till a short time before he went to the University.

My young friend was indebted to Sabbath-school instruction, in a degree which cannot be fully ascertained or known in this world. There his mind was richly stored with Divine truth, the full benefit of which did not appear at the time, but afterwards, in the rapidity with which he grew in knowledge after he felt the full power of the gospel. There those principles were implanted and strengthened which tended to preserve him when he was exposed, an unguarded boy, to the imminent temptations of a University. There those moral feelings were first touched, which, in due time, arrived at that degree of sensitiveness, as to be incapable of bearing what was evil, and of relishing, in the most exquisite manner, all that was lovely, and pure, and excellent.

From the English school he passed, in his ninth year, into the Grammar school, then conducted by a respectable scholar, Mr. Dick, under whose care, and that of his successor, Mr. Moncur, he remained four years. I have little to remark during this period of his life; but that he made distinguished progress in acquaintance with the classics is evident from the prizes which he obtained, and from the appearance which he made when he first entered St. Andrews, of which notice will afterwards be taken.

When it is remembered that he was only thirteen years of age when he left school, it will not appear

surprising, notwithstanding his future eminence, that I have nothing of sufficient importance to mention during this period of his life. He was remarkably lively and good-tempered when a boy, and enjoyed, I believe, the general good-will and affection of his school-fellows. As he acquired everything with great facility, study was in general no labour to him. But during the last part of his attendance on Mr. Moncur's classes he was very diligent. Though the ardour, or rather enthusiasm, of Mr. Moncur, in inspiring his pupils with the loftiest ambition of classical eminence, was extraordinary, and the effects of it on the students wonderful, John acquitted himself so well that he carried off the second prize. The best account I can give of his progress, and of the esteem in which he was held by those who knew him, at this time, has been furnished me by his intimate friend, Mr. Alexander Duff, who was his associate in study for several years in Perth, and during all the time he spent at St. Andrews. It confirms my own statement, which was written previously to receiving it. He writes me as follows:—

"I first became acquainted with John Urquhart in the year 1820, at the Grammar School of Perth. Early in the year 1821 I entered into habits of the most intimate friendship with him, and scarcely a day passed without our being in each other's company for several hours, till the vacation of the school in the end of July. We generally prepared our lessons together, and thus I had full opportunity

of marking the dawn of that intellectual superiority which he afterwards exhibited. With almost intuitive perception could he discern the truth of many a proposition, which, to an ordinary mind, is the result of painful and laborious investigation. And finely could he discriminate between the truth and falsehood of many a statement which was embellished with all the alluring drapery of a poet's fancy. With singular acuteness could he estimate the real weight and value of an argument: and with an ease and readiness far beyond ordinary could he unravel the intricacies and discover the true meaning of a difficult and disputed passage in the classics. The *ingenuity* of some of his conjectures regarding the import of a sentence, and the derivation of certain words, was, I distinctly remember, highly applauded by his teacher. With a mind thus richly endowed by nature, he prosecuted his classical studies with the greatest fervour and perseverance; and though *far* inferior to the majority of his class-fellows in years, he uniformly appeared among the *foremost* in the race of distinction. During the summer of 1821 he was singularly active. For the most part he rose every morning between three and four o'clock, and directly issued forth to enjoy its sweets. And should you, at any time during the course of the morning, cast your eyes along that beautiful extensive green, the North Inch of Perth, you could not fail to observe, in the distance, this interesting youth moving along the surface like a shadow wholly unbound to it; sometimes in the attitude of deepest

meditation, and sometimes perusing the strains of the Mantuan bard, which afforded him peculiar pleasure. Some of the fruits of these early perambulations, when most of his school-mates were enjoying the slumbers of repose, appeared in his having committed *entirely* to memory four of the largest books of the Æneid. He was highly esteemed by all who attended the school. For while his superior intellectual attainments commanded their admiration, that amiable simplicity and guileless innocence, which formed such predominating features in his character, necessarily commanded their love. You never heard him utter a harsh or unbecoming expression; you never saw him break forth into violent passion; you never had to reprove him for associating with bad companions, nor for engaging in improper amusements. In every innocent pastime for promoting the health, in every playful expedient for whetting the mental powers, none more active than he; but in all the little brawls and turmoils that usually agitate youthful associations, there was one whom you might safely reckon upon not having any share. And yet, with all his talents and amiableness and simplicity, I cannot venture positively to affirm that there appeared, at that time, anything like a decided appearance of vital Christianity in the heart. One thing I can affirm, that in our daily and long-continued conversations religious topics did not form a considerable, or rather, any part of them. The love of what was good, and abhorrence of what was evil, had been so habitually inculcated

from childhood, that the cherishing of these feelings might seem to have acquired the strength of a constitutional tendency; and the abandonment of them would have been like the violent breaking up of an established habit; still at this very time the hand of God might have been silently though efficaciously working. It is not for us to decide on those secret things that belong to the Lord. But at whatever period the life of faith truly commenced, I believe it to be the fact, that his progress in it was so gradual and imperceptible as to elude observation."

Being still too young to be trusted alone at a University, and at a distance from his father's house, it became a question how to dispose of his time for at least a year longer. After consulting with other friends and myself, his father determined on sending him to the Perth Academy for one session. Here, under the instruction of Mr. Adam Anderson,[1] a gentleman well known for his high scientific attainments, and Mr. Forbes,[2] now the successor of the Rev. Dr. Gordon in Hope Park Chapel, Edinburgh, he prosecuted those studies in the mathematics, in natural philosophy, chemistry, and other branches which have been long and successfully taught at that respectable seminary. He received, at the end of the session, the first prize in the second class, and another prize for the best constructed maps.

[1] Late Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews.

[2] Now Rev. Dr. Forbes, one of the ministers of the Free Church, Glasgow.

This last circumstance induces me to mention that there was great neatness in everything which was done by my young friend. He possessed the love of order and elegance in a very remarkable degree. It appeared in the arrangement of his little library, in the keeping of all his things, in attention to his person; and, in short, in all that was capable of evincing the possession of a mind perspicacious, well balanced, and sensitively alive to everything ridiculous or offensive.

Hitherto no serious impressions on his mind had become apparent. That he was not altogether without them appears from references made to this period of his history at a future time. His constant association with religious people, the preaching of the gospel, which he regularly attended, in connexion with his peculiarly impressible mind, must have subjected him to occasional convictions, which, though not permanent, prepared him in a measure for the deep impressions which were afterwards made upon him. The death of Mr. Moncur, the master of the Grammar school, under exceedingly painful circumstances, appears also to have deeply affected him. But the time had not yet come when the full view of his own character, and of the grace and power of the gospel, were to be experienced.

Few persons have been placed in the same circumstances with young Urquhart without feeling certain religious emotions; though, alas! in a vast majority those feelings are subsequently entirely erased, or

only remain in a very faint and inefficient remembrance. Association with the world, the pursuits of business or pleasure, or what the Scriptures admirably denominate "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," cause many a fair "blossom to go up as dust," and destroy hopes of the most flattering nature. But when it pleases God to cause these early convictions to take root and ripen, the future life of the individual is often remarkably blessed. His earliest and best years are devoted to the enjoyment and service of Christ; if cut off soon, it must be matter of rejoicing that his youth was given to God; if spared long, he has the delightful privilege of obtaining a full reward.

CHAPTER II.

Difficulties in determining his profession—He is sent to the University of St. Andrews—Letter to his father, giving an account of his gaining the first bursary—Letter to his mother—His success at the end of the first session—Mr. Duff's observations on his conduct at this time—Return to St. Andrews—Letter giving an account of his early impressions and change of mind—Remarks on this subject—His views of Christian fellowship—Success at the end of his second session.

THE period had now come when it was necessary to determine the future career of this interesting boy. Various objects presented themselves to the minds of his anxious parents. They thought of the professions of the law and of medicine, and perhaps of another profession also, though they feared to avow it, especially to himself. It is not improbable that his own mind was directed to the ministry; but as he had given no decided indications of piety, neither his father nor myself encouraged him to think of it. Convinced of the deep injury done to religion by the education of men for the ministry who afford no evidence that they themselves know the truth as it is in Jesus, I consider the encouragement of such persons the greatest wrong which can be done to their own souls and to the Church of Christ. In some instances, it is true, the salvation

of the gospel is afterwards received by them; in numerous instances it is altogether and finally rejected, although the most solemn obligations are submitted to to preach it; and in many cases there is reason to fear a cold orthodoxy is all that is ever attained. Under the influence of these causes Christianity has sustained more injury than from all other things. The ruin of any church may be dated from the time that it commences the training of men avowedly for the ministry, from their infancy.

This is a different matter from a Christian parent devoting, in his own mind, to the work of God, a promising youth, provided he shall become a partaker of Divine grace. In that case it will be his duty to give him such an education as his circumstances admit, and which may eventually further the object of his wishes. Such were the views with which I tendered my advice to the elder Mr. Urquhart respecting the education and prospects of his son. I was powerfully convinced that, should it please God to call him to the knowledge of himself, he had all the elements of an accomplished and attractive preacher. He had a fine voice, a pleasing address and appearance, besides being remarkably fond of knowledge, and diligent in its pursuit. To himself I said nothing; but I pointed out these things to his father, and convinced him of the importance of giving his son such an education as might suit any of the professions in which the knowledge of literature is required. To everything

except study he always manifested great reluctance or aversion, so that the path of duty to send him to St. Andrews became at length clear.

The high satisfaction which this afforded to John was very evident. The buoyancy and vivacity of youth, no doubt, appeared, in the prospect of going to a new scene, especially as that scene was a University. But he was to be placed among those to whom he was almost an entire stranger, to be separated from his own family, which he had never before left, except for a few days together, and to be made, in a great measure, his own master. These considerations could not fail to make on his delicate mind some painful impression.

His parents, too, could not but feel the risk to which they were exposed, though he had hitherto conducted himself with much propriety and success. He possessed a large portion of good sense for his years. He was exceedingly steady and persevering in all his habits, and was ardently set on rising to eminence in some honourable department of life. But he was yet a boy, having only completed his fourteenth year. To many temptations he was now to be exposed, from which he had before been exempted, or the influence of which had been in a degree counteracted. Dangers of a very formidable kind frequently assail an inexperienced youth, not only from the associates of his academical pursuits, but from some of those pursuits themselves. But the election had been made; it was therefore necessary to commit him to the care and blessing of God.

I feel pleasure in remembering that, with his father, I accompanied him to St. Andrews, and thus far assisted in introducing him to that scene of usefulness, and perhaps, in the best sense, I might say, of glory, in which he was destined to act a conspicuous and an important part. The respective professors on whose lectures he was to attend were spoken to, and he was commended especially to the watchful care of my respected friend, the Rev. William Lothian, minister of the Independent congregation, whose ministerial labours he was to enjoy on the Lord's day. Of that gentleman's kind and affectionate attentions John ever spoke with great warmth, and to him he was indebted for much useful instruction, in private as well as in public.

Here I cannot allow the opportunity to pass without bearing my public and decided testimony to the liberal principles on which the Universities of my native country are conducted. At these important establishments no distinction of party is acknowledged. They are open to men of all professions. No subscription is required at entrance or in any stage of future progress. Their highest honours are attainable by the Dissenter as well as by the Churchman, and in the distribution of their rewards I am not aware that any difference is made in consequence of the candidate not being of the established faith. At St. Andrews all the students are required to attend public worship on the Lord's day at the College church; but a young man has only to signify that he is a Dissenter, and that he means to

attend regularly at the Dissenting chapel or meeting-house, and his attendance with his fellow-students is at once dispensed with. It is due to both parties that I should state that John Urquhart entered the College of St. Andrews as the son of Dissenting parents;[1] while there, he regularly attended a Dissenting meeting, and became a regular member of a Dissenting church; he left it with a mind unaffected on the subject of Dissent; and throughout his course of study he received from all the professors the most marked and affectionate treatment. Of their kind and honourable conduct he always spoke with the warmest respect and gratitude.

Of this impartiality he had soon a very substantial proof. Contrary to the wishes of his father, he was determined to offer himself as a candidate for one of the exhibitions—or bursaries, as they are termed, in Scotland,—most of which have been left for the encouragement of young men at the commencement of their college career, with a view to help them to defray the expenses of it. Though the sum is usually small, it has often proved highly beneficial, not merely in aiding those whose resources are rather limited, but in exciting and stimulating the successful candidate to further exertion. The effect produced in this way on the mind of my young friend, I have no doubt, was both considerable and beneficial. But, as happily his own account of his trial and his success remains, I shall allow him to tell the story of his first adventure himself.

[1] Of the Congregational body.

In a letter to his father, dated St. Andrews, 7th November 1822, he writes as follows:—

"MY DEAR FATHER,—The bursaries are at last decided. Tuesday was the day appointed for the competition; we met accordingly, at ten o'clock in the morning, and got a passage to translate from Latin into English, which we gave in at two o'clock. We were then allowed an hour for dinner, and assembled again at three, when we had another version to turn from English into Latin, which we finished about six o'clock. We were then, without getting out, locked up in a room to wait till we were called in our turn to be examined upon an extempore sentence. I was not called upon till near eleven, when I was dismissed for that night. The professors met yesterday to determine the bursaries, from the exercises that had been performed the day before. There were no less than *thirty-three* competitors, and as I knew many of them to be very good scholars, from their answers in the public classes, I had given up all hopes of getting one. You may then judge of my very agreeable disappointment, on going last night to know the determination, to hear that I had gained the *first* bursary. I could not believe it till we who had got bursaries were called in, and informed of it by the Principal. . . . .

"I began my letter with the decision of the bursaries, and have dwelt on them so long, because I thought it would be the most agreeable intelligence I could communicate. It has certainly greatly re-

lieved my mind, as my expenses here will now be comparatively easy. I was very dull, of course, for the first two or three days I was here, but since Alexander Duff came I have been happy enough with my situation. I feel every comfort that I could have at home, excepting the presence of my friends. Mr. Lothian has been unremitting in his kindness to me ever since I came."

. . . . . .

This letter shows satisfactorily the attainments he must have made, when, at the early age of fourteen, he could gain the first bursary among thirty-three competitors, the great body of whom must have been much further advanced in life than himself. It affords evidence, also, of that spirit of exertion and independence which distinguished him to the last. It was his desire to be as little burdensome to his parents as possible, and everything which enabled him to diminish that burden he grasped at with avidity. His wants were very easily supplied, and could I with propriety communicate the details and evidence of his economy which are now before me, I am sure they would excite no ordinary degree of surprise. Possessed, even at this early period, of a generous and self-denying spirit, he nobly sacrificed everything which it was possible for him to give up, so that the expense of his education might affect as little as possible the other branches of the family.

The time of a young man attending the classes of a University must be so fully occupied that it would

be foolish to expect that much of it should be spent in letter-writing. Besides, many letters may be written which contain nothing that would be proper to meet the public eye.

The following extract from a letter to his mother discovers his affection for her, gives some account of his employments, and shows how busily and constantly he was engaged :—

"St. Andrews, *December* 12, 1822.

"My dear Mother,—I confess that I ought to have written to you before now. I shall make no excuse for not doing so, but shall only say that it by no means proceeded from forgetfulness or neglect of you. If there is any one of you that I remember more than another, you are that one; and, indeed, I must be kept in constant remembrance of you, by the comforts you are sending me every opportunity.

"I was happy to hear by my father's last letter, that you were keeping free of your complaint. I hope you are still so, and David[1] also. I always feel a kind of uneasiness in being absent from you all; but to hear that you are all well removes the greater part of it. For my part, I am keeping my health better here than ever I did before. I have not had the slightest headache. This, I am convinced, proceeds in a great measure from regularity. Every hour is employed much in the same manner every day. My meals are also strictly measured in the same quantity. I rise every day at seven o'clock (with candlelight of course), go to the Greek class at

[1] His eldest brother.

eight, and remain there till nine; take my breakfast and go to the library between nine and ten; go to the mathematics from ten to eleven; the Greek again from eleven to twelve; take a walk between twelve and one; go to Latin from one to two; dine between two and three; study till four; take a walk between four and five; and am in the house the rest of the night: you have thus a history of the time I have spent since I came here.

"This has been a very dry letter, but you may expect a better next.—And believe me to be, your very affectionate and obedient son."

By the same conveyance he wrote his eldest brother a playful letter, enclosing a plan of St. Andrews, sketched with his pen, with very considerable accuracy and neatness.

He paid a visit of a few days to Perth during the Christmas vacation of College, and returned to prosecute his studies with increasing ardour and diligence. When the end of the session arrived he bore off several prizes. This success could not fail to be flattering to a young and ardent mind; yet I do not recollect that he seemed much elated by it on his return. He seldom spoke of himself, and though to me he was accustomed to speak freely, he rarely adverted to his exertions, and scarcely at all to the honours which he had obtained.

I have reason to believe, indeed, that the good work was slowly and imperceptibly going on in his soul. I know that he was then in the habit of read-

ing the Scriptures regularly every day, and that he and his companion frequently joined together in prayer. His uniform correctness of conduct and regularity in attending the means of grace on Sabbath encouraged the hope that a decided profession of religion would be made at no distant period. In such a case as his, no very marked or visible transition could take place. His mind, familiar from infancy with Divine truth, had not to acquire a theoretical knowledge of it. Not the intellectual perception of the gospel, but the moral taste for its beauty and adaptation, was the thing required. The former is a mere human attainment, the latter is the doing of the Lord. Man may cultivate and enlarge the understanding, but God only can touch and renovate the heart. Our expectations in regard to this were not disappointed.

The following extract of a letter from his companion Mr. Duff, who had entered the College a year before him, confirms these observations, and shows what a change must afterwards have taken place:—

"During the session of college at St. Andrews, in 1822-3, he and I lodged together in the same room. He was still the same John Urquhart, though more ripened in intellect, and, if possible, more amiable in deportment. He attended the junior Greek and Latin classes, and the second mathematical class. He gained the first prize in the Greek, a prize in each of the competitions in the Latin, and a prize in the Mathematics; all this he accomplished with

little labour or exertion. He spent much time in reading books from the public library. Of what description these generally were I do not now remember; but one he read and re-read with peculiar satisfaction, the Memoirs and Writings of Henry Kirke White. He took great delight in walking along the sea-shore, and exploring the rocks which so abound in the neighbourhood of the town. Throughout the whole session we regularly engaged in the worship of God morning and evening; but I fear there was much coldness, and much formality in almost every exercise. With neither of us, I fear, was religion then made *the great object.* There was little appearance of the savour and unction of divine grace, little appearance of real joy and delight in communion with God, little, in short, to manifest the earnest longing, the devout aspiration, the holy zeal of him whose piety is deeply rooted in the heart, and tinctures more or less with its own sacredness every thought and feeling, every word and action. The Bible was read, but I fear that the spiritual meaning of the Bible was not understood, and the subduing power of its doctrines not felt. Prayers were regularly offered, but I fear that the real *spirit* of prayer was wanting—the fervent outpouring of the heart to God. The wonders of redeeming love formed but a small share of our discourse; our own individual interest in the great salvation formed not a prominent subject of eager inquiry and anxious examination. In this manner passed the session of 1822-3, without any remarkable incident."

He passed the following summer at home with his friends, without any circumstance occurring worthy of notice, and in the beginning of November 1823 returned to St. Andrews to attend his second College course. Scarcely any of his correspondence during this session remains. He appears to have been very busily engaged in his various studies, and yet it was towards the close of this period that he was led to make that decided profession of religion, which he was enabled to maintain to the last. I cannot express the gratification I felt on receiving the following letter from him, and which, notwithstanding its peculiar references to myself, I hope I shall be forgiven for presenting entire. I had not previously heard of his taking the step to which it refers :—

"St. Andrews, *April* 13, 1824.

"My dear Sir,—It is with feelings of a very peculiar nature that I sit down at present to write to you. Since I saw you last I have been admitted a member of a Christian church. I determined to write to you at present for several reasons. I have long considered you as one of my best friends, and as a sincere servant and follower of Jesus Christ; and your preaching was the first instrument in the hand of God of leading me to think seriously of an eternal world. To you, therefore, I have determined to reveal every feeling, and to open the recesses of my heart.

"My first impressions of danger, as a sinner, were caused by a sermon you preached on a Lord's day

evening, about a year and a half ago. At the time I was very much affected; it was then, I think, that I first really prayed. I retired to my apartment, and with many tears confessed my guilt before God. These impressions were followed by some remarkable events in the providence of God, which struck me very forcibly. About that time I had a proof of the inability of earthly wisdom and learning to confer true happiness, by the melancholy death of Mr. Moncur. On leaving my father's house to come here shortly after, I felt myself in a peculiar manner dependent on Jehovah. I was removed from the care of my earthly father and from the intercourse of my earthly friends, and I felt great pleasure in committing myself to Him who is the father of the fatherless and a friend to those that have none. My companion used to join me morning and evening in the reading of the Scriptures and prayer. In these, and in attending on the more public exercises of God's worship, I had some enjoyment, and from them, I think, I derived some advantage. On my return home, however, last summer, I began to feel less pleasure in these employments; they began to be a weariness to me, and were at last almost totally neglected. My soul reverted to its original bent, and the follies of this world wholly engrossed my attention. Had I been left in that state I must have inevitably perished. But God is rich in mercy, He delighteth not in the death of the wicked. In His infinite mercy He has again been pleased to call my attention to the things of eternity. For some months

back I have been led to see the utter worthlessness of earthly things; to see that happiness is not to be found in any earthly object; that

> 'Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
> All cry out, It is not here,'

and I think I have been led to seek it where alone it is to be found, in 'Jesus crucified for me.' I have felt great pleasure in communion with God, and I have felt some love, though faint, to the Saviour, and to His cause. I have had a long struggle with the world; I have counted the cost, and I have at last resolved that I will serve the Lord. I have long been kept back from openly professing my faith in Jesus, from an apprehension lest my future conduct might bring disgrace on the religion of the Saviour. But I have begun to think that this proceeds, in a great measure, from self-confidence, and from not trusting implicitly to the promises of God. He that hath brought me thus far will not now forsake me; he that hath begun a good work will perfect it until the end.

"On Thursday s'ennight, after imploring the Divine direction, I felt it my duty to apply for admission to a Christian church; since then I have conversed with two of the members; and, being proposed last Lord's day, I was received into their number. I have thus, my dear sir, as far as I can, related to you without reserve my various feelings and my state of mind since I first was impressed with a sense of the importance of religion. I have many doubts whether I have been really renewed

by the grace of God. Of this my future life must be the test. I see many temptations in my way, and I feel that I am not able in myself to withstand them. May God perfect His strength in my weakness, and may He enable me to live henceforth not to myself, but to Him who died for me, and who rose again; to offer my body a living sacrifice, and to devote all the faculties of my mind to His service. And now, my dear sir, pray for me, that He who is able to stablish me according to the preaching of Christ Jesus, may keep me from falling, and make me in the end more than a conqueror. At present farewell; I hope to see you soon. Give compliments to Mrs. Orme, to my parents, and all friends."

"*P. S.*—You may, perhaps, think I have been rash in joining myself to the church here, when I have a prospect of returning to you in so short a time. I can only say that I felt it my duty to apply immediately, that I have before experienced the danger of procrastination, and that I consider it much the same whether I be in the first instance connected with the church here, or with that in Perth, and that our friends here were all of the same opinion. In connecting myself with that body of Christians to which you and my parents belong, I think I have not been influenced by the prejudices of education, but a sense of duty, and the writings of the apostles themselves."

This letter bears all the marks of the most ingenuous and candid disclosures of the leadings of Providence and the workings of his own mind. It shows the gradual and pleasing manner in which he had been led to receive and obey the truth; and that although he had been much engaged in literary and scientific pursuits, and ardently attached to them, the powerful operations of the divine Spirit had carried forward the process of illumination and conviction, till it at last issued in his decided conversion to God. His reasons for taking the step which he had adopted were those by which he appears to have been invariably influenced in his religious course. He first sought to ascertain what was the will of God, and on arriving at a satisfactory conclusion on this point, he was then prepared to encounter all difficulties which stood in the way of full compliance with it. He delayed not, but hastened to keep the commandment.

How much it is to be regretted that prudential considerations or sinful timidity induce many individuals, long after they have received the truth, to keep at a distance from the fellowship and ordinances of the Church of Christ! Instead of looking at the command of God, and considering the shortness and uncertainty of human life, they allow year after year to pass away in inquiring and doubting, or resolving and calculating, instead of deciding and acting. The consequences are a deprivation of personal comfort to a great extent, the formation of habits most unfavourable to the decision of religious

character, and injuries of various kinds being done to the souls of others.

It is as clear as possible that at the beginning, no sooner did men believe the gospel, than they associated together for the observance of all the institutions appointed by Christ in his Church. There was then no neutral ground on which they could stand between the world and the Church of God. No man is recognised in the New Testament as a Christian who is not a member of a Christian society. Yet not a few can reconcile themselves to remain in the perfectly anomalous situation of doing all that Christianity seems to require but making that profession of it which lies at the foundation of everything else.

I am aware that human barriers have sometimes been presented, by which some have been improperly kept at a distance from the fellowship of the gospel who ought to have been welcomed into it. But I fear, in the majority of instances, the evil is to be traced to erroneous ideas of the gospel, inadequate impressions of Divine authority, and to a want of that firm and decided principle, which, wherever it exists, will conquer trivial and even considerable difficulties. Providence is frequently pleaded as an excuse, while its arrangements are only putting our sincerity and principles to the test. As he who observeth the clouds will not sow, so he that will not go forward in doing the will of God till all difficulties are removed out of the way, will always find something to hinder him.

The plea set up by many, that they are afraid they may be left to bring disgrace on religion, is admirably adverted to by my young friend. A more superficial thinker would have ascribed this feeling to humility and self-distrust; he, with nicer discrimination, ascribes it to self-confidence. Provided our obedience were in any instance the result of our own strength, we might be justified in exercising delay on this principle. But as from first to last we are called to depend on the strength of another, the case is very different. He who enables us to believe, and flee from the wrath to come, will assuredly preserve us from dishonouring Him, if our confidence is properly reposed. Many refuse to believe in Christ on the plea that their sins are too great for them to hope that they may be forgiven. This they call humility, while in fact it is the deceitful operation of pride. It is obvious that if they thought they were better, they would not feel the same difficulty; because they could then come to Christ with greater confidence of acceptance. Many think they are not good enough to observe the Lord's Supper, as if the observance of it ought to be suspended on their goodness or merit. It is intended exclusively for Christians, but under that denomination it includes all of every grade in the profession, who really know and love the Lord. It is designed, not for the perfect, but as the means of promoting perfection in those who are aiming to attain it. It is intended, not for the full, but for the empty soul; and will always prove useful in invigorating the life of godliness.

The following extract of a letter written long after, to the Rev. W. Lothian, pastor of the church which he joined, both illustrates his grateful feelings and his strong attachment to the church under his care :—

"I am chargeable with many faults, and carelessness is not among the least of them. I will not offer any apology, or pretend to make an excuse for not writing sooner, for my own conscience condemns me. But be assured it has not proceeded from a want of Christian love, or a forgetfulness of the many spiritual blessings I have enjoyed under your ministry, and in communion with the church under your care, or the many acts of kindness shown me by many of its members. No ! I will never forget St. Andrews; and the place where first I professed myself a follower of the Lord, and the little body of Christians who first gave me the right hand of fellowship, will be remembered with lively gratitude and delight, when the associations of literary and social intercourse shall have been effaced by the impression of other scenes and different pursuits. How different is our friendship from that of the world ! Distance of time and place cannot weaken it, since neither can remove us from Christ. So long as we love Him who begat, so long shall we love those who are begotten of Him, and coldness of love to our Christian brethren can only be produced by lukewarmness in our love to God. Forgive my wandering; I sometimes forget that I am writing a letter."

"The account which he gave," says Mr. Lothian, "of his religious views and experience, on being received into the church, was very satisfactory, and discovered great knowledge of the Scriptures in one so young. He particularly mentioned the advantage he had derived from parental instruction, and from hearing the gospel faithfully preached. I thought it my duty to remind him that by casting in his lot with us he would be deprived of that patronage which might otherwise have held out to him prospects of temporal advancement. He however said that he had examined the subject for himself, and could not conscientiously unite himself to any other body of Christians."

The propriety of Mr. Lothian's caution will appear when we reflect on the tender years of young Urquhart, on his highly promising talents, on the temptations incident to a college life, and on the little inducement which he could have, under such circumstances, to connect himself with a small, and, in the city of St. Andrews, a despised Independent church. Difficult as the circumstances were, he maintained his consistency and integrity of character to the last. And such was the power of principle, and his attachment to the body to which he belonged, that when on his leaving St. Andrews a very desirable situation was put in his power, he would not accept of it till the parties were informed that he was a Dissenter, and that the full liberty to act according to his own principles was the *sine qua*

non of his acceptance. I mention these things chiefly as evidences of his sincerity, decision, and steadiness.

Important as these matters were, it must not be supposed that he was so absorbed by them as to neglect his professional studies. The best evidence of the contrary is furnished by the fact, that at the end of the session which took place after he joined the church at St. Andrews, he obtained again some of the best prizes. His distinguished attainments as a Greek scholar were thus noticed by Professor Alexander: "He prosecuted his studies with unremitting assiduity, evinced talents and attainments in Greek literature of the first order, and in each session carried off, as he well merited, the highest prize of distinguished scholarship."

On his return home I had the opportunity of conversing fully with him on the nature of his religious views, the great change which had taken place in him, and the object which he was now led to pursue. I found his mind, as I expected, devoted to the Christian ministry; and it now became my pleasing duty to encourage his resolution, and direct his reading with a view to that object. Possessing, as he evidently did, the leading qualifications to form a popular preacher, I hailed the day when it might be my privilege to introduce him in some form to the elevated and responsible employment of the ministry. I forget whether he then said much, or anything, to me respecting the object to which he finally directed all his attention—the work of a

Christian missionary. I entertain little doubt, however, that he then thought of it; but as my views of his talents led me to think of the home rather than of the foreign service, I must have chiefly directed his mind towards the former.

While he was at home during this vacation he wrote an essay on the Nature and Design of the Mission of the Saviour on Earth, intended, I believe, for some magazine, which promised a prize for the best essay on the subject. I remember that he showed it me; but I am unable to say whether he sent it. His accurate knowledge of the gospel, and the ease with which he could express himself respecting its nature and design, are here strikingly illustrated. I believe it is the first piece of extended composition which he wrote, and cannot therefore be so perfect as some of his subsequent pieces. But the language requires as little apology as the sentiment. The former is as simple as the latter is dignified.[1]

This paper contains a very excellent view of all the leading truths of the gospel. They are every one of them stated fairly, and are all blended together in admirable harmony. No undue importance or prominence is given to any one topic, while the practical design of the whole is constantly kept in view. It discovers a discrimination and justness of conception, as well as an extent of acquaintance with Divine truth, very rarely to be found in a youth of sixteen.

Even at this early period, and while so little ac-

[1] See Appendix A.

customed to composition, he was above the ambition of fine writing. Here is no attempt at it; and yet the language is admirable for its appropriateness and simplicity. His mind was evidently filled with the importance of the subject, and from the abundance of his heart his mouth spake. His only object was to express himself clearly and forcibly, and in this he completely succeeded.

My personal intercourse with him was shortly after this time brought nearly to a close. In consequence of removing to London our subsequent connexion was maintained chiefly by letters. He employed himself, of his own accord, after my removal, for several weeks, in making out a catalogue of my library, classifying the books, as well as numbering them and registering their titles. It is now in my possession, and evinces at once his correctness and diligence, and his love for the proprietor, as it must have cost him considerable labour. That labour, however, I am sure he never thought of; it gratified, in a small degree, his love of books, as he amused himself by looking at many of them as he passed them through his hands; and it afforded him the far higher gratification of doing an unsolicited service to a friend whom he loved. I now deeply, but unavailingly, regret that my opportunities of personal usefulness to him were not, on my part, sufficiently cultivated. I too often neglected the present by anticipating the future, and thus allowed many occasions to pass away, which might have been employed in promoting his advancement in

knowledge and piety. Still, I trust that intercourse was not altogether without profit. He is gone before, to the region where are no defects. May it be my privilege to follow, and to meet him there at last!

CHAPTER III.

Introduction to Dr. Chalmers—Attends the Moral Philosophy class—First appearance at this class—Letter to his father on the formation of the University Missionary Society—On the same, and other topics—Mr. Duff's account of the progress of his religious views—Letter to his parents on the death of a younger brother—Letter to Mr. Orme, partly on the same subject—Letter to his mother—Letter to his brother—Letter to his sister—Letter to an afflicted friend—Letter to the same—His diligence at Dr. Chalmers's class—Letter to a young friend—Letter to his father—Success during the third session at College.

Two events of considerable importance belong to his return to St. Andrews, for the third session, in November 1824—his introduction to Dr. Chalmers, and attendance on the Moral Philosophy class taught by him, and the formation of a missionary society among the students of the University. Of the Doctor young Urquhart had long been a passionate admirer, and to be one of his pupils was the object of his most ardent desire. He was too modest to anticipate the enjoyment of Dr. Chalmers's personal friendship in the high degree in which he afterwards enjoyed it, but which it is evident was most gratifying to both parties.

Moral Philosophy, as it has been often taught at the Scottish Universities, is one of the most dangerous and ensnaring studies in which a young man

can engage. Instead of being, as the designation of the science imports, the philosophy of morals, it is commonly treated as the philosophy of mind, and is chiefly directed to the varied and perplexing phenomena of mental perception and operation. Instead of connecting ethics with the revealed will of God, it has too often been employed to gender scepticism, and foster the pride of intellect. Hume and Malebranche, Berkeley and Reid, are more frequently appealed to than the writers of the Bible; and many a young man who went with his principles tolerably correct, if not altogether established, has left the class a sceptic or a confirmed unbeliever. The occupation of this chair by such a man as Dr. Chalmers is of incalculable importance. It secures against the danger of those speculations which

> "Lead to bewilder, and dazzle to blind,"

and provides that morals shall not become the enemy, but the handmaid of religion.

With missionary objects young Urquhart's early associations had made him familiar; and his mind having become deeply impressed with the importance of eternal things, he was exceedingly desirous of interesting others in the noble object of missionary exertion.

Of his first appearance in the Moral Philosophy class, and also of the exertion which he made to accomplish the other object, I have been furnished with a short account by his bosom friend and contemplated associate in foreign labours, Mr. John

Adam. The following extract from a letter to me relates to both:—

"My first acquaintance with John Urquhart commenced at St. Andrews in the winter of 1824. I had gone chiefly for the sake of Dr. Chalmers's lectures to that University; and, besides my brother, was totally unacquainted with any of the students. The first subject given out as an essay to the class was on the divisions of philosophy. The Doctor had introduced us to his department of the academical course by some general observations on this topic. He wished us each to give an abstract in our own terms, before entering on the main business of our investigating moral philosophy. Not as yet familiar with any of my fellows, I was particularly struck when one of the youngest in the class, with simple dignity (though, as he told me afterwards, with great perturbation of mind) read an essay, which, for purity of style, for beauty of imagery, and a masterly delineation of thought, exceeded everything we had then heard. Nor could I but rejoice when, at the conclusion, a universal burst of admiration (which was evidently participated in by the Professor) proceeded from all present. I need only say that his character, thus established, was maintained during the whole course. The decision of the prize, both by Dr. Chalmers and his fellow-students, awarded him the first honour they had it in their power to bestow.

"Soon after his first appearance in the class, I was

happily introduced to him, at the house of one of Mr. Lothian's deacons, a Mr. Smith, when he mentioned a plan he was then meditating, viz., to attempt the formation of a missionary society, such as they had at Glasgow, which should not be confined to the Hall of Theology. This project was carried into effect a few days after; and a number of names having been collected from the Philosophy College, a junction was formed with a small society that had already existed amongst the students of divinity.

"During the term of this session my friendship for John was cemented; and by studying together, by walks, and frequent intercourse, we became so attached that not to have seen one another for a few hours was an extraordinary occurrence."

In a letter to his father, of the date of November 3d, he communicates some particulars on the same subjects:—

"My dear Father,—I arrived safe here the same day I left you, and am again very comfortably settled in my old lodgings.

"We have been attempting to form a missionary society in our College, to co-operate with one which the divinity students formed last year. We do not expect very large contributions, and the assistance which we can render to the cause may be comparatively but trifling, but the great object we have in view is to obtain and circulate missionary intelligence among the students, a thing which, we trust,

with the blessing of God, may prove useful to themselves; and though not directly aiding the cause, may in the end prove highly beneficial to it. For this purpose we propose holding monthly meetings for the purpose of reading reports and conducting the other business of the society. We wish also, if possible, to collect a small library of books connected with the subject; and what I have chiefly in view in writing to you about it is, that you may send any reports, or sermons, or other works, connected with missions, which you can obtain. You may mention the thing to any of our friends who you think could favour us with any of such publications, which will be very thankfully received. The formation of such a society in such circumstances is, I think, peculiarly interesting; and may, if properly conducted, be productive of the most interesting results; and I am sure the friends of the Saviour will be happy to assist us in our operations. In asking for subscriptions we have hitherto met with no refusals; and though we have not yet got many, I have no doubt but it will succeed."

The following, written a little after this, notices the state of St. Andrews, and some other things relating to the formation of the University Missionary Society:—

"St. Andrews, *December* 15, 1824.

"My dear Father,—As I do not intend coming home at Christmas, and as it will be some time before I need to send my box, I sit down to write you a few

lines at present. I received yours along with a parcel containing a new watch, about a fortnight ago, for which I feel very grateful. I am as comfortably situated this year as I could wish. I have been introduced to some very excellent companions at Dr. Chalmers's class. The Doctor has brought a good number of students from other Universities, many of them of very polished manners, and, I think, not a few of very decided piety.

"The Doctor has thus not only increased the number of the students (which this year amounts to about 250), but those who have come for his sake being mostly of evangelical principles, he has thus, though indirectly, wrought a great change on the religious aspect of our University. It is to this chiefly that I would attribute the success with which my efforts have been crowned in attempting to form a missionary society in our College. We have got about forty subscribers, and have already had two meetings, which we purpose to continue monthly. There have also been formed a number of Sabbath-schools, one of which is taught by Dr. Chalmers himself, and the rest by students. And, besides this, several meetings are held by select parties of students for social worship. Such a change I did not certainly expect to see in my day. And this has not all gone on without opposition. Not only were we refused a room in the College for our missionary meetings, but the minds of the people of the town are so influenced that even yet we are not quite sure of a place to meet in regularly.

"On the whole, our College seems at present to present an aspect something similar to that of the University of Oxford in the days of Hervey and Wesley. Among the rest of my class-fellows there is a young man who seems to be very zealous in the cause of truth. He goes out to the country and preaches every Sabbath afternoon at a place called Dunino, a place very much neglected; and on Sabbath evenings he has a meeting of fishermen to whom he preaches.

"With all this to render me happy, the remark of the shepherd of Salisbury Plain is still applicable to me, that 'Every man has his black ewe.' I have not been able to get any teaching," etc.

These letters show how much his mind was now occupied with promoting the spirit of missionary enterprise among his fellow-students. Instead of wondering that he should have met at first with some opposition to his plans, when we consider the materials of which colleges consist it is rather surprising he should have been so successful. The state of religious zeal of the University of St. Andrews had for many years approached nearer to the freezing than to the boiling point. The first attempt, therefore, to rouse and kindle the flame, could not fail to produce a certain degree of commotion. This, however, our young friend and his associates met in a Christian manner, and overcame by their prudence and good sense. Dr. Chalmers was early engaged in its support, and others of the professors also came afterw

to encourage it. His friend Mr. Duff gives the following account of the progress of John's religious views and feelings at this time, and of his exertions in forming the missionary society among the students:—

"At the beginning of the session of 1824-5 the traces of a gathering and growing piety were very observable. 'Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh,' and accordingly religious subjects became with him the great, the constant, the delightful theme of conversation. Christianity was not now with him a mere round of observances, a matter of cold and heartless formality. It engrossed all his thoughts, it gave a direction to all his actions, and his chief concern was how to promote the cause of his Redeemer. One evening, early in the session, a few of his companions met in his room. The main topic of conversation was the blindness of the understanding and the hardness of the heart, with its entire alienation from God. This led to a discussion upon the influences of the Spirit in removing the various obstacles that oppose the reception of the truth as it is in Jesus. On this subject Mr. Urquhart's thoughts were striking and his views luminous. Our attention was then directed to the resistance made to the offers of the gospel by the men of the world, and the want of universality in its propagation. The efforts of enlightened Christians in publishing the glad tidings of salvation and the operations of missionary societies were then largely spoken of. The vast, the paramount import-

ance of this object, as involving the interests of time and eternity, was acknowledged by all. The question was suggested, Is it not possible to form a missionary society among the students? By some the idea was reckoned chimerical, from the coldness and apathy well known to prevail among the members of the University. By others, among whom was Mr. Urquhart, it was strenuously urged that a vigorous effort should at least be made for the purpose of forming an association for the promotion of so good a cause. I cannot now state the precise amount of influence which Mr. Urquhart's arguments had on those present, only he was most urgent and impressive in maintaining the propriety of the scheme and its probability of success. Paper was accordingly produced and the prevailing sentiments stated; the object being to procure a sufficient number of subscribers, friendly to the missionary cause, to justify the formation of a society. A small association of divinity students had met on the preceding year in a private room, with the intention of reviewing and supporting missions. It was suggested, therefore, that a union might be formed between the divinity and philosophy students (in the event of the latter coming forward), so as to form an active and efficient body of members. The whole scheme, so ably advocated by Mr. Urquhart, succeeded far beyond our most sanguine expectations. And thus originated the St. Andrews University Missionary Society, which now ranks among its friends and supporters more than one-third of all attending the University."

As this society occupied so much of his thoughts, and was, in fact, productive of some very important results to himself and others, and as the mode of conducting its affairs was formed very much after the model of the St. Andrews Missionary Society, of which Dr. Chalmers was the President, I am glad that I can give some account of the latter from his pen. It was furnished to *The St. Andrews University Magazine*, a small monthly work, published by those of the young men attending the theological and philosophy classes, and to which Urquhart was an occasional contributor. Though written the following year, it may be read appropriately in connexion with the present period of my young friend's life.[1]

The interesting views and reasonings of this well-written paper are deserving of attention from the friends of missions. It shows how much may be made of this subject by men of a discursive and philosophic turn of mind; and were missionary meetings occasionally conducted in the manner pursued by Dr. Chalmers, they would prove more interesting and instructive than they often do. Considering the period during which exertion has been made to propagate Christianity among the heathen, and the number of persons who are employed in the work, both at home and abroad, it is surprising that some work on what might be called the philosophy of missions has not yet appeared.

Not satisfied with his exertions in establishing

[1] See Appendix B.

and aiding a missionary society, and thus contributing to diffuse the gospel abroad, John felt it his duty to do all the good in his power to those among whom he lived. This led him at the commencement of this session to engage in teaching a Sabbath-school, in a village a few miles distant from St. Andrews. To this place he was in the habit of going regularly every Lord's-day evening, and occasionally, also, on other days, when he could find time, for the purpose of conversing with the parents; thus endeavouring to interest them in the spiritual welfare of their children, and in their regular attendance at the school.

These engagements have often been productive of the most beneficial effects on young men intended for the ministry, as well as on the minds of the rising generation. They stimulate to the examination of the Scriptures, accustom the teacher to an easy and familiar method of speaking and address, and increase his acquaintance with the peculiarities of human character. The difficulties he experiences in conducting such seminaries and accomplishing his wishes will be found to arise from many of the same causes which operate on the "children of a larger growth" whom he may afterwards be called to instruct. And the mode of meeting these difficulties by a combination of faithfulness and affection, of perseverance and prayer, will habituate him to the exercise of principles and dispositions of the last importance in discharging the duties of the Christian ministry.

To this kind of service my young friend was much

attached, as well from choice as from principle and a sense of duty. He was sensible of the benefit which he derived from it himself; and therefore, wherever he was, though but for a short time, he endeavoured to collect a few young persons around him. From the great amiability of his disposition, he never failed to bring them together, and to attach them to him; and from his happy method of engaging their attention, he was always rewarded in seeing their love to the exercise, as well as their personal attachment to himself. On his return home, at the end of the session, he succeeded in establishing a meeting of a few young men, of his own age, in his father's house, once a week, for conversing about the Scriptures, and for prayer, the benefit of which some of them, I hope, may yet enjoy. While there, also, during the summer vacation, he taught a Sabbath-school in the neighbourhood of Perth, thus evincing his sincerity and diligence in the improvement of every opportunity of usefulness which he could command.

Having noticed his feelings and views in regard to personal religion, and to the work of the gospel abroad, and his exertions to promote its interests at home, it will now be proper to advert to his progress in his literary pursuits, especially in that class in which he made so distinguished a figure. A certain description of persons, who are not altogether opposed to religion, but who feel exceedingly cool in regard to its claims, both upon themselves and others, are much disposed to allege, that if the attention of a

young person is much occupied with religious subjects, other things which he ought to pursue must be neglected. It is admitted that there is some difficulty in perfectly adjusting the relative and proportionate claims of religious and other pursuits, especially during the more active period of human life. Wisdom is necessary to direct in this, and in many other matters, which cannot be determined by the language of the Scriptures. To which preference is due, no doubt can be entertained. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness" is a plain injunction, applicable to all circumstances, and at all periods of our existence. True wisdom consists in obeying that injunction, which will never fail to secure the fulfilment of the promise, "and all these things shall be added unto you." Should there be in any instance an excess in devoting what may be considered too large a portion of attention to religion, surely it is a very pardonable offence. If it be an error, it is an error on the safe side. Allowances are made for individuals following the bent of a powerful genius, when that genius is directed towards some earthly object; but unhappily, if the bent of the mind is toward religion, the feeling which is manifested is very different. What is an amiable and praiseworthy enthusiasm in the one case is denounced as miserable and misguided fanaticism in the other. The conduct which raises an artist or a poet to the summit of earthly glory, places a Whitefield and a Martyn in the pillory of the world's scorn.

It is no common thing to find a mind so nicely poised and balanced as to be capable of giving every subject of examination its proper degree of attention, and every object of pursuit its just measure of importance. It will too generally happen that when one thing, whether of a secular or spiritual nature, obtains firm possession of the mind, other things will, to a certain extent, be dislodged. There is usually, to employ the expressive phraseology of Dr. Chalmers, "a shooting forth of the mind in one direction;" and when this happens, other things must be obscured and left behind. If, according to Spurzheim, the faculty of common sense consists in the harmonious arrangement and operation of all the other senses, it is very evident that the faculty is by no means so *common* as the phrase imports.

As it regards religion, however, I am inclined to think this is one of the libels which its enemies are ever disposed to propagate against it. They maintain in the face of all evidence that the men who are clamorous on the subject of the spiritual wants of others are usually defective in their generosity to supply their temporal necessities. In vain we appeal to our Howards and Wilberforces, and thousands besides, in refutation of the calumny. It will be reiterated till the world is regenerated.

I apprehend that it will often be found that our religious men are among the most ardent and devoted students. Few men have distinguished themselves more when at College than Martyn and Kirke White, and I am happy that I can add the name of Urqu-

hart to the list of persons who, under the noblest considerations, devoted their fine talents and unconquerable ardour to the pursuits of literature and science, that they might lay their crowns as scholars at the foot of the cross.

While engaged in the interesting exercises of his academical course, and in the prosecution of his plans of usefulness, he was called to sustain a painful trial in the death of his youngest brother. Nothing of this kind had before occurred in the family, within his knowledge. He was suddenly summoned to Perth, and after spending a few days by the dying bed of his brother, and endeavouring to interest his mind in religion, he returned to St. Andrews, as the nature of the complaint left it very uncertain how long his brother might continue. On being informed of his death he wrote to his father and mother as follows:—

"St. Andrews, *January* 17, 1825.

"My dear Parents,—It is a remark which I have somewhere heard, that God tries to bring us to Himself by mercies; but if this has not the effect, He makes use of trials. Like the affectionate father of rebellious and disobedient children, He tries to win us by love; and it is only our obstinate perseverance in our own ways which forces Him to use the rod. It is true that our very afflictions are signs of God's love towards us; for, 'whom he loveth he chasteneth.' But it is equally true that they are signs of His displeasure. We, as a family, have long

been favoured with every blessing; and it becomes us to ask, if we have been as grateful and as obedient as became the children of so many mercies. A serious review of the past will make us wonder that our Father has been so long-suffering,—that He has withheld His chastening hand so long. It becomes us, then, to repent of our unthankful and repining disposition, and to humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God.

"It is a joyful thing, that, in the time of affliction, God does not hide His face from us, nor remove us far from Him. But it is the very end of all our trials to bring us to Himself by drying up our channels of happiness, to lead us to the spring from whence those channels were supplied; by breaking the cisterns which we have hewed out for ourselves, to lead us to the fountain of living waters.

"I think I may say, 'It has been good for me to be afflicted;' it has driven me to the Bible and to a throne of grace as the only consolations; and never did the truths of the gospel appear more precious. My Christian friends here have been very attentive to me, and seem to have sympathized with me in earnest.

"This is certainly a warning to each of us to be also ready—a solemn exhortation to be active in the cause of Christ; and whatever our hand finds to do to do it with all our might, knowing that there is no knowledge nor device in the grave, whither we are fast hastening.

"I am anxious to know what impression this

solemn event has made on the minds of my yet remaining brother and sister. Death can sometimes affect the soul which has been unmoved by the most solemn admonitions and the most impressive eloquence. I am very sorry that it is out of my power at present to write to them."

Shortly after this he wrote me a long letter, partly on the same subject, and partly giving me an account of various affairs then transacting in St. Andrews, which he knew would interest me :—

"ST. ANDREWS, *February* 18, 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,—. . . You have in all probability heard before now that death has at last entered our family, and has snatched away the youngest and healthiest of us all. Poor Henry had thought himself dying from the first day he took to his bed, and had expressed a great desire that I should be sent for. My father accordingly sent for me, and on my arrival at home I found my brother in a state of very great agony, and quite unable to converse with me. I was anxious to speak to him about that world whither he was evidently fast hastening, but so excruciating was his pain that he could not listen. I can remember, when I asked him, after he had been violently crying out from the pain in his head, what was the cause of all his suffering, how expressively he answered, that it was sin. And at another time, on asking him if he was afraid to die; he told me, No. But these short answers were all I could obtain from him, the painful nature of his distress did not

permit longer conversation. After staying at home about a week, I found that I was waiting for a change which might yet be far distant, and that I was losing my own time without being able to render any service to my brother. I therefore resolved to return, but I think I shall never forget the bitterness of that parting. I felt far more then than when I heard afterwards that my brother was gone. Henry begged of me not to go away, and my mother with tears entreated me to remain; but I thought it my duty to leave them; and in the issue it has proved much better that I did so, for my brother lingered for weeks after. I cannot say whether I was more depressed or relieved by the letter which brought the tidings of his death. I rejoice to think that his body was freed from very exquisite suffering; but with regard to his soul all was uncertain. I would indulge the hope that his suffering may have been rendered the means of bringing him to trust in that Saviour about whom he had so often heard. But it rests with God. To us there has been given no certain assurance of his happiness. I hope I have myself been enabled to see in this dispensation the hand of an all-wise Father; and that it has not been without a beneficial influence on my own soul. Separated from my earthly relations, and deprived of the comfort which their sympathy might have inspired, I was forced to seek consolation from that Friend who never leaves His people. Never did I feel so much the need of the consolations of the gospel, and never did its declarations appear more

cheering and consolatory. I could feel not only submissive but thankful. I could say with Conder, when in a similar situation:

> 'Oh, to be brought to Jesus' feet,
> Though sorrows fix me there,
> Is still a privilege.'

But I have no regret that the impression has been of such short continuance, and that my heart seems ready to go back again to the vanities of the world. I can easily perceive that if the gospel have not an abiding influence on the conduct, the mere sentimental tenderness and deadness to the things of earth which are produced by the death of a friend may and will soon be forgotten. I know you will forgive me for dwelling so long on this painful theme. You will remember that the wound is yet green, and you know from experience how the mind, in such circumstances, loves to brood over the cause of its sorrow.

"I must proceed to give you some information about St. Andrews. I might tell you of the prosperity of the College, the increase in the number of the students, etc.; but as these things cannot much interest you, I shall just shortly advert to some religious institutions which have been formed among us, and to the spiritual state in general of our town and university. Dr. Chalmers has effected a good deal by his own example and his own exertions, but he has even been more useful in drawing to this place a number of pious young men of various denominations, who have been the instruments

of bringing about a great change in the externals, at least, of our University. We cannot indeed say that any great moral renovation has been effected, but the machinery, at least, has been erected, which, with the blessing of God, may be the means of effecting it. We have now Sabbath-schools taught by members of the University, and meetings for prayer among the students, and, what is more astonishing still, a University missionary society, consisting of about sixty members, who meet once a month for the purpose of promoting the objects of the society. In connexion with this last institution we have formed a small library of missionary books, which have mostly been sent us in presents, and from the circulation of which I anticipate great good. This is an institution in which I take particular interest, as I have long considered the object which it has in view one of the most important, perhaps the most important, which can engage the mind of a Christian. And for some time I have even seriously thought of devoting my own life to the cause of missions. I had long wished to find a companion who could enter into my own views on this subject, and such an one I think I have fallen in with this session. His name is Mr. Adam; he had been boarded for some time with Mr. Malan of Geneva, and he seems to have imbibed much of the spirit of that excellent man. We have sometimes talked over the subject of missions together, and I hope we may be yet honoured to preach the gospel to the heathen. I am aware of the difficulties to be

encountered, and of the danger of rashly forming a resolution of such importance; but even the desire I have expressed to you is the fruit of much meditation and prayer. And I have communicated it to you in order to have the benefit of your advice. I shall always look to you as one of the best friends I have on earth, and I trust my father in Christ Jesus. I wish you would send me word about the institution at Gosport. I have heard there is a great deficiency in the number of students. I entreat that you will pray for my direction in this matter, of so great importance with regard to my spiritual happiness. . . .

"I shall be very much gratified by a letter. Perhaps you may be interested to hear that I preached, for the first time, on Saturday last, to a few of my fellow-students, who have formed themselves into a society for extempore preaching. We meet in the Divinity Hall. Farewell."

The reader, I am sure, will join me in admiring the beautiful combination of Christian principle and brotherly affection contained in these letters. There is no affectation of feeling, but the utterance of it in the simplest and most impressive language. He dwells on the slight indications of religious feeling which his brother could give with evident delight, and fondly cherished hope as far as the circumstances admitted. The account of the progress of religion and of the juvenile association is also very interesting. It shows how completely his heart was

now engaged; and from this time I considered him devoted to the work of God among the heathen, should Providence be pleased to spare his life. I accordingly wrote to him to encourage and cherish, rather than to stimulate him, which I perceived he did not require. The sermon to which he refers as his first essay in this kind of composition remains among his papers, and would do credit, in point of sentiment and expression, to a minister of some years' standing.

Having been the principal means of establishing the University missionary society, he appears to have taken a very active part in its management. And as an evidence how much it engaged his mind, and how fully he thought on all the bearings and aspects of the great work, I must introduce an essay which he read at one of its meetings, held on the 12th of February, a few days before the writing of the preceding letter.[1]

He was too busy about this period to spend much time in correspondence, but a few of his letters, though short, I must introduce. They will show the strength and delicacy of his natural feelings, and how tenderly he was alive to all the charities of human life. A sentence is sometimes more indicative of feeling and sentiment than a volume.

"St. Andrews, *February* 1825.

"My dear Mother,—If ever in my life I felt quite oppressed and burdened with kindness, it

[1] See Appendix C.

was on the receipt of your very kind communication after my brother's death, and I am quite ashamed that I have not long before now found means to express my gratitude. My friends seem to have vied with each other who should be kindest and who should pay me most attention; and had I not been quite overburdened with business you should have had a letter long before now. At the time you sent I had a very severe cold, which seemed to show some disposition to settle in my breast, but I am now tolerably well again. I have just received my father's letter of the 4th, and am exceedingly happy to hear that the church have all come to one mind concerning Mr. Jack. The choosing of a minister is in general one of the most trying times to our churches; and I think we have much reason to bless God that roots of bitterness have not been permitted to spring up and trouble us. Things are going on pretty well among us. The people round about seem to be hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Mr. Adam preached in the country on Friday, at a new station, where the people themselves had requested that some one should come. There is a great want of labourers; they have pressed Mr. R— into the service, but still there is employment which is more than enough for them."

"ST. ANDREWS, *February* 22, 1825.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have sometimes blamed, or rather pitied you (for it is not a legitimate subject of blame), for a want of feeling, and I am

quite sorry I have ever done so, for the deep pathos that runs through some of your letters, which are, notwithstanding, expressed in all the unaffected and unstudied simplicity of nature, convinces me that I have been very far mistaken. I recollect of being very much struck by your truly pathetical yet artless account of the death of T. Greig, which was contained in a letter you sent me about a year ago, and I have been still more affected by your very touching allusion in your last to the death of our brother. I would indulge the hope that this event may have proved a blessing to us as a family. In all the communications I have received from home there has, I think, been displayed a spirit of greater tenderness than usual. With your own short letter I have been particularly pleased. You could not have given me a more satisfactory proof that this dispensation has been in some degree blessed to you than the feeling of self-condemnation which your letter breathes."

"MY DEAR SISTER,—I have the expectation of seeing you so soon that it may be thought almost unnecessary for me now to write to you, but I cannot think of letting the session pass without sending you a letter. I was gratified to hear from Mr. Muir that you had written a letter for me. I am quite sorry you did not send it, for I am sure that those very things which seemed blemishes to you would enhanced its value to me. It is an easy and ed effusion of sentiment which constitutes

the great charm of epistolary correspondence. I wish you would always write to me the simple dictates of your own heart without any external interference whatever, and with the fullest confidence that what you write will never meet any eye but my own. I hope to see you now in a few weeks, and to be able to devote a good part of my time in the summer months to your education. I hope you have been going on with your French. I should have written you a much longer letter had it not been that I expect so soon to see you personally."

In these letters the feelings of nature are expressed in a very interesting manner. The letter to his brother contains some very delicate touches, and manifests much tact and discrimination as well as great ingenuousness and deep concern for the salvation of his soul. May his prayers and expostulations not be in vain!

The two following, though the last is without date, appear to have been written during this session :—

"ST. ANDREWS, *March* 13, 1825.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—This is Sabbath evening, and it is now pretty late, yet I cannot think of letting my father go without writing by him. I have had but little experience in the feelings of the afflicted, but yet I can remember how the receipt of a letter from a friend, or any such little incident, would some times mitigate, in a degree, the pains of disease!

chequering the dull and tedious hours of confinement. And if in this way I can have any hope of ministering to your comfort, it were surely most ungrateful of me to let slip, through negligence, a single opportunity of doing so. My father tells me that you are still very poorly; but you know from experience, far better than I can tell you, that every affliction works for the good of them that love God. You must have a satisfaction in feeling that every trial through which God has carried you has been an additional proof of his love to you, and of your interest in a Saviour,—a satisfaction which that individual, whose religion (like mine) has been all in the sunshine of prosperity, cannot enjoy. I have not yet proceeded far on the voyage of life, and hitherto all has been smooth and prosperous; but I sometimes look forward with dread foreboding to the many tempests which I may have to encounter on life's rough sea, and to the many waves of trouble and distress which roll between me and that peaceful shore where 'billows never beat nor tempests roar.' And at such times I could envy the case of that bark which, like yours, has long been tossed by many a tempest, but which has weathered them all, and is just about to drop anchor in the peaceful haven. But I feel that this is a sinful feeling, and proceeds from weakness of faith. It is doubting His word who has said, 'When thou walkest through the fire it shall not burn thee; and through the waters, they shall not overflow thee.' I am sorry that I am *obliged here to* conclude abruptly, as my time is

gone. May the Lord support you in all your trials!"

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I cannot think of leaving you, as we parted last night, without some expression of what I feel at your *often repeated* kindness, which has entailed upon me a debt of gratitude which I can never discharge. All that I am and all that I have are devoted, I trust, to the service of God; and the only way that I can ever repay the kindness of Christian friends is by redoubling my ardour in the great cause for which we all live and for which we all die. If this shall be the effect of your generosity it will produce to you a double reward and to me a double benefit. You will not only enjoy the thought that you have gained the lasting gratitude and good wishes of a fellow-pilgrim in this world, but when this world and all the things that are therein shall be burnt up, you will be rewarded a thousand-fold as having contributed, in some degree, through that unworthy individual, to promote the interests of a cause, the noblest that ever occupied the thoughts of men or of angels,—I had almost said, of God himself.

"And if your kindness prove to me, as I trust it will, a stimulus to greater exertion in the cause to which I am devoted, that will be an infinitely greater benefit than all the advantages it may directly confer. Thus may the Lord make your kindness a double blessing both to the giver and to the receiver. And to His name be all the thanks and all the glory."

The two preceding letters would do credit to any pen as specimens of natural and unaffected epistolary correspondence, while the sentiments they contain and the spirit which they breathe would not be unworthy of the most mature Christian. The fears respecting the future which he so beautifully expresses were never realized. His tender bark was indeed ill fitted to encounter the storms and perils of this world, and therefore infinite goodness brought it speedily to "the land of glory and repose."

Dr. Chalmers's class seems to have occupied the principal share in his attention during this winter; and in Moral Philosophy and Political Economy he appears to have made great proficiency. Besides his notes of the Professor's lectures, and the papers which he wrote on the various subjects which were assigned or voluntarily undertaken, he composed a synopsis or analysis of Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, the favourite class-book of Dr. Chalmers, and which has contributed more to produce correct views of society, and of the science which is now so popular, than any production of the age. My young friend read this work evidently with great care; and though he must have generally admired it, and agreed in its statements and reasonings, he did not blindly adopt them. His essay on the Distinction between Productive and Unproductive Labour evinces that he could think for himself, and discover, even in the able work of that most profound thinker, positions that are not altogether tenable.

More than common discernment was necessary to

catch the author of the *Wealth of Nations* tripping; but still greater talent was required to detect the fallacy and expose the mistaken reasonings by which the theory was supported. A discovery, when made, often appears very simple and easy, but the mind which makes that discovery, and the process which leads to it, belong not to the common order, and may be far removed from vulgar apprehension.

Among his papers which were written about this time are several fragments on subjects of great importance; and while I feel deep regret that they are imperfect, I cannot throw aside even the fragments of such a mind. The first is on Written Language, in which his object appears to have been to prove that it is of Divine origin. This is a view of the subject not peculiar indeed to him, but still not usually adopted by philosophers and philologists, though I confess it has long appeared to me the only tenable hypothesis. The employment of hieroglyphics, and the use of them to record facts of a certain kind, are easily accounted for; but the discovery of alphabetic writing is a very different matter. The extraordinary simplicity of alphabetic characters, and their still more extraordinary power, render it improbable that they should be the discovery of chance or the invention of a barbarous people, while the impossibility of arriving at any great degree of civilisation or scientific advancement without them supposes that the discovery must have preceded. If reason and language are the gifts

of God, it is not going too far to say that both are imperfect and very limited in their operation without the use of a written language. In order to preserve and authenticate a Divine revelation, a fixed medium of that revelation seems absolutely necessary; and perhaps it would not be difficult to suggest reasons, amounting to high probability, that when the law was given to Moses, the first knowledge of alphabetic writing and the first specimen of it were then communicated. But this is not the place to pursue such an inquiry.

Among his other pursuits during this busy session, he wrote several discourses on passages of Scripture. Some of them were read to Mr. Lothian, others of them to a small number of his fellow-students; but none of them, I believe, was used in any other way. They are all illustrative of the soundness and clearness of his mind, the accuracy and extent of his knowledge of the Scriptures, the philosophical turn of his thinking, and his prevailing disposition to connect all his pursuits with the missionary enterprise, in which, even then, he ardently wished to engage.

From his correspondence I select the following letter to a young friend, who was then about to sustain a severe loss in his mother, a most amiable and eminently devoted Christian. It is marked with much tenderness and faithfulness:—

"St. Andrews, *March* 12, 1825.

"On looking over your last letter, the most important, indeed the only intelligence it conveys,

is an answer (which I regret is such a painful one) to my inquiries about your mother's health. From what my father tells me I fear the worst; and I cannot help dreading you may have lost her ere now. At all events, from the nature and virulence of her disease, your hopes cannot be very sanguine. I am writing to one who has either just lost, or who is every day expecting to lose, the dearest of all earthly relatives; and in either case I should feel I was doing violence to all the finer feelings of our common nature, did I indulge in a strain of writing that was light or frivolous. There is something in the near view of death, either prospectively or retrospectively, which solemnizes the gayest heart, and disposes the most thoughtless to serious reflection. There is something in that tender sorrow which attends the death of one that is dear to us, which for a time subdues the pride of the haughtiest, and turns the eye of the most worldly for a time to heaven. If ever that spiritual blindness is removed which hides from our view all that is beyond the grave, it is when, by the death of a near friend, we are led, as it were, to the very outskirts of this world, and can thus take a nearer view of that world which lies beyond it. You will excuse me then if, in such circumstances, I call to your remembrance, and press upon your attention, those sacred precepts which your mother has often taught you, and of which she herself has been a living exemplification. I know the dislike of the young mind to religion, I have felt it, but it is a

dislike which should be fought against. I know the alluring prospects of happiness which this world holds out; but short as has been my experience, I have found that they are deceitful. I know the difficulty that there is standing out against the laugh and sneer of young and gay and light-hearted companions; but I can assure you that you will be enabled to bear it, and even to rejoice under it. All that I wish you to do is, to *consider* the things of spirituality; if you but do this your belief will follow, and your joy in believing as a natural consequence. Perhaps your mother is yet lingering in this world; if so, it is my prayer that she may yet be restored to you. But perhaps even now you are mourning her loss; if so, it is my prayer that your affliction may send you to seek for consolation in the exercises of devotion. If this be the result of your trial, it will prove to you a real blessing, and you will find you have exchanged an earthly parent for an heavenly one."

It was towards the close of the session he wrote for the prize at the Moral Philosophy class, proposed by Dr. Chalmers. It appears that, till near the end of the term, he had no intention of becoming a competitor, and that it was not till within four or five days of the period fixed for the giving in of the essays that he set himself in good earnest to the task. To this and several other subjects of importance he refers in the following letter to his father :—

"St. Andrews, *April* 18, 1825.

"My dear Father,—I am happy to be able to inform you, that I did *not* speak at the meeting at Cupar, nor ever had the slightest intention of doing so. I have been entreated by some of our friends, and have been reproved for want of zeal by others, because I did not come forward and preach in the country, but I have withstood both entreaties and reproofs. Mr. Reid has been pressed into the service, and even Mr. ——, at the risk of being called to an account by the Presbytery, preached one Sabbath at Dunino. I acknowledge that I have much higher ideas of preaching than are generally entertained among our brethren, and I do sincerely think that it has been one of the greatest evils (perhaps, for a time, a necessary one) in our system, to bring forward people to preach who were not rightly qualified for this most important of all engagements. I think, from what you say in yours, you do not seem to have a right idea of the prize essay which I said I was writing. Most perfectly do I agree with you that I stand no chance of gaining it; but at the same time I should have thought it a breach of duty, and was afraid it might offend Dr. Chalmers did I not give it in. They were entirely motives of this nature which induced me, after I had burned an essay I had written, in order to compete for the prize, to write another when the time was almost run out. I am sure you will not think me capable of so much presumption as to expect that a production which cost me only five days' labour, at spare hours, should

come into competition with those which have cost my competitors the continued application of four months.

"I feel sincerely grateful for your letter. It is exactly what I need at present. I feel the praise which is of men to be one of the severest trials I can meet with, and to be more especially the besetting temptation of an academic career."

The modesty which formed a marked feature of his character is strongly indicated in this letter. Though he had been frequently urged to preach, and to speak at some public meetings, he had decidedly refused to do so. He considered himself much too young to appear in public; and in his ideas of preaching I most fully concur. Those who did not know him might suppose there was something of affectation in his intimations of having no expectation of the prize. But his friends at College, as well as myself, are persuaded that this was really the state of his mind, notwithstanding the effort which he made.

"He was distinguished," says Mr. Duff, "for a remarkable diffidence in his own abilities, uncommon though they were. An instance of this occurred during his second session. The subject of a prize essay was proposed by the Professor of Logic. Mr. Urquhart began to write the essay, and brought it nearly to a close; when, upon reading it, he was so dissatisfied with its merits that he threw it into the fire. He was, however, encouraged to renew the attempt, and prosecuted the subject with vigour. He submitted the performance to a fellow-student, *whose* tried abilities rendered him capable of esti-

mating the talent with which it was executed. He was much struck with the superior excellence of the essay, and strongly advised Mr. Urquhart to give it to the Professor. Notwithstanding this encouragement, having once more read the essay himself, he was so much displeased with its execution that he burnt it without any hesitation."

The highest prize was assigned him for the essay composed under the circumstances adverted to in the letter to his father. The opinion of Dr. Chalmers is evident, from his having awarded it, and from the sentence which he has written upon the last page of the essay itself.[1] In this opinion not only did the class in general concur, but even those individuals from whom he had carried off the boon.

Besides gaining the first prize at the Moral Philosophy class on the subject prescribed by the Professor, he gained also the first prize for the best essay read in the class. He had also distinguished himself in the senior Greek class; and, indeed, in all the departments to which he directed his attention. "In estimating his success," says a fellow-student, "it must be remembered that there never was at St. Andrews a more brilliant assemblage of talent and of genius, attracted from all parts of the kingdom by the fame of Dr. Chalmers, than there was during the session of 1824-25." In this opinion it will be seen from Dr. Chalmers's letter how fully he concurs.

[1] The sentence is as follows:—"A truly admirable essay, replete with sound judgment and felicitous illustration, and announcing itself, at first glance, as worthy of the highest prize."

CHAPTER IV.

Introductory observations—John's return home at the end of his third session—Letter respecting his going to some of the Dissenting academies—Letter illustrative of his state of mind—Letters—His employments during the vacation—Letter to Mr. Craik—His visit to London—Mr. Adam's account of him at this time—Letters to his father—Engagements during the winter—Letters to a friend—Letter to his brother—Letter to his mother—Letter to a friend—Letter to Mr. Orme—Opposition of his friends to his missionary devotedness—Mr. Duff's account of him—Testimonies to his literary attainments—Mr. Alexander's account of him—Dr. Chalmers's certificate.

THERE are few things which put the character and principles of a young man more to the test than a classical and University education. He who passes through this ordeal unhurt has reason to bless the gracious and powerful influences of the divine Spirit. I do not refer at present to the levity of youth, and to the snares of those associations which belong to the state of society in colleges and classical schools. The danger of infection from the moral atmosphere is indeed great. But there are dangers of a different kind, arising out of the studies which chiefly engross the attention, and their powerful but unperceived influence upon the mind.

The investigations of philology and grammar, though important in themselves, and absolutely

necessary as the basis of all correct knowledge, are dry, and often tiresome. The memory is loaded with words and forms of expression, which tend, no doubt, to exercise and strengthen it, but do not tend much to the moral benefit of the mind. When from these the scholar passes on to the more elegant studies of the Greek and Roman classics, or even to the polite literature of our own country, how little does he find at all calculated to promote his spiritual welfare! This is not saying enough: how much does he meet with the tendency of which is positively injurious! The fascinations thrown around vice, the halo of glory with which sin itself is frequently invested, cannot be viewed often, and with great intensity, without damage. The individual who gives his days and nights to the poets and orators of Greece and Rome must be more than man if he escapes without hurt to his spiritual feelings and principles.

The influence of the exact sciences, and of experimental philosophy, though of a different nature, is still hazardous to a mind which has not arrived at maturity. The absolute certainty of mathematical demonstration, and the sure results of algebraic formula, produce a habit which has proved in many instances very unfavourable to the due appreciation of moral evidence. And the processes of chemistry and the experiments of physical science have not been always productive of an increased veneration for the great Spirit who presides over and pervades all the operations of the universe.

I wish to speak of results rather than to assign reasons for those results. Whether the evils and dangers referred to are to be ascribed to the weakness and depravity of our nature, or to the imperfections of the systems of education which are generally adopted, or to both together, does not alter the state of the fact, that our youth cannot receive what is considered a finished education without sustaining a very formidable trial. How few comparatively can pass through a college, or even an academy, to the work of the ministry, without experiencing a diminution or loss of their spiritual vigour!

To frame a system of education which would avoid the greater number, or most of the evils, would be a service of incalculable value to the world. But I doubt whether human wisdom, under existing circumstances, is competent to the task. It is no difficult matter to furnish expurgated editions of the classics, and to produce family Gibbons and family Shakespeares; and those attempts at purifying the foul stream of classical instruction are not to be despised. But while so large a portion of time and thought must be expended in these pursuits, and while a capacity for relishing the beauties, whether of the ancient or the modern classics, is rated so high, I fear that the chief source of the evil will still remain.

The principle on which most systems of education are constructed is the relation which certain attainments bear to certain temporal advantages. The

problem on which they are all founded is, How may an individual, at the least expense, be best fitted to conduct a family, to teach a congregation, to manage a counting-house, or to guide the State? I do not say these are not important questions; they are important, and they are the only questions which the world can ever ask and determine. But surely there are other questions which Christians might be expected to consider. Do not the relations which the pursuits and attainments of time bear to eternity demand their consideration? Ought what can have little tendency to promote men's interests beyond this world, what in many instances injures those interests, to be the first subject of consideration? Is it quite impossible to frame a system of education, in which all the lines may be brought to unite, in forming the intellectual and moral powers of man, for a state of immortal enjoyment?—a system in which every branch shall be deemed important, chiefly as it bears on his eternal condition?—a system in which what is showy and superficial shall be rejected or thrown into the shade, and what is substantial and useful placed in the foreground?—a system in which taste shall be less an object than character, and intellect be made subservient to morals?—a system, in short, which shall have the principles of Christianity for its basis, the advancement of Christianity for its object, and the rewards of Christianity for its end?

I do not conceive such a system to belong only to a region in Utopia. It is perfectly conceivable; but

before it can be realized we must be furnished not only with new principles, but with new men to inculcate them, and with a different state of society to secure their operation. Many as are the evils which we still deplore, much progress has been made during the last thirty years; and before a similar period shall have passed away, it is not too much to expect that the strides of society towards a better state will be still more gigantic.

As the present work may fall into the hands of some who are engaged in conducting seminaries, I hope I shall be forgiven this seeming digression. Considering how many of our youth are seriously injured in the training, how many bitter regrets are afterwards experienced, even by those who do not suffer permanent injury, and how few escape altogether without damage, I can scarcely be required to offer an apology for these remarks. Indeed, though the subject of these memoirs retained his integrity, and passed through his studies without blemish, I know from himself, and from his fellow-students, that "he retained" (I use his own language) "a deep horror of St. Andrews." He meant, I am sure, no reflection on the place, none on the professors, and none on his fellow-students. But he considered it marvellous that he got through his academical course without ruin to his soul. In this preservation he was led to admire the exceeding riches of Divine grace; but it must appear very extraordinary that a Christian University should expose its disciples to such hazards. The fact is

the profession is Christian, but the entire process of education is Pagan, or anti-Christian. Religion, instead of being the first, the last, and the main object, is subordinate to every other object. The minds both of professors and students are absorbed in science and literature as the chief objects of pursuit; and religion, when attended to, is examined rather as one of the sciences than as the doctrine of God and the path of immortality. While this system is pursued, it is not wonderful that the atmosphere of colleges should generally be unfavourable to the vitality of Christianity.

Our last chapter brought the subject of these memoirs to the conclusion of the third year of his University course, and the seventeenth of his age. To him it had been a year of great interest and great exertion. In it he had acquired a large portion of celebrity among his associates, and what was more, he had laid the foundation of some of his most interesting plans of usefulness. We shall now endeavour to trace his spiritual and intellectual progress to the close of his short but useful life.

Returning home at the end of the session after visiting Edinburgh, laden, not with wealth, but "with honours bravely won," he still appeared the same modest unpretending youth. His mind was fully occupied with the importance of the Christian ministry, and especially with the necessities and claims of the heathen world. I had the opportunity of seeing a good deal of him during the month

of June, which I spent at Perth, and had then many conversations with him about his future plans. I saw the direction of his mind, and was satisfied what would be the issue; but from his extreme youth, being then only seventeen, I urged upon him the necessity of taking more time to consider the subject, especially as his father and mother were both exceedingly averse to his going abroad. I advised him, as there were then some difficulties in the way of his returning to St. Andrews, rather to apply to be received into some one of the Dissenting academies at home, knowing that, if his mind still continued to be set upon the heathen world, the opportunity of gratifying his wishes would not be lost. With this advice he complied, and accordingly addressed a letter to the committee of the Hoxton Academy, requesting to be received into that institution. His reasons for adopting this line of procedure are well stated in the following letter to his friend Mr. C.:—

"PERTH, *June* 1825.

"A few days ago I sat down to write you, and wrote about eight pages, which I thought, with the addition of a few sentences at present, would make out a pretty respectable epistle. A few days, however, often make a great change in our feelings and our prospects, and I perceive, on looking over the pages I have written, that they are quite unfit for sending at present. The last time I sat down, I wrote with the full expectation of soon enjoying again the company of my dear friends at St. An-

drews, and I write now under the impression that my lot may soon be cast in a distant part of the island. Mr. Adam perhaps told you that Mr. Orme is here at present on a visit to us. He is a man with whom I have been on the most intimate terms from my very infancy, and one who has ever taken a deep interest both in my spiritual and temporal welfare. Since ever I have felt anything of the power of religion, I have been accustomed to look to him as my father in Christ, and have ever felt the most perfect confidence in making known to him all my designs and feelings. Last winter I wrote to him expressing my views respecting missions, and my thoughts of devoting myself to this department of the Christian ministry. Since Mr. Orme's arrival in Scotland I have had much conversation with him on this subject, and have received a good deal of information respecting matters in the metropolis. There are some opportunities of instruction in Oriental languages to be enjoyed at present in London, which, if neglected now, may be lost for ever. Dr. Morrison remains for *a year only*, to give directions about the study of Chinese; and Mr. Townley remains, it is not certain how long, to teach some of the more important of the Indian languages. Another session at one of the Scotch Universities, although it might be attended with several very considerable advantages, does not seem to counterbalance the opportunities I have hinted at. I can, in a letter, state the reasons which actuate me in this matter only in a very

general way. It is not likely, should I go to London this summer, that I shall engage with the Missionary Society immediately, but rather that I shall enter one of our Dissenting academies, where I shall be able to carry on my general studies at the same time that I have an opportunity of prosecuting the study of the Eastern languages. On the whole, I feel in considerable perplexity how to act. I need not tell you that all my feelings are in favour of St. Andrews, but I honestly think duty seems to point in another direction. Mr. Adam seems to agree in thinking it my duty to go to London. I have made this matter for a considerable time a subject of constant prayer, and I propose setting apart a day for the solemn consideration of the whole matter, and for the purpose of asking direction from on High. May I entreat an interest in your prayers? These are the circumstances in which we feel most the privilege of a free access to the Father of our spirits; and these are the times when our belief in the revealed declarations of His character and of His will come to be tried, and when, if that belief be found real, the revelation of God's character can give the greatest consolation and joy."

With his application the committee were much pleased, and would have readily acceded to it, but he was rather too young to be received into the house, which was, besides, for that period, already full. He was therefore requested to wait for a year, at the expiration of which they would be glad to

hear from him again. In consequence of this failure he requested to be admitted into the Glasgow Academy, under the tuition of my respected friends the Rev. Greville Ewing and the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw. After some hesitation on the part of the committee of that institution, on the ground of his having devoted himself to foreign service, they agreed to receive him. But circumstances changed a little, and it appeared desirable that he should return to St. Andrews to complete his academical course.

How his mind was exercised in regard to these things fully appears from some of his letters written about that time.[1]

The progress of his religious sentiments and feelings the following letters will show.

The first is the letter alluded to in that to his friend C., already inserted. It is too valuable to be omitted:—

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—The receipt of your interesting communication, and of a note from my friend Mr. Tait, accompanying a treatise on Confessions of Faith, have been among the most remarkable events in my history since I wrote last; they have, at least, been almost the only varieties that have broken the regularity and sameness of a ceaseless routine of occupations, repeated with little change or interruption, day after day. Not that I

[1] From one of these, containing a summary of his views, a striking extract has already been given in the "Prefatory Notice," pp. 9-11.

am displeased or wearied of my retirement, for I esteem it as a very great privilege. But I preface my letter thus, merely to remind you that though you, who are a public character, and are surrounded by all the bustle and variety of numerous avocations, have such a body of interesting matter to communicate that you pant for utterance in the expression of it—and one subject leading to another —the stream of information so enlarges as you go along that the very sheets of paper seem to have foreseen its rising magnitude, and, aware of what was coming, to have extended their dimensions, in proportion as the fund of your information increased —I say, though this be the case with you, you must remember that it is very different with a solitary recluse, who has no companions but his books (with most of whom you are better acquainted than himself), and scarcely any engagements but his private studies. But a truce to this trifling. I must proceed to answer your very interesting letter. We may sometimes draw illustrations of spiritual things from the most ordinary occurrences in life; and they are not, on that account, the less striking. Your feelings expressed in the beginning of your letter, with respect to your correspondence, struck me as a good illustration of the nature and operation of *faith*. You knew something of the character of a fellow-creature—as much, you thought, as to entitle you to rely upon his veracity. You knew, however, that he was fallible, and subject to change; and yet, on this previous knowledge of his character,

you confidently expected the fulfilment of a promise he had made to you. The time of its fulfilment came, however, and it seemed to you to have been broken. You were perplexed to account for his silence. You tried to account for it by some expressions of regret he had used, that he had made the engagement; but you did not think this a sufficient explanation of his failing to perform it. Now, what was it that made you think, even in the face of existing circumstances, that your friend might have performed his promise? It was your faith in his veracity, founded on the previous manifestations of his character, which you had observed. Now, let us compare this, or rather let us contrast it with our faith in the promises of God. Instead of an imperfect guessing at His character—from displays of it which might generally correspond with what we think its leading characteristics, but which sometimes speak in direct opposition to them—all the manifestations of the Divine character we have ever beheld have been in perfect harmony with each other, all going to establish the grand truths that the 'Lord is good;' that 'the Judge of all the earth will do rightly:' and, above all, to demonstrate, almost from the very nature of the Divine existence, that 'with Him there is no variableness or shadow of turning;' that He is a God who *cannot* lie. Now, is it not very strange that with these, so sure grounds for implicit confidence, our faith in the Divine goodness and faithfulness is so weak as to permit our being perplexed by any of the dis-

pensations of His providence, however dark and discouraging? You will remark that this very perplexity is an indication of *a certain degree* of faith. It is a struggling between our confidence in the individual, and the circumstances around us which seem to impeach his character. If this circumstantial proof be very strong, then the perplexity indicates a *very strong degree* of confidence to enable us to resist the conviction of this strong circumstantial proof. But though, in these circumstances, perplexity does indicate a *very strong* degree of faith, yet it at the same time indicates an imperfection of faith. It may require very strong faith to stand in the combat against a very strong enemy; but perfect confidence would do more—it would overthrow the enemy—it would gain the victory. But perplexity implies that this is not the case. It implies suspense. It implies that we have not come to a decision. It implies that the combat is yet doubtful,—that the victory has not yet been gained. Now, is it not strange that our faith in a creature, weak as are the grounds of it, should carry us so far? And that strong as are the foundations of our confidence in God, it does not carry us further?—that the one should carry us so far as to land us in perplexity—that the other should not carry us so far as to extricate us from perplexity? Oh, my friend, were we but deeply impressed with a sense of God's all-sufficiency, how much of our unhappiness would be taken away! There would be no murmuring at the dispensations of Provi-

dence; there would be no regret on reflecting on the past, but the regret that we had ever departed from God; there would be no fear, on looking forward to the future, but the fear lest we might again break His commandments. Sin itself, from which we can never be wholly freed in this world, would still remain to trouble us; but all those sources of misery which indirectly spring from it would be removed; and by a continual dependence on God, and confidence in Him, the power even of sin itself would be continually weakening within us. The firm belief that God was working in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure would encourage us to work out with fear and trembling that part of our salvation which yet remains, even our deliverance from the power of sin. Connected with this subject, that is a striking passage, 'Walk thou before *me*, and be thou *perfect*.'

"But I am awakened from this long reverie by perceiving that it is near our dinner hour. I sat down in despondency, thinking I should find nothing to say; and resolved, by way of making matter, to write a commentary on your epistle. I believe I shall make out pretty well in respect of quantity, if I paraphrase the whole of it at as great length as I have done these first few sentences."

"PERTH.

"MY DEAR F.,—I take the liberty of writing these few lines in answer to yours. We were glad to hear of your safe arrival, but were sorry

to see the same depression spread over your letter which we had formerly lamented to behold in yourself. Circumstances, indeed, seem to be very depressing. But we, my dear ——, have consolations that should bear us up, and even make us glad under the severest calamities. That climax of misfortune, so beautifully described by the prophet, in the verses, 'Though the fig-tree shall not blossom,' etc., has not yet by any means come upon us; and shall our hearts refuse to join in his triumphant expression of gladness, 'Yet will I rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation'? We have a still surer word of prophecy than that which he was instrumental in delivering. We have a surer light to guide our footsteps, and brighter promises to cheer us on our journey. And shall we repine, when all is comparatively smooth and even before us? When we see our way before us and can perceive no difficulty to oppose our progress, we do not need to call into exercise our trust in the promises of God; we do not walk by faith, but by sight. But it is where our way is dark, and there seems to be a lion in the path, that we feel our weakness. It is then that our faith in His promises is put to the test, who hath said, 'Lo, I am with you alway.' Is it not strange that we can believe such promises of support and succour as are written on every page of the Bible, and ever feel discouraged or perplexed? Such a belief, were it perfect, would transform even this world, with all its trials and afflictions, into heaven. Such a faith, however, is unattainable

while we are wedded to a body of corruption and exposed to the malicious suggestions of the adversary. But though this faith cannot be altogether attained, yet it may be approached to, of which we have some most triumphant proofs in the history of the people of God. But I must stop short."

"PERTH, *July.*

"MY DEAR C.,—It now seems, I think, determined, that I may yet entertain the hope of spending another winter with my dear friends in St. Andrews; and, as matters have turned out, I feel almost sorry that I did not confine within my own breast those painful feelings which the prospect of parting naturally excites. Had the matter been determined otherwise, however, it might have seemed unfriendly and self-willed to have asked no aid in the decision of it from the counsels and prayers of my Christian friends. As it is, the decision is not mine, but has chiefly been determined by circumstances over which I had no control; but which have, I trust, been graciously ordered by Him who is the God of providence, and who has promised that *all* things shall work together for our good, if we put our trust in Him. In considering what might be the path of duty in this matter I was a good deal perplexed. Had I not thought at all of engaging in the work of missions, I should not have doubted that I ought to finish my course at St. Andrews before entering a Theological Academy. And, on the other hand, had I come to the determination of devoting myself to

that work (especially with the views I have of China as a field of labour), I should not have hesitated to present my services to the Missionary Society at present, and thus avail myself of the advantages of personal intercourse with Dr. Morrison. Neither of these was the case, however. It is now about a year since I thought seriously of personally labouring in the foreign department of the Christian ministry; and although, at a more advanced period of life, twelve months' consideration and prayer might seem sufficient for determining a question even of this importance, yet you will perceive that my extreme youth altogether alters the case. If my wish to preach the gospel of Christ among the heathen have in it aught of the romance of a boyish imagination, a few years' thought and experience will extinguish its ardour; but if the Lord has appointed me to declare His name to the Gentiles, and that wish has been implanted in my breast by the Spirit of God, delays and disappointments will but foster its growth and make it yet more vigorous. For these reasons I could not feel it my duty to make a direct application to the Missionary Society to study in London under their superintendence. But, on the other hand, the facilities of acquiring Oriental languages which the metropolis presents at present, and which are very uncertain in their continuance, make me anxious to be in London, if possible. After considering the matter in all these points of view, consulting my friends here, and asking counsel and direction from the Most High,

it seemed to me my duty to make application to Hoxton Academy, which is intended chiefly for the home department, but which sometimes also receives missionary students. This step, you see, had it been taken, would have given me all the advantages I could wish from an immediate residence in the capital, and yet have left my future destination still a matter of consideration and prayer. The letter I received from the Secretary of the Hoxton Committee, in answer to my application, satisfies me as to the duty of remaining another year in Scotland. Had I not made this application I might have looked back with regret on the opportunities I had neglected; but as it is, my conscience is satisfied in having done what I thought was my duty; and those feelings are also gratified which I had to struggle with in the performance of that duty. Excuse me, my dear friend, for having dwelt so long on this subject."

"PERTH, *September* 1825.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I do not know whether debts of kindness, like other debts, admit of being regularly summed up in a debtor and creditor column, and balanced against each other. If so, though you confessed the balance due to me in your last, I fear your punctuality and my negligence have more than reversed the matter, and I am now much deeper in your debt than ever you have been in mine. I will not attempt to offer apologies. I might, I believe, conscientiously spin out some that would appear feasible; but I am always suspicious of the sincerity

of a man's sorrow who expresses great contrition for a fault he has committed, which at the same time he labours with all his might to extenuate by every trifling excuse that can, or scarcely can, be alleged for it. I have been negligent; you will forgive me; and there the matter must rest. I was much struck with the spirit of earnest affection and fervent piety that pervaded your last; and the account you give of the employment of your leisure hours sufficiently explains the greater vividness of your spiritual affections. There is a beautiful action and reaction of our religious feelings and actions upon each other; grace, shown to us by God prompts us to deeds of charity to our fellow-men; and these deeds, all-imperfect and even displeasing to God as they must be in themselves, from the sin that mingles with the purest of them, are again rewarded by a fresh supply of the favour of our God, which must again lead to deeds of yet more extended benevolence, which are again to meet with a richer reward from the inexhaustible resources of Almighty goodness. It is thus that he who waters others is watered himself; and of such an individual John Bunyan's paradoxical lines are strikingly true—

> 'A man there was, though some did count him mad,
> The more he cast away, the more he had.'

I say not these things to flatter you. Even where the richest rewards are given for the most indefatigable labours of love, we must ever remember that no reward is deserved, and the individual should be ady to exclaim, with him who was instant in sea-

son and out of season in the duties of his office, and who was conscious that his labours were more abundant than those of any of his brethren, 'Yet not I, but the grace of God that was with me.' I thank you for your very kind admonitions on my weakness of faith. It has much to struggle with in a heart that is but partially renewed; I fear very much that unsanctified confidence which is the most fearful temptation with which the adversary can assail us; a confidence that sin cannot damp; a confidence that, in some cases, the approach of death itself will not destroy, but which will lead its possessor to the very gate of heaven, and will only be dispelled when the fearful response is given, 'I never knew you; depart from me, ye workers of iniquity.' Then he who has been deceived by its delusive whispers of 'Peace, peace, when there was no peace,' shall exclaim in the very paroxysm of astonishment and despair, 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved!' The consideration of such a case as this should make us 'examine ourselves, whether we be in the faith.' It is true that if we look to ourselves for comfort, we shall never obtain it; but it is equally true that, if the gospel is not to us the spring of holiness as well as the source of our comfort, 'we are deceiving ourselves and the truth is not in us.' We must not dread the discovery that we have been making little progress, or even that we have been pursuing a retrograde motion in the Christian course; nor must we smother every emotion of insecurity and danger that may rise on such

a review. True, we must not cherish such emotions, and rest in them till they lead us to despair. They must lead us anew to the blood of sprinkling. That which gave consolation when all we could look back upon was an unbroken course of rebellion will give consolation still; and it is only by such a process, I conceive, that true comfort can be obtained."

During the summer months, besides teaching a Sabbath-school in the neighbourhood of Perth, and keeping his meeting with the young men once a week for conversation on the Scriptures, he diligently pursued his studies and a course of reading. From some memoranda among his papers I find that he kept a regular account of every day's employment. It commences on the 12th of May, on which day he arrived at his father's. It then lays down the following plan of study and occupation for the future: "To rise at seven o'clock; Greek Testament till eight; walk till nine; breakfast between nine and ten; Hebrew Psalms till eleven; Mathematics till twelve; French till one; Greek till two; English reading till three; dinner, three to four; Latin, four to six; tea, six to seven. Walk," etc.

At the end of September is the following summary of his occupations for the preceding months: "Greek Testament, Matthew to the Epistle to the Romans. Revised one hundred and eighty-four pages of Hebrew Grammar. Read forty verses of Hebrew Psalms. Revised six books of Euclid's Elements; one hundred and twenty pages of Bridge's Algebra; wrote

one essay and fifteen letters. Read seventy-two Lectures of Brown's Philosophy; Baxter's Saint's Rest; Gilbert's Life of Williams; Edwards on Religious Affections; Narrative of a Tour to the Grande Chartreuse; Horne's Letters on Missions; Orme's Letter to Irving; fourteen Miscellaneous Discourses."

It is evident from this statement that he did not pass his time idly or unprofitably. It does not, however, contain the whole of his employments. Besides what is mentioned above it appears from the daily entries that he read several of the Orations of Cicero, considerable portions of Homer, Thucydides, etc. He besides met with several interruptions, which repeatedly engrossed most of his time for a number of days together.

The following excellent letter he wrote to his friend Craik shortly before he went to London :—

"BAROSSA PLACE, *September* 3, 1825.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I am astonished to find, on looking to the date of your last, that it is so long since I received it; and probably, if you have been expecting a letter, the time that has seemed to me like a few hours may have been felt by you as if longer than it actually is. At least so I feel. I always think my friends are very long in answering my letters, and yet I find, that, even when I conceived myself most punctual, I am more dilatory than any of my correspondents. That is an apt personification of Time which represents him as

decrepit old man with wings that are visible only from behind. While we watch his approach he seems to creep tardily along: it is not till he has passed us that we perceive he has been *flying*. I cannot tell you how much I felt on the receipt of your very splendid and very affectionate present. It has become so common, from the higher refinement of our day, in the acknowledgment of the most commonplace favour, for an individual to allege that he cannot express his gratitude, that I am almost ashamed to use the much-hackneyed phrase. But in my case it is used in simple honesty; and I know you will believe me when I say so. The word 'memorial' in the inscription, which of course struck my eye before reading your letter, affected me a good deal. I feared it was prophetic of separation, and looked anxiously over your letter for the passage which should tell me that you had got an appointment to some situation which would prevent our meeting in St. Andrews next winter. I was agreeably relieved from my anxiety by finding in your last page, instead of an account of your fancied removal, a proposal of lodging in the same house with me. And I was pleased to think that, by calling your present a 'memorial' of our friendship, you meant, perhaps, to remind me of the fleeting nature of our intercourse, which soon, it may be very soon, will exist only in the recollection of the past.

"My alternations of feeling somewhat resembled those of one who, on returning after a long absence to the land of his nativity, should ask some passer-

by; in pointing to a sepulchral pile before them, whose monument that was which seemed to have been so lately erected, and should be answered by the mention of the name of one whom he remembered as one of the dearest companions of his youth, and in whose company he had yet hoped again to revive the recollection of joys that had long departed,—a feeling, in some respects, more pleasing even than the joys themselves; but whose informer, on perceiving the gloom that had overcast his countenance, should rejoin, not to think that he was dead, he was still alive for whom that monument was intended—he had built it—not like many who in lifetime raise a splendid mausoleum for their dust, as if to demonstrate that infatuated man can be proud even of his frailty; but to stimulate him to greater diligence in the improvement of a season in which so much has to be done, which, at its longest, is so very short, and which, even were it longer, is so very uncertain. But whither am I wandering? Excuse a mind that is sometimes too fond of amplifying trifles. I would scarcely write in such a motley strain to any but yourself. If, however, Cowper published a moral poem on 'The Sofa,' I may be excused for moralizing in a private letter on the word 'memorial.'

. . . . . .

"Most of Newton's Letters I have read,—and those I read with very great pleasure. And, though not perhaps after this particular author, that I remember, yet frequently, after perusing such authors, have I shared in the feelings you express; a fear that "

spirit that animated such men is fast declining. Often have I asked myself the question, Is not Christianity the same now as it was in the days of Owen and Baxter and Newton? and why then is it that we now so seldom meet with 'living epistles of Christ' such as they were? If *we* do not observe this lukewarmness, the world will. If *we* do not use it as an incitement to greater fervency of prayer for the reviving influences of the divine Spirit, infidels will make their use of it in drawing from it arguments against the power of religion. I have often thought that I perceived arguments against evangelical religion far stronger than its opposers have ever adduced; and I have wondered how they could escape the notice of such acute men as we have often had to mourn over among the 'enemies of the cross of Christ.' I think it is the pious Newton, of whom we have just been speaking, who thinks he perceives in this the watching of a gracious Providence, lest the mind of a weak believer should be shaken by the corroboration of those arguments from another, which must often have appeared fearfully alarming in his own experience. Were the opposers of evangelical truth, instead of their worn-out vocabulary of opprobrious epithets, to employ fair arguments from the inconsistency of Christians, many of us would be struck dumb. If 'our treasure be in heaven, our heart will be there also.' And if our heart be there, since it is 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,' our conversation will be about heavenly things. How different,

however, is the case! On this subject there are two or three very beautiful verses, which I have just read, in a collection of hymns by Thomas Kelly (I know very little about the author), in which, although there is no great strength of conception or beauty of imagery, there are contained some strains of lively piety and Christian feeling expressed in very simple language. Such, I think, are these verses, paraphrased from, or rather suggested by, Malachi iii. 16: 'Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another,' etc.:—

'Why should believers, when they meet,
Not speak of Christ, the King they own;
Who gives them hope that they shall sit
With Him for ever on His throne?

Is any other name so great
As His who bore the sinner's load?
Is any subject half so sweet,
So various, as the love of God?

'Tis this that charms reluctant man,
That makes his opposition cease:
Beholding Love's amazing plan,
He drops his arms, and sues for peace.

'Twas so with us,—we once were foes,
Were foes to Him who gave us breath;
But He whose mercy freely flows,
Has saved us from eternal death.

We look with hope to that great day,
When Jesus shall with clouds appear;
A sight of Him will well repay
Our labours and our sorrows here.

Of Him then let us speak and sing,
Whose glory we expect to share;
In heaven we shall behold our King,
And yield a nobler tribute there.'"

In the month of September he went to London, on a visit to his friend Mr. Adam, in the course of which he spent a few days with me, the last of my earthly intercourse with him. The following extract of a letter from Mr. Adam to me notices this visit, and some of the objects which occupied his attention during the following winter after his return to St. Andrews :—

"At the close of the session he persuaded me, before leaving for England, to spend a short time with his friends at Perth, which I did; and before returning again the following winter I persuaded him to pay me a visit in return at Homerton. During this visit he was introduced to Dr. Morrison and Mr. Townley, and openly expressed the wish he had fostered previously in his bosom, to devote himself to missionary labours. We returned to College together, and being linked by a new bond, a common desire to benefit the heathen, we applied ourselves afresh to our general studies, and to a thorough investigation of everything relating to missions. For this purpose we searched the sacred Scriptures, and summed up our inquiries under the head of *precepts, prophecies, examples,* and *promises.* We also perused Brown's History of Missions; Horne's, Ward's, Milne's, and Judson's Letters; the Lives of Martyn (which he read repeatedly, and eagerly drank into his spirit), Brainerd, and Chamberlain; Ward's History of the Hindus, etc. During this winter our Society flourished, and several essays were read, not

only by ourselves but by others, some of whom we believed to be inquiring after the path of duty; and, as I perceived, were not a little influenced by the powerful and affecting manner in which John pleaded the claims of the heathen. With a sedulous attention to his engagements at the College, he found time to visit the sick, to give his assistance at some little meetings formed for the religious instruction of the poor during the week, and occasionally to supply some village stations where there was preaching on a Sunday. I had forgotten to say, at the beginning of this session he laboured diligently for a time at the Chinese, and actually accomplished, by his unaided endeavours, a translation of the first chapter of John's Gospel. Attention to so many different objects rendered it absolutely necessary that he should soon relinquish the least pressing, and consequently, as I believe, laid it by, and never afterwards resumed it."

In a letter to his father from London he gives some account of his visit, and of his future plans. It contains also some remarks on my respected friend Dr. Morrison, which are so just that I cannot keep them back. I believe the character and manners of that devoted individual have not been properly understood, and in some quarters have been treated with a degree of unintentional injustice. His long and retired residence in a far distant country, and his absorption in the great object which he has so ardently and successfully pursued,

sufficiently account for certain marked peculiarities which I am convinced had no foundation in any obliquity of temper or disposition. Justice to one of the most enlightened and devoted servants of Christ, which this or any age has furnished, requires that I should bear this testimony, while I introduce the observations of my young friend :—

"MARSHGATE, HOMERTON, *Oct.* 20, 1825.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—In company with Mr. Adam I called on Dr. Morrison a few days after my arrival, who received us with that bluntness by which his manners are characterized, which has by some been represented as approaching to rudeness; but which is evidently not the want of kindness, but a superiority to those petty expressions of it which are often used, in our too refined age, as a covering for coldness and indifference. Neither did I find in Dr. Morrison, as some of our friends had represented to me, an overweening conceit of his own sphere of exertion. What he said of missions had more in it of calm rationality and less of enthusiasm than I should have even expected from a man who had spent seventeen years in a heathen country. Dr. Morrison very kindly offered to introduce me to his students at the Missionary Society's rooms in Austin-friars, where the Doctor attends three days in the week to give instructions in Chinese. I have attended there, with a few exceptions, every day since my arrival, and have seen as much of the mode of studying the language as may enable me, should I

wish to pursue it, to do so alone. Dr. Morrison has offered me a loan of the books that are requisite, which are very expensive (the Dictionary alone having been published at thirteen guineas), and has also made me a present of a small work which he has just published, entitled *The Chinese Miscellany*. With these helps I hope to do something at the language this winter in St. Andrews, and should I never make any actual use of it, it will be a good mental exercise. I have not yet called on Mr. Wilson, but intend to do so before I leave; but I think it likely that, with my present views, my case does not come within the province of any of the home theological academies. My plan is to return to St. Andrews to devote the winter to my ordinary studies, give a little time to Chinese, and more especially, along with my dear friend John Adam, to consider very seriously those passages of Scripture which relate to missionary exertion, as well as to collect from other sources all the information possible upon this interesting subject, and to pray more earnestly than I have yet done for direction in this particular matter. I thus hope by the conclusion of the winter so far to have made up my mind as may enable me either to offer my services to the Missionary Society, or to apply for admission to some Dissenting academy. May the Lord direct me! I think you may perceive that my visit to this place has not been to no purpose. There is much general information that I have obtained which the narrow limits of a single letter do not permit me to com-

municate, and much more which is of such a nature that it is not very easy to communicate by writing at all, and on account of which chiefly a personal visit seemed advisable. . . ."

Dr. Morrison generously presented him with his Dictionary, and the papers which he left behind sufficiently evince how ardently he entered into the study of that difficult language. He appears to have mastered some of its peculiarities, to have committed a number of its radicals to memory, and to have translated, as Mr. Adam states, the whole of the first chapter of John.

It was during this session that Dr. Chalmers committed to his charge the Sabbath-school, which met in his own house; and I am sure it will not give offence to that respected individual to find a record in these pages of the gratitude and affection of his late pupil for the attentions which were so kindly shown him:—

"ST. ANDREWS, *December* 6, 1825.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—The first general meeting of our University missionary society was held yesterday. This institution seems now, under the blessing of God, to have weathered all the opposition that threatened at first to crush it, and promises fair to be established on a secure basis, and to extend the field of its usefulness. The dignitaries of our College profess to have quite changed their opinion with regard to it. Dr. Nicol confesses that the reports we sent him gave him information that was quite new

to him. Last year we were refused a room in the College, and could scarcely obtain a place of meeting in the town; *now* Dr. Haldane tells us that the Divinity Hall is at our service, or any other place which his influence can command. Our two Principals have not given us fair words merely, but have testified their sincerity by sending us a donation of a guinea each, with the promise of more on the part of Dr. Nicol. These are triumphs which the most sanguine advocates of the cause would, a few years ago, have thought it not only ridiculous to expect, but almost foolish even to wish for. With God, however, all things are possible; and it is because we expect so little, and desire so little, and pray for so little on the faith of His promises, that these promises are not more speedily and more triumphantly accomplished.

"I think I mentioned, in my letter to my mother, that I had engaged to teach Dr. Chalmers's Sabbath-school during the winter; my school at Dunino, in consequence, is left destitute. I have heard that the children are desirous that it should be begun again. Mr. 'Adam has commenced his operations, and I have been giving him some assistance. I think it advisable, with my present prospects, that I should engage rather more prominently in such employments than otherwise I would be inclined to do.

"Dr. Chalmers has been more than kind to me this year: indeed, I feel almost oppressed by his attention. As my school is held in his house, I generally sup with him on Sunday evening, when I

enjoy much more of his conversation than at set parties, as he and Mrs. Chalmers are then generally alone. I was very much gratified by a walk I had with Dr. Chalmers, to visit the parents of the children who attend his school. The people in some of the houses seemed to recognise him familiarly, so that he is probably often engaged in the same labours of love. He thinks such exercises as visiting the poor and the sick the best introduction to ministerial labour. 'This,' he said, as we were going along, 'is what I call preaching the gospel to every creature. That cannot be done by setting yourself up in a pulpit, as a centre of attraction, but by going forth and making aggressive movements upon the community, and by preaching from house to house.' I mention these remarks more freely, as I think this is a duty by far too much neglected among our Dissenting ministers."

The Sabbath-school which he engaged to teach this winter, in the house of his respected Professor, from whom he experienced invariable kindness, appears to have occupied his attention very closely. In a book now before me is contained a list of the names of the young persons, with their places of residence. A list of tracts then follows, which belonged to the school library, with Dr. Chalmers's remarks on the character of each. Then a list of tracts, and small books, read by himself, with his own account of their nature and tendency. He has also written out, very fully, some of the school exercises on the Scriptures,

which do great credit to his knowledge of the Scriptures, and his tact for communicating that knowledge.

This winter he entered the Natural Philosophy class, and likewise attended the Hebrew class. In this language he had before made considerable progress, by the help of some Hebrew books which I had put into his hands. He likewise, as appears from his papers, studied hard at Chinese for some time; and only gave it up from the greater urgency of some other objects.

His mind was now completely absorbed in the contemplation of future missionary labour, and to this object all his pursuits became subservient. The letter of his friend Adam shows how much he studied it. The paper book containing the arrangement of the plan of investigating the subject remains, and contains many extracts from the Scriptures, and from various books, on the subject of missions, and numerous references, which prove how very fully he had examined the matter. It would be very desirable indeed if those who offer themselves for this service were found generally to possess such a knowledge of the work which they profess to undertake. Almost all his letters and papers from this time bear upon this subject, and display at once the depth of his piety, the ardour of his zeal, and the large portion of good sense with which he contemplated the service of Christ.

Desirous of obtaining advice, and of engaging the prayers of his friends on his behalf, he applied to

those in whose judgment and piety he placed confidence to assist him. The following is a letter of this kind :—

"MY DEAR AND MUCH-RESPECTED FRIEND,—It is now about eleven o'clock on Sunday evening, and I have been engaged almost the whole of the day in public exercises, so that you will be disposed to excuse a hurried letter. I write these lines chiefly to renew my request that you would favour me with your correspondence on a subject which now most deeply engages my attention—the determination of the sphere of labour in which I can most usefully spend my life, if the Lord spare me, and honour me to do the work of an evangelist. I do not know whether there be any impropriety in my making this request; if there be, you must lay it to the account of my ignorance, and forgive me. Were I soliciting your advice merely for the sake of promoting my own interest, I should feel that my request was stamped with a character of very gross egotism. But I feel that I am the property of Christ, and of his Church, and that even my feeble services may have some influence on His cause, and in this view of the subject you will not think me selfish in desiring your attention to what might at first appear my own private affairs. Almost every person I have conversed with on the matter urges upon me the duty of attending to the wants of our own country, and assuredly, if our own country were more neglected, or even as much neglected as other lands, I should

feel the argument in all its force. I do think that our own countrymen have the first claim upon our attention, and I am inclined to think that the first preachers of Christianity would have declared the message of mercy first to the Jews, even though no express command had been given to preach to all nations, *beginning* at Jerusalem. But I cannot see how the claims of a native land can be stronger to a Gentile than the claims of their own favoured nation were to the Jewish Christians. On this account, I think we are quite safe in taking the apostles for our example, in their conduct towards their countrymen. They did not wait till every dark corner of Judea was fully evangelized, far less till every heart had been savingly impressed by the truth. It was no argument to them to remain in Judea, that there were many who heard their message, that after all had refused to receive it. On the contrary, this was the very signal for their departure (Acts xiii. 46; xxviii. 24-29). I do feel much for the dark places of our own beloved country; but it does seem to me that the evangelical ministers of Britain could, with very little effort, publish the gospel most fully to every individual in the land. And they would do well to examine how far they are not guilty of the blood of souls, in not making more vigorous exertions for the heathen around their own doors. If a pastor of a church cannot do the work of an evangelist, let a separate person be maintained by every body of Christians, for this purpose; or, if each church cannot accom-

plish this, let a number of churches join in order to do so. I am aware that this is partly done by the itinerant societies which are now beginning their operations, and I rejoice to see it; but still this is but a very feeble effort compared with the necessities of the case."[1]

His correspondent wrote him an excellent letter in reply to this, which produced another from him, which I subjoin:—

"St. Andrews, *February* 4, 1826.

"My dear Friend,—I feel much encouraged by your very kind letter. However clear the way of duty may seem to be marked out by our own conscience, still it gives us a much surer confidence in our own convictions, when they are strengthened by the concurring sentiments of our Christian friends, especially of those friends whom we highly esteem. I am not sorry, on the whole, that hitherto my friends have all opposed my desire to preach Christ among the heathen. Perhaps it is well that we should have to wade through a good deal of opposition in making up our mind on a subject of such importance. There is an air of romance which invests the subject of missionary adventure when first it is presented to the mind of the young disciple (what Mr. Malan, in writing to my friend Mr. Adam, calls 'un trait de l'imagination), and it is well, perhaps, that this false fire should be damped by opposition. It is a principle, I believe, among

[1] The remainder of this letter has already been quoted in the Prefatory Notice, beginning with the last paragraph of p. 11.

the Moravians, 'never to persuade any person to be a missionary.' And perhaps we should still act in the spirit of this maxim, did we even carry it so far as rather to repress than to stimulate the incipient zeal of the candidate for missionary service. For surely if our desire for the work cannot stand against the remonstrances of our friends, we have every reason to think that it would soon be quenched amid the heavy and lengthened discouragements which must be met with in the work itself. If the desire to serve my Saviour among the heathen were merely of *myself*, it is not like the fickleness of my natural disposition to have persevered in it till now, while meeting with so little encouragement. I do trust that the Spirit of the Lord has implanted this desire in my breast, and I know that he will perfect what he has begun. You speak of the difficulties connected with the work of a missionary. I can assure you, my dear friend, that as I have perused the history of former labourers, they have thickened upon my view. It is not to the natural dangers and hardships of the missionary life that I refer. It is not the prospect of encountering the diseases of an insalubrious atmosphere with a frame that is not very robust which affects me. If we perish in such a cause we perish gloriously, and in this respect we 'conquer though we are slain.' There is something sweet in the contemplation of suffering for Christ's sake. 'If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him.' And 'the more we toil and suffer here, the sweeter rest will be.' These are not the diffi-

culties that I fear. But I confess I do tremble when I think of the spiritual dangers, the temptations of a heathen land, where all those barriers are broken down, which are the *only* safe-guards of the boasted virtue of the great mass of our community, and which operate perhaps more strongly than he is aware, in restraining those evil propensities and worldly lusts with which even the Christian has to contend. I have been very much depressed to find the instances of apostasy among missionaries so very numerous; and that some who for a long time did run well were afterwards hindered by 'the lust of the flesh, or the lust of the eye, or the pride of life.' While I look at this dark side of the picture, there is nothing gives me any comfort but a complete reliance on the faithfulness of Him who has promised that as our day is, so shall our strength be. Oh for a stronger faith in my Redeemer, a closer walk with my God! I see that *spirituality of mind* is the *main* qualification for the work of a missionary, and this is the very qualification which I feel that I most want. But I believe that He who hath given the desire to serve Him will also give the ability to fulfil that desire. I know that though weak in myself I am strong in Him. And I will rest in the promises of His love. Christ, when He dwells in the heart by faith, can impart of His own omnipotence to weakness itself; for through Him (may the weakest Christian say) I can do all things. I have been struck with the view you give of the pastoral office, as raising up labourers. It is a view

of it which I had not sufficiently considered. When we look intently at one object, it is very probable that other most interesting objects may altogether escape our notice; and so when the mind is much occupied with the consideration of a single object, the very intensity of our attention to it may be the means of obscuring our perception of other objects equally important. Dr. Chalmers has of late plied me a good deal with the same kind of argument for remaining in this country. 'You may render, even to the cause of missions,' he says, 'perhaps greater service in raising up labourers by your preaching here.' My reply to this however is just a reference to facts. Christianity has been long preached, and many converts have been made in our own land, and the cause of Christian philanthropy, moreover, has been most ably pleaded; but notwithstanding, when labourers are called for, the eloquent advocates of missions shrink back, and scarce any are found to go forth."

Much as John's mind was engaged with foreign objects, he did not forget those who had a claim upon him at home. His own family and a few particular friends were the objects of his warmest attachment, and for the salvation of some of them he laboured faithfully with themselves and wrestled mightily with God. I venture to give the following, to his brother, as a specimen of combined fidelity and tenderness of rare occurrence. There is also in that letter, and in the one which follows, to his mother, a manifestation of that exquisite sensibility

which characterized him, and which made his devotion to the work of a missionary no ordinary sacrifice. The prospect of leaving his country and his father's house was to him one of inexpressible anguish, but the consideration of what was due to the authority and glory of Christ impelled him forward. With talents not inferior to those of Martyn, he had feelings no less powerful than those of that devoted missionary; and though he was not honoured to follow him in his glorious career, yet as having it in his heart, I doubt not he now inherits with him a portion of his reward.

"St. Andrews, *February* 10, 1825.

"My very dear Brother,—I have often wished, my dear David, to have some closer intercourse with you than I have yet had, on religious subjects, either by conversation or by letter. The latter method is the only one in my power at present; and in some respects I think it the most advantageous, as we can express our sentiments both more deliberately and more freely than we perhaps could in personal intercourse. I hope you will not think me obtrusive in bringing this subject before you. Believing, as I do, that not only a right understanding of the gospel, but also a real belief of its truths, is necessary to our happiness, either here, or in that mysterious state which is after death, you cannot surely wonder that I should be anxious to know the feelings of my dearest friends in regard to this important subject. We, my dear brother, have enjoyed very distin-

guished privileges, in having a knowledge of the gospel from our infancy. But although early religious instruction is a most inestimable blessing, it has also its disadvantages. We who know the gospel, and whose early prejudices (the strongest of all prejudices) are in favour of the gospel, are very apt to rest in our knowledge, or in our attachment to certain religious opinions, as a proof of our faith, and consequently of a state of safety in regard to another world. Now, I think it is of the very greatest importance to remember that there can be no *belief* where there is no *feeling*. In the ordinary affairs of life, we are disposed at once to admit that a man cannot believe anything without being suitably impressed by it. And how then should we be for a moment deluded into the opinion, that in this one instance, where the truths are calculated to make the very deepest impressions—in this, and in this alone, these truths can be believed without being felt? Would you think me censorious, if I should say, I feared *you* were not a Christian? Would you not be quite startled, if I said I suspected you to be an infidel? I do not mean, my dear David, to make either of these assertions, far less to do so in a spirit of censoriousness. But I will confess to you, that I have an uncertainty of the matter, which fills me with the greatest concern on your account. We start at the name of *infidel*. And we are very apt to think, that a man may be *unregenerate*, and yet very far removed from anything like infidelity. We are very apt to think that there

may be such a thing as a half Christian, one who is almost a Christian. But it is silly to be deluded by mere names. The Bible tells us, that 'he who *believeth* shall be saved, and he who *believeth not*, shall be condemned.' We are told of no transition state in another world, half-way between heaven and hell, or nearer the one than the other. No; we must either rise to inconceivable glory or sink into unutterable woe. The grand question is, *Do we believe the gospel*, or *do we not?* This, and this alone, fixes our after state. If we believe, we shall reign with saints and angels; if we do not believe, if we have hesitated whether we should receive the gospel or not, if we have been even *almost persuaded* to believe; and if, moreover, we have been possessed of all the knowledge and even all the graces that can adorn an unregenerate character; still, notwithstanding all, if matters stop here, we must be condemned throughout eternity, to herd with the very outcasts of society, with blasphemers and atheists, with liars and murderers. This is a very fearful view of the matter, but is it not the view which the Scriptures present? And it is this view of the matter that leads me to fear, and even (I acknowledge) to suspect, that my own brother may be among the number of those who are securely, and even cheerfully, walking on to the pit of endless perdition. This is an awful thought, and I have felt its awfulness. Often have I wept from the bitterness of the thought that we may soon part never to meet again; and, excepting the prayers I have offered for my *own*

forgiveness, the most earnest petitions I have ever presented at the throne of mercy have been those I have put up for a *brother's salvation.* I believe there is an efficacy in prayer, and I am not without the hope that these prayers will be answered. I have sometimes thought that I could see that you had a conviction that all was not right with you; that, after all, there was a something in Christianity which you had not experienced. I could remember that such was the state of my own mind when the Spirit of God first strove with my rebellious heart, and the hope dawned upon me that this might be the beginning of His working on your mind. That hope has often been blasted by your indifference, or your open rebellion against God; but, though often blasted, I will still continue to cherish it. The Lord grant that it may be realized! I have written these lines for your own private perusal; and therefore I laid aside that veil of propriety by which in ordinary life we are accustomed to conceal our feelings, and I have laid open my heart before you. I do not think you have the hardness to laugh at my concern on your account; but, if even this should be the effect of this letter, still I shall not regret that I have told you all I feel. This letter has been preceded and accompanied with prayer, and part of it has been written in tears. God is sometimes pleased to work by the most insignificant agents; and I am not without the hope, that by the blessing of his Spirit, these confused expressions of a brother's heart-felt desire for your salvation, may be made

the means of softening your heart, and leading you to receive the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ with humility and with joy.

"There is one circumstance, my dear brother, that has especially led me to open my heart before you at present, and to urge thus solemnly and earnestly upon you the acceptance of the gospel. You have heard, probably, that I have determined to spend my life in preaching to the heathen. I feel that even the innocent pleasures of this life are all of them unsatisfactory, and, in many instances, tend to draw the mind from heavenly objects. And, from all the information I can collect, I am convinced that I can serve my God more effectually by declaring His name where it never has been declared before, than by repeating the gospel to those who have often heard, and as often refused it. But the thought that I am soon to leave this land, *never to return*, makes me feel it a more urgent duty while I remain, to press the truths of the gospel on the attention of those who are my countrymen, and especially to warn most solemnly, and most earnestly to persuade, those who are dearest to me by the ties of nature. *A few months*, my brother, and our earthly intercourse must be for ever at an end. Shall I hope to meet you in heaven? O give me an answer to this question, for on yourself its answer depends. I confess that, in the prospect of leaving my parents, one half of the great burden that lies upon my mind would be removed, could I confidently rely on the religious principles of my sister, and especially of

yourself, who in a short time, will be their *only son*, and almost their only earthly protector. There are occurrences that must here present themselves to your mind, which you must know wound my feelings most deeply in the prospect of separation; but these I will not call to mind. O that the God of the families of Israel may cause His peace to abide upon my father's house!

"You know that my parents feel deeply at the thought of my departure. I am sure that if they could feel a thorough confidence in you, my brother, it would go far to reconcile them to what I believe to be the will of God concerning me. I know, my dear David, that you are often placed in difficult circumstances, but a belief of the gospel and a spirit of prayer will go far to enable you to act calmly and meekly under the most trying circumstances. Believe in Jesus Christ, and look to Him, and in looking to Him you will reflect His image, you will become like Him. Thus, and thus alone, will you learn, like Him, when you are reviled, not to revile again, and even when you suffer, not to threaten.

"You see, my brother, I have many reasons for urging upon you these solemn warnings and earnest entreaties. I beseech you to believe in Christ. I beseech you to take His yoke upon you, and learn of him, for 'His yoke is easy and His burden is light.' I beseech you to learn of Him to be meek and lowly. I entreat you to do these things if you would save your own soul; if you would fulfil the best an

most earnest wishes of an affectionate and only brother; if you would, in some degree, alleviate the sorrow of one who is soon to part with all he holds dear on earth; and finally, if you would comfort our bereaved parents, if you would make up the breach which the resistless hand of death has so lately made, and which the imperious calls of duty soon must make again in that little family which I must try to think no longer my home."

"ST. ANDREWS, *February* 14, 1826.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—My work of letter-writing has taken up nearly all my private time for two days, and I still feel that there are some who may be expecting to hear from me, to whom it will be quite impossible for me to write. Although I have written to my father (which I always think the same as writing to you), yet I cannot think of letting my parcel go without sending a few lines expressly to yourself. All my friends seem doubly dear to me since I have thought of parting with them. There was nothing in the prospect of a separation, my dear mother, that gave me greater pain than the thought of wounding your feelings, and accordingly, in my late visit, I was very much rejoiced to hear you speak so calmly and resignedly on the subject. Even in this life God has promised to restore a hundred-fold anything we give up for His sake. And I do think, that even these trials in themselves carry a blessing along with them. The prospect of an early separation from all I hold dear on

earth, bitter as the thought is, has notwithstanding proved to me a real blessing. I have felt an inexpressible dreariness in looking forward, while I think only of the things that are seen and temporal. But then, the very dreariness which seems to hang over my earthly prospects has led me to look more earnestly to heaven as my home and the place of my rest. And, if we can but steadily fix the eye of faith on the heavenly inheritance, the glory of the promised land will shed a brightness even over the gloomiest part of this valley of tears. I know, my dear mother, that you have many trials, and I could wish much to soothe the declining years of that dear friend who watched over my helpless infancy. I would like to be able to make some return for the anxious hours and the sleepless nights I have cost you. This I may never have in my power, but wherever my lot may be cast, I shall never forget the tenderness of a mother's love; never shall I forget the affectionate solicitude which brought you to our bed-side every evening to see that all was safe with us, ere your own eye could close in sleep; never shall I forget—. But it is wrong to indulge in this. Let us forget the things that are behind, and rather delight to dwell on the glory and the happiness that are before us. Oh, how highly favoured are we, my mother, with the blessed hope of a glorious immortality! God, it is true, has removed one of your children, and, for His sake, you are called to give up another; but still, though the cup may be bitter, it is a Father's hand

that has mingled it. 'Trials make the promise sweet.' You will be able now, more than ever, to enjoy the delightful assurance that the Lord will be to His people a portion better than of sons and daughters.

"And again, if we but think of what Christ has done for us, we shall not think any sacrifice too great that we can make for Him. He left the bosom of the Father, and emptied Himself of His glory, and suffered more than ever man suffered, and died *for us*. Should we not then feel all the force of the argument which tells us we are not our own, having been bought by Christ when He gave His blood as our ransom-price? Is it not then a reasonable service to offer our bodies a living sacrifice to Him? And then there is the blest assurance, that if we *suffer* with Him we shall also *reign* with Him."

The following is to the afflicted friend to whom some of his former letters were addressed :—

"St. Andrews, *March* 5, 1826.

"My very dear Friend,—You can easily conceive how difficult it is for a young person, enjoying in all its fulness the inestimable blessing of health, and whose mind is ever actively engaged with one subject or another, all at once to place himself in the circumstances of an aged and long afflicted Christian. Yet this I must try to do ere I can write in a strain of sympathy with your feelings. But though I cannot enter as I could wish into

your peculiar circumstances, or write with all that closeness of sympathy or administer that experimental consolation which the person could, who had seen as much of life's chequered scene, and passed through like trials with yourself, yet there are always some subjects on which Christians feel a common interest, however different their circumstances, and however varied their experience. The great objects of our salvation are alike interesting in youth and in age, in joy and in sorrow, in health and in sickness, in seasons of prosperity and in the day of trial. What was said by a learned heathen of his favourite studies (most beautifully, but most extravagantly in his application of it) might with great propriety be used by the Christian in speaking of the truths of the Bible: 'These studies cherish youth, soothe old age, adorn prosperity, and form in adversity a refuge and consolation; at home they are our delight, abroad they are no encumbrance; they are with us by night, they journey with us, and in our country retreat they are with us still.' What a pity that worldly men should be so enthusiastic in the praise of their favourite pursuits, while Christians are so dull and careless about objects so much more highly deserving of their love! How few Christians are there who could heartily and from their own experience apply to the joys and the consolations of the gospel, those ardent expressions of delight which a heathen philosopher employs in regard to merely human learning! So true is it that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.

"I should suppose that to an aged Christian who cannot look for much longer continuance in the church below, the state and employment of the church above must be peculiarly interesting. To all Christians it must be a subject of the most delightful contemplation, but more especially to those who hope to be very soon released from the prison-house of the body. It was the joy set before Him which bore our Lord through the ignominy and the torture of His sufferings. And surely the prospect of such a glory as is set before His disciples may well encourage and support them through every difficulty and every trial. It may well reconcile us to suffer with Christ when we know that this is the sure pledge of our reigning with Him. They who have been deepest in suffering for Christ's sake shall be highest in glory. They who would sit on His right hand when He is seated on His throne, must drink of the bitter cup which He drank of, and must be baptized with the bloody baptism with which He was baptized. The first disciples knew this, and therefore they were not only patient but joyful in suffering, and were even apt to run into the extreme of courting danger. They did not count the tribulations of the gospel as trials to which it was a painful duty to submit, but they regarded them as honours which it was no ordinary favour to win. 'For unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ (says the apostle Paul), not only to believe on Him, but also (higher privilege still!) to suffer for His sake.' It is labour and fatigue which give to *rest*

and *repose* their great value. Indeed, we have no idea of rest where there has been no previous weariness or fatigue, and the harder the toil, or the more distressing the uneasiness, the sweeter is the rest which succeeds it. I have had little or no experience of bodily suffering, but I find it is these views of the glory that shall follow which bear me up under the prospect of trials which sometimes burden me with not a little mental distress; and I trust that these hurried remarks may not be altogether useless in administering some little consolation to you under your lengthened afflictions. May the Lord, the Shepherd of Israel guide you, and may His rod and His staff be your comfort when you tread the dark valley! Do not forget sometimes to pray for your very affectionate brother in the Lord Jesus."

As the end of his last session at College drew nigh, he became increasingly anxious about his future sphere of labour. He addressed two letters to Dr. Morrison, with which the Doctor was much pleased, as appears from his answers; and in the following letter to myself he discloses all his mind, and intimates his final decision:—

"St. Andrews, *March* 10, 1826.

"My very dear Sir,—The end of our session is now at hand, and I begin to feel it necessary to determine on some settled plan to proceed upon afterwards. Mr. Adam and myself have made the subject of missions a matter of daily consideration

this session; and after deliberately viewing all sides of the question, and candidly comparing the claims of our home population and the heathen world, and earnestly seeking for direction from Him who has promised to be the guide of His people, even unto death, I have come to the final resolution of devoting myself to the service of God among the heathen. I have made the history of missions and the biography of missionaries a part of my daily study for some time, and have perused, I think, nearly all the principal works on the subject. And I am glad I have done so, for it has given me much sounder views of the matter than I had before. There is much in the distance of a foreign land, and the mystery that hangs over the operations that are carried on there, and, above all, in the high and often extravagant eulogiums which the eloquent advocates of missions have caused us to associate with the very name of *Missionary*,—there is much, I say, in all this, to produce a false impression on the mind of a young disciple. I remember when I first united myself to a Christian society, of being much disappointed to find that Christians, though vastly different from the world, were still weak and imperfect creatures. And so I have been accustomed to form such a lofty conception of the character of a missionary, that I have been almost disappointed to find from their history that they are men of like infirmities with other Christians; and certainly, I have been a good deal depressed to find that many of them were far from possessing that saintly devotedness and apostolic

zeal which my boyish imagination had attributed to them. Indeed, I have to fear that there was much of romance in my first thoughts of becoming a missionary. But I trust the detail of facts which have come under my review has done much to dissipate this, and has at the same time impressed me more deeply than ever with the duty of engaging in this department of the ministerial work. The brilliant colouring of romance has faded from the picture, but its outlines seem even more strongly and broadly marked than before. I have not been discouraged by the sufferings of the missionary life; they are borne for Christ's sake. And happy indeed are they to whom it has been given on behalf of Christ, *not only* to believe on Him, *but also* to suffer for His sake. Neither do I feel discouraged by the want of success; the expectations of Christians on this subject appear to me very unreasonable. They put forth their little finger to remove a mountain, and are astonished that God does not work a miracle to reward their *great* exertions. But the promise of God stands sure, and though it tarry we will wait for it. One thing, I confess, has distressed me not a little; it is the prospect of those temptations before which so many have fallen. But I know it is wrong to fear. The God that enables us to stand in the midst of smaller temptations is able, and has promised to be with us at all times. I see that unwavering faith in God's promises, and closeness of communion with Him, are among the main requisites in the character of a missionary.

And in these I feel that I am very deficient. O pray for me, my dear friend, that He who has wrought in me to will may also fit me to perform it.

"I have had a letter from Dr. Morrison. He recommends an early application to the Society, and even talks of a very early entrance on the work itself. I trust I am ready to engage whenever the Lord will, but I think it is not a recoil from trial which makes me suppose that prudence might demand my still remaining a considerable time in this country. I am not yet eighteen. After this session I shall have nothing to prevent my engagement in direct preparation for missionary work. I should like to know the state of the Society's arrangements. I was offered a very good situation some time ago, but was afraid it might in some degree interfere with my preparations for the work to which I am devoted. I have taught Dr. Chalmers's Sabbath-school for him this winter, as he is engaged otherwise. This has given me the opportunity of very familiar intercourse with the Doctor. I sup with him on Sunday evenings, and have a good deal of conversation with him on the subject of missions, etc. He tries to persuade me to stay in this country, but I do not think his arguments powerful. I have refused to accept of any situation that may occur to him at present, in the prospect of soon offering myself to the Society. On this account I should like you to write soon, if possible, whether the Society can receive applications this summer."

As this letter contains his decision respecting the important work which had so long occupied his attention, perhaps this is the proper place to refer to his address "On the Duty of Personal Engagement in the Work of Missions,"[1]—the last he delivered to the St. Andrews Students' Missionary Society, which was in a great measure the fruit of his own exertions, and which he had cherished with the fondest affection. That address, also, containing his matured views, affords me the opportunity of making a few remarks on the subject, and on the opposition of his friends to his personal engagement in the work.

Very far be it from me to write a single sentence that might diminish the force, or detract from the earnestness, of this energetic and eloquent appeal. On the Society to which it was read it produced a most powerful effect; and on their minutes they have made the following entry of that impression: "Never probably in any association had such an address on such a subject been before delivered. To say that it was most eloquent, most solemn, most affecting, the production of a mind of mighty grasp, sedulously and continuously directed to one single object of mightiest import, may convey to those who heard it not, some idea of the impression produced by it."

I trust it is destined to touch the hearts of many whom the living voice of the author never could have reached. I envy not the understanding or the

[1] See Appendix D.

feelings of that individual who can read the address without experiencing a higher emotion than that of admiration. It is impossible not to be struck with the deep earnestness of the advocate, the cogency of his reasoning, and the affection and simplicity of his manner. Here are "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," on a subject the most momentous which can engage the mind of man.

Were there any danger of this address producing a general rush into the missionary service, and a desertion of the service at home, it might be necessary to enter some exceptions to certain parts of it. But as long as the love of home and of ease, and various other considerations, operate, there is little probability that we shall have to check the fervour of missionary zeal. Perhaps my young friend, however, a little exaggerates the low state of this principle, and represents the deficiency of missionary candidates as greater than it really is. What is chiefly to be regretted is the paucity of well-educated and gifted men for this work. By far the greater number of persons who volunteer their services are young men of Christian principle, but whose early advantages have been comparatively few. In this respect there has indeed been some progress of late, but still there is much room for improvement.

Without throwing any reflection on persons of humble life and limited education, who wish to devote themselves to this work, I do conceive that in many instances the failure which has taken place

in our foreign operations may, partly at least, be traced to this source. When a young person under examination tells us that the extent of his reading has been the Bible, Boston's Fourfold State, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and the Evangelical Magazine, and that from these and similar sources, with attending missionary services, he has derived all his knowledge of the work in which he proposes to engage, it is obviously impossible, whatever dependence may be placed on his sincerity, to attach any confidence to his knowledge of the nature of the work.

Such a person is perhaps accepted, and after passing through a hurried and imperfect education, is sent forth to some important and difficult situation abroad. There difficulties and trials assail him for which he is altogether unprepared, and after floundering and blundering a few years, becomes either dispirited or ensnared, and effects nothing. Perhaps he has been suddenly elevated to a class of society in which he had not been accustomed to mingle, and from that circumstance is exposed to danger which would scarcely affect persons of another description. It ought not to be concealed that missionaries labouring in certain situations among the heathen enjoy advantages which are not possessed by their brethren in the ministry at home, and this circumstance, if caution is not exercised, is in danger of producing great injury to our cause.

As so much reference is made by John in his letters to the opposition of his friends and others to his desire to devote himself to the work of Christ

among the heathen, I feel called upon to explain the nature and reasons of this opposition, which I apprehend he never properly understood. Not having opposed him myself after I saw his mind was fully made up, my explanation may be received with the greater confidence. As the opposition was not from worldly people, or from religious persons under the influence of worldly motives, the explanation is the more necessary.

I believe, then, that opposition arose entirely from two causes,—the state of his constitution and the character of his mind. All who knew him feared that his bodily constitution would never bear the effects of a warm climate. Though liable to no particular complaint, he was delicate from a child, and incapable of enduring much fatigue or exposure. Of this his parents were most sensible, and hence their decided reluctance to allow him to go abroad. The event proved that their fears were too well grounded.

Other friends connected his mental with his bodily constitution, and feared the labours of a missionary life would soon prove fatal. He possessed a highly morbid sensibility, which rendered him liable to exquisite sufferings from circumstances that would not have greatly affected more robust and hardy individuals. He was formed for society, and was dependent upon it in a great degree for his support and capability of acting. This is most strongly marked in many of his letters. In connexion with this, the kind of talent which he possessed would

have fitted him for eminent usefulness in this country; while his exquisite taste and various other qualifications would have been to a considerable extent lost in a foreign country. I am not disposed to underrate the talents necessary for foreign missionary labour, or to exaggerate the importance of our own, yet I freely acknowledge that I am one of the number who would have rejoiced that John Urquhart had laboured at home rather than have gone abroad.

It was too delicate a matter to press these reasons upon him; but I am sure they are the only reasons which weighed with Dr. Chalmers, Mr. Ewing, and various other individuals, from whom he considered himself as experiencing more opposition than he had been prepared to expect. It is every day becoming more evident that men of a high order of talent in the Christian ministry are required in this country. The successful prosecution of the work abroad renders this no less necessary than the nature of the work at home; and it would augur ill for the cause of Christ generally were such gifted individuals all disposed to forsake our own shores. Of this, however, there is no great reason to entertain much fear.

I cannot, perhaps, better conclude the account of his progress during this last session at St. Andrews than by giving at length several documents with which I have been furnished. It is always more satisfactory to report the evidence of eye and intimate witnesses than to indulge in general and hypo-

thetical reasonings; and I have found it a very peculiar advantage in conducting this narrative, that in almost every step of the religious life of this interesting youth, I can adduce the evidence of those who were so closely connected with him that they had the best opportunities of judging, and who were at the same time well qualified to form a judgment of him. His friend Mr. Duff writes as follows:—

"In the session of 1825-6 his growth in spirituality was quite extraordinary. Literature and science now dwindled, in his view, into comparative insignificancy; they no longer occupied the greatest portion of his time, they no longer possessed exclusive charms; it was sufficient for casting them into the shade that of them it might be asserted, as of the earthquake and the fire of Elijah, 'that the Lord was not there.' He, no doubt, this session, gained the third prize in the Natural Philosophy class, which, from the highly scientific nature of the course, is generally reckoned no ordinary attainment; but this he owed entirely to his real superiority of intellect, as it was gained without labour, without effort, without much preparation. Indeed he could not bear the thought of spending much time on what appeared to him to be but of secondary importance. Christianity now became the *constant* subject of his meditation, the cause of Christ the *constant* theme of his discourse. How to be useful to the souls of men, how to promote the glory and honour of his Redeemer, attracted all his thoughts and formed the object of his fondest desires. He seemed full of the

spirit of the reformer, proclaiming, in all his words and actions, 'None but Christ, none but Christ.'"

Besides the prize in the Natural Philosophy class, referred to by Mr. Duff, he gained a prize in the Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Syriac class, "as a testimony," says Professor Baird, "of my high approbation of his correct and exemplary conduct, and of the many proofs of excellent talents and distinguished proficiency which he exhibited while attending that class."

I should also mention that he attended the Natural History class during the session; and, from some drawings and papers which remain, it is evident that he had made considerable progress in botany. With mineralogy and chemistry he was also well acquainted. The testimony he received from the Lecturer on Natural History is entitled to a place :—

"St. Andrews, *April* 29, 1826.

"Mr. John Urquhart was enrolled a student of Natural History in the United Colleges of St. Salv. and St. Leon., at the commencement of the session now closed; and from the unremitted regularity of his attendance, the interest he took in the course, and the intelligence of his conversations on the subject, I have every reason to believe that, had there been public examinations, he would have been as eminent in the Natural History as he has been in every class of the United College.

"John Macvicar,
Col. Lect. Nat. His."

From another of his fellow-students, and indeed

his fellow-lodger, Mr. Alexander,[1] I received the following very ample view of his character and talents. The writer, I have reason to know, is well entitled to pronounce his judgment, and all that he says is at once most correct as well as judicious:—

"My acquaintance with John Urquhart commenced in the year 1823, but it was not till the summer of 1825 that we became very intimate. When I knew him first he appeared to possess a great flow of spirits, which showed itself more in a perpetual cheerfulness and hilarity than in any fondness for boisterous mirth. This he seemed still to retain, as far as I could judge, as long as I had an opportunity of conversing with him. Occasionally, however, this gave way to excessive depression, with which sometimes he was dreadfully distressed. During these seasons he was often visited with thoughts which to his mind were peculiarly discouraging and terrific, such as doubts of his being a child of God, a fear of losing his senses, and many other equally unpleasant ideas. I have not the least doubt, however, that all these arose from physical causes, and were prognostications of that disease by which his years on earth were brought to a close.

"In November 1825 it was my lot to come to St. Andrews to study, and I had the happiness to find myself lodged under the same roof with John Urquhart. Many a happy and delightful hour have we spent together in this room wherein I now sit,—

[1] Now Dr. Lindsay Alexander of Edinburgh.

the memory of which is still upon my mind, and it is sweet. Never has it been my lot to meet with one of so sweet and amiable a disposition. Contented with whatever he received, I never heard him utter an angry word, or saw him wear a menace on his placid countenance. He was regular in all his habits, kind and affectionate in all his conversation with those around him, and the estimation in which he was held by those with whom he lodged, was best testified by the heartfelt grief and honest tears with which they received the intelligence of his death. His landlady, for some weeks after, wore mourning in token of respect for his character and memory.

"His piety was simple and unaffected, and, at the same time, truly evangelical. Deeply sensible of his own unworthiness and guilt, he was humbled before God, and was enabled to lay hold upon Him who is the Saviour from all sin. Convinced by his numerous shortcomings that he had not yet arrived at perfection, he was taught to cling closer to his Redeemer, and trust in Him alone. He was distinguished by a godly, jealous care over his own heart, and was watchful against temptation. Many a time did he deny himself the indulgence of pleasures of which he was naturally fond, just because they might stand in the way of his soul's good. In prayer he peculiarly excelled. How earnest were his supplications, and how experimental his confessions, every one who has ever heard him can testify. His whole soul seemed to be engaged, and the energy of his expression sufficiently testified that what he asked

was what he indeed knew and felt himself to want.

"His zeal for doing good was very great. You, sir, already know with what eagerness he sacrificed every prospect of worldly advantage for the arduous and laborious office of a foreign missionary. This was the darling desire of his heart; and for the attainment of this object he earnestly and unceasingly prayed. Every work upon Christian missions, every article of missionary intelligence, he anxiously and eagerly perused. He had pondered well all that he might expect to endure; he had looked upon all the dangers and difficulties which lay before him; but his desire was not weakened, and his confidence in the promises of Jehovah was unshaken. So firm was his determination that he actually commenced the study of Chinese, and spent many an hour of hard study on its recondite symbols. I do not know whether he continued to prosecute this study: I rather think not, as he seemed latterly to have directed his attention more to India than to China.

"But he did not content himself with a mere *desire* to do good, and with forming plans for *future* usefulness; he was also busy in doing what he could for those around him. He was much occupied with Sabbath-schools, and took great delight in communicating instruction to the children by whom they were attended. It was his practice to make them read a chapter, which he explained to them, and questioned them from it. All these questions he previously wrote down and studied, in order that

they might be as simple and easy as possible. Indeed, he possessed a peculiar talent for speaking to children, and never failed to secure their attention. The simplicity of his addresses to them may be evinced by the surprise which some of his youthful hearers once expressed, that they should have been able to recollect all that he had said. Nor was he contented with merely speaking to the children on the Sabbath; he made it a point to visit them regularly in their own houses, and to converse with them and their relations there. By these means he secured the confidence of the parents as well as the affection of the children, and was often enabled to speak a word in season to those with whom he met.

"To visit the sick and the infirm was another favourite occupation of my dear brother. To every call of this kind he was ready; and many a time have I known him leave his studies to visit the bed-side of some humble sufferer. On these occasions his conversation was always of a spiritual nature, and it was always his anxious endeavour to direct the mind of the sufferer away from every earthly confidence unto the 'Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.' Sometimes in these visits of love he was kindly received, sometimes he had to endure the suspicion of having some sinister motive by which he was actuated; sometimes he met with intelligence and attention, and sometimes with ignorance and carelessness; but whatever reception he met with, he never failed to

repeat his visits: so strong was his desire for the welfare and salvation of his fellow-men.

"But while he was thus attentive to the duties of religion, he was not negligent of those studies for which he had come to this place. On the contrary, I believe there were few of his contemporaries who studied more closely than he did; certainly none more successfully. In only one class did he fail to distinguish himself, viz., the Logic class; but this I am inclined to impute, not so much to any want of ability, as to a distaste for the dull and barren speculations with which the Professor of Logic treats his students. His splendid appearance in the Ethical class the year following proved what he could do; and it was certainly no small achievement to stand first in two separate competitions in a class perhaps the most numerous and able that ever attended the prelections of a St. Andrews Ethical Professor. As far as I could judge, his talent lay chiefly in a facility of acquiring languages, and in the elegance, both of thought and expression, by which his compositions were distinguished. There were several of his contemporaries who took a much firmer and profounder grasp of a subject, but there were few, if any, who could think so clearly, and express themselves with such perspicuity and elegance as he was able to do. Contrary to what may be inferred from the ease and beauty of his style, his habits of composition were very laborious. Beginning from a rude and imperfect sketch, he by degrees filled up the parts and extended the outline. He scarcely

wrote a sentence which did not cost him some labour; and consequently composition was to him a most fatiguing, and, I may say, irksome exercise. He always set himself to it with reluctance; and, indeed, it was only by the calls of duty that he could be prevailed upon to take up his pen on any subject. I have not seen all his compositions, but the best that I have seen are a series of papers on the St. Andrews Missionary Society, printed in the *St. Andrews University Magazine*, a little work conducted by some of his friends during last session; and an essay on the duty of personally engaging in the work of missions, read before the St. Andrews Students' Missionary Society, of which he was always a distinguished friend and supporter.'

These testimonies are peculiarly pleasant and satisfactory, not only as the expressions of Christian and personal friendship, but as bearing evidence to his holy and exemplary conduct. In him religion did not appear as a profession,—it dwelt in him as life, it attached itself to him as clothing. It was not a holiday, but an every-day garb, and was worn with the ease of a natural habit, not the stiffness of an assumed or foreign dress. There is one testimony more which I cannot withhold, though the name of the respected individual who bears it has been already repeatedly introduced. No one could know him better than Dr. Chalmers; and no man was more capable of estimating his intellectual and spiritual attainments. The following document pre-

sented to John on leaving the University, does great honour to the heart of the Professor, as well as to the talents of the student:—

"St. Andrews, *April* 28, 1826.

"These are to certify that Mr. John Urquhart was enrolled a regular student of Moral Philosophy in the United College of St. Andrews for the session of 1825-6; that he distinguished himself highly by his appearances while under examination, and was far the most eminent of his class for the beauty and eloquence of his written compositions; that he possesses a very uncommon degree of taste and talent for the disquisitions of ethical science; and that altogether he, as the fruit of great diligence, united with great powers, achieved the credit of being a first-rate proficient in the lessons and doctrines of the course.

"Thomas Chalmers.

"Mr. Urquhart gained two prizes in this class; one, the first prize, for an essay on 'The Mutual Influences and Affinities which obtain between the Moral and Economic Condition of Society;' another, the first prize for essays read in the class during the session."

Perhaps to some readers it may occur to ask, Did the individual who was so successful in all his academical pursuits take a degree at St. Andrews? It appears he did not. If this should excite surprise, I can say in explanation, that multitudes of the best

scholars at the Scottish Universities never trouble themselves about the matter; and many of those who take the degree of A.M. never use it. But as I know John was recommended to take a degree, I can account for his neglecting to follow the advice only by referring his conduct to that instinctive and powerful aversion to human praise by which he was remarkably distinguished.

Whether I am correct or not in assigning this reason for his declining to take his degree at the University, the reader, I am sure, will rejoice with me in the evidence of the existence of such a state of mind as that which this extract describes. It is in full accordance with other testimonies, and with all my own convictions. Genuine Christianity does not teach us to despise the approbation of others, or undervalue any useful attainment which may be the object of that approbation. But when it obtains full possession of the mind, it, in a great degree, dislodges those secondary motives and considerations which constitute the great principles of action in the men of the world. It does not produce meanness or servility; but it produces lowliness of mind. It not only inculcates a spirit of self-distrust and diffidence, and indifference to human glory; but in its very nature induces these dispositions. The individual who feels the charm and the power of a Saviour's love, and who attaches to His approbation all that constitutes the glory of future hope, will not be much concerned for the honours or the applause of this world. Into these views and feelings

few have entered more fully and even enthusiastically than the subject of these memoirs. All his letters are illustrative of this state of mind; and his whole conduct was a living commentary on his letters.

CHAPTER V.

Letter to his mother in reference to his becoming a tutor in a family of high respectability—Letter to Mr. Herbert Smith—Extracts from his journal—Letter to Mr. Craik—Letter—Extracts from his journal—Letter to Mr. Trail—Letter to his Sister—Letters—Extracts from various letters to Mr. Scott Moncrieff—Letter to his friend C.—Letter to Mr. Herbert Smith—Letter to Rev. John Burnett—Letter to Mr. Adam—Letter to Mr. Orme—Letter—Letters to his Sister—Letter to Mr. Trail—Letter to Mr. Adam—Letter to his afflicted friend—Letter to Mr. Trail.

PREVIOUSLY to John's leaving St. Andrews, a negotiation had been carried on, through Dr. Chalmers, with a family of the highest respectability, in which a tutor was required for an only son. It was finally agreed that he should occupy this situation soon after the close of his College course. This arrangement arose, not out of any change in his mind respecting the work of the gospel, but was acceded to, with a view to satisfy his friends, and finally to gain their consent to his becoming a missionary; and also in the expectation of being able to promote his own improvement by retirement and study. The following extract from a letter to his mother will explain his motives, the state of his mind, and a few other particulars :—

"ST. ANDREWS, *April* 15, 1826.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I am afraid I have kept you in suspense regarding my plans. I have been

waiting in daily expectation of hearing something more definite respecting the situation I wrote about.

"Before I heard of this situation at all I wrote to Mr. Orme, asking his advice how I ought to proceed after this session, telling him my views regarding missions, and particularly wishing to know the state of the Missionary Society's arrangements. I received his answer and my father's last letter by the same post. His advice was to write to Mr. Arundel, making application to the Society. You know this was the plan I had purposed to myself, and you may guess that I was in no small perplexity how to act. The prospect of benefiting by classes at Glasgow, my extreme youth and inexperience, and, above all, the wish to show my dear parents that I am willing to acquiesce in their wishes as far as conscience will permit, have induced me to accept of this situation. I hope the Lord has been my guide in this matter.

"Accordingly I communicated my willingness to avail myself of his kindness to Dr. Chalmers, who wrote to Lord Rosslyn immediately. A letter has come from Lord Rosslyn to Dr. Chalmers this morning, enclosing a letter from Colonel M. to his Lordship, giving some more information respecting the place.

"I told Dr. Chalmers distinctly to state to Lord Rosslyn that I am a Dissenter, and that if I am near Glasgow I should like to attend Dr. Wardlaw or Mr. Ewing. Perhaps this may be an objection to my settling in the family; if so, it is better that it be stated now than afterwards."

Previously to his joining the family, then on a visit at Lord Rosslyn's at Dysart House, he proposed a short missionary tour in the Highlands along with his friend Mr. Adam; but he was taken ill in his father's house, and rendered incapable of any exertion for some weeks. While convalescent he wrote a long letter to an old fellow-student, between whom and himself there appears to have subsisted a very endeared friendship,—I mean Herbert Smith, Esq. of Egham, Surrey. The testimony of that gentleman to the amiable and Christian character of my beloved friend, and to his high intellectual attainments, corresponds with that of all his other associates. To him John gives an account of some of the plans which had been prosecuted at St. Andrews during the preceding winter. In this respect it is particularly interesting, and also for the reference to the simultaneous movements in the Universities.

"PERTH, *May* 11, 1826.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I was just going to proceed with an account of the St. Andrews University Missionary Society (in which you have always taken so deep an interest), when I was compelled to leave off through weakness. To resume the subject, then:—At our first meeting we had not a very large attendance. We presented the different presents of books which had been received from yourself, Dr. Morrison, Mr. Townley, and other friends of the missionary cause. I then read to the Society that part of your very interesting letter which direct-

referred to our association; and I trust we have profited by the hints it contained. Votes of thanks were ordered to be transferred to those liberal donors who had made such valuable additions to its library. I took the responsibility of communicating to you this expression of the Society's gratitude. I am ashamed to think that it has not been communicated long, long ere now. I cannot go minutely into details. Suffice it to say, that the Society has prospered even more than in the former session. Dr. Haldane at once accepted the patronage of the Society, and offered any room in St. Mary's we might think convenient as a place of meeting. One thing I think exceedingly interesting is, that similar societies have now been formed in all the Universities of Scotland, and a kind of simultaneous movement was made this last session towards a system of general correspondence. Might we hope that this could be extended to institutions of a similar nature in the Universities of England? In a letter from the Society in the Glasgow University, they mentioned that they had had some correspondence with a Missionary Association in one of the Colleges of America. It were very desirable (and I think it is not impracticable) to see all the pious young men in our great seminaries of learning united to each other by this great bond of Christian philanthropy. Perhaps you could do something by opening a channel of correspondence between some of the Colleges in Cambridge and the Scottish Universities. I expect to spend next winter in Glasgow. I could communicate

anything from you on this subject to the Association there, and it would immediately be circulated among the sister Universities.

"15*th*. There is a new system of religious instruction which has been attempted in St. Andrews this last session, and which I think is a most efficient system for evangelizing large towns. The plan is very simple. We just inquired after some persons residing in different quarters of the town, who were religiously disposed. We called on these, and requested the favour of a room in their house for a few of the neighbours to assemble in for religious purposes. We expected a little group of eight or ten persons to assemble, but were astonished to find the attendance increase in some of the stations to fifty or sixty. Many of these *never went to church*. We generally read and explained a passage of Scripture, and read some extracts from such books as we thought were most striking and useful. I have some doubt whether a layman in the Church of England could attempt this; but if the laws of the Church and the State allow, I think many a Christian would find ample scope for such employment in the dark places of your towns and villages. You understand, we never called it *preaching*; and accordingly Dr. Haldane gave his consent that the young men in the Established Church should engage in the work. Churchmen and Dissenters all went hand in hand, and we forgot that there was any distinction. And this must be the case more universally ere the cause of our great Redeemer can go triumphantly forward.

Tait has already begun similar meetings in Edinburgh, and some have been commenced here. I do think this a most plausible method for getting at that class of the community who do not attend the public services of the gospel. You know Dr. Chalmers's plan is a little different. He wishes the Christian philanthropist to visit every family. The great objection to this plan, in my estimation, is the difficulty of finding a sufficient number of agents. The Doctor's objection to pulpit instructions, when they stand alone, is, that you are setting up a centre of attraction; this will only draw some of the people, some are not under the influence of the attracting power, and they must be dealt with in another way. You must make an aggressive movement towards them. Before setting the plan I speak of in operation, I asked Dr. Chalmers's opinion of it. He gave his decided approbation to it, although he thought the system of individual visitation a better one, if it could be accomplished. This new plan, however, he thought had a much greater efficacy than common preaching, when alone. Instead of setting up one great centre of attraction, it was like carrying about the magnet, and bringing it near to the iron filings.

"*P.S.*—I am not sure where I may be this summer, but a letter addressed to my father's care will always find me. I could have written a great deal more, but my writing is so bad that I fear when written across it is quite unintelligible. I wish I had taken a larger sheet."

From this time I shall do little more than make John his own biographer. A journal which he began to keep more regularly and fully than formerly, and a large mass of letters, will enable me to maintain a tolerably connected narrative, without interposing many remarks of my own. To enable the reader to form some idea of his journal, I shall give the first part of it almost entire, afterwards I shall intersperse a few extracts from it, with his correspondence. As he lived for the most part very retired, no extraordinary incidents can be expected; but his steady and rapid advancement towards the heavenly glory is strongly marked :—

"DYSART HOUSE, *June* 3, 1826.

"My journal has now been at a stand for nearly a month, and I think I have experienced the bad effects of neglecting it. Hitherto it has been exclusively, or nearly exclusively, *literary;* and, even in that point of view, extremely meagre—a mere catalogue of the number of pages read and written. May I not with advantage extend my plan? I think I have profited in my studies from taking daily account of my progress. Might not this hold equally in regard to other engagements? I have strong objections to the writing down of religious experiences. Perhaps I am wrong in this. My strongest objection is the fear that these papers may meet the eye of another, and that this consideration might influence me in writing. This might prove a great source of delusion to my own soul. But still, perhaps I am wrong. The conduct of the most eminent

servants of Christ is a strong plea in favour of such journals. I am much pleased with the plan of my dear Henry Craik on this matter. I shall attempt something on his system. If I fail it matters not; I must just relapse into my old brief summary. But to begin. What have I done last month? Left St. Andrews in the end of April. Spent a fortnight at home with my relations, and my dear John Adam. Unwell nearly all the time, and prevented by illness from an intended missionary expedition to the Highlands. Came here about the middle of May. Felt the dreariness of having no Christian society. Favoured with an introduction to some of the 'excellent of the earth,' Captain Barclay, Mr. Thompson, etc. I have studied very little since I came here —have felt *unsettled.* This is quite wrong. We should ever be ready for duty; and it is our own fault if, in all circumstances, we do not find abundance to occupy our time.

"*4th. Sunday evening.*—Read one chapter of the Greek Testament. Found my pupil rather backward in his attendance on my religious instructions. Anything connected with the service of the English Church is most relished by the family. Even the Scriptures seem most acceptable when I propose reading the *lessons for the day.* It is right to humour these prejudices, in imitation of him who became 'all things to all men.' I have heard two very excellent discourses from Mr. Thomson and Mr. Aikenhead respectively. Visited a Sabbath-school, and addressed the children. I have some fear that

these institutions are not, in all cases, productive of the good that might be expected, for want of more efficient modes of teaching. Committing to memory what they do not understand can profit the children very little. My second proposal, for holding family worship with the servants, has been received with coolness, but not absolutely negatived. The Lord will open up ways of usefulness for me. Read ninety pages of the Rev. Thomas Scott's Life—exceedingly interesting.

"*5th.* A very idle day. I find I cannot study to advantage without a *plan.* I shall lay it down as a maxim, however short time I may stay in any place, to have my hours allotted specifically to different engagements as far as such an arrangement may be practicable. For want of this I have lost much of the time I have spent at Dysart. Attended a missionary prayer-meeting this evening, but was in a very cold and careless frame of mind. I have felt for some days as if a veil were drawn over the things of another world. I fear I am indulging habits of sloth and luxury. In what am I *denying himself?* Read twenty pages of Scott's Life. Was rather astonished at his idea (expressed in the narrative after his conversion), that even when a Socinian, his prayers were '*spiritual enough*' to find acceptance with God. Can a prayer be listened to by God which is presumptuously offered up without any regard to the Mediator whom He has appointed? When searching after the truth Scott read none but religious books for three years. Afterwards he

returned to general reading, and even felt a pleasure in perusing the classics, and other works of taste. I have read since I came four hundred pages of Godwin's History of the Commonwealth. He advocates the cause of the Puritans in their political conduct. He dislikes the pompous and persecuting spirit of the Prelacy. He seems to like Presbyterianism worse (as it then existed), as having all the intolerance of Episcopacy, without its splendour; and he gives unqualified praise to the Independents of these times, as the great champions of unrestrained liberty, civil and religious.

"6*th*. With my pupil three hours in the forenoon —one hour walking, and one hour bathing. This runs away with a great part of the day. I am much pleased with my pupil at present. His disposition is amiable, and his faculties acute. His desire for knowledge is very great. He has been amusing himself to-night in *making a universe* with little balls of wax stuck upon pins. I feel very thankful for a situation in many respects so agreeable as the one I occupy. But I feel I am doing little actual service to the cause of my Lord. Read thirty pages of Scott's Life. His prayers for his relations were eminently answered. I have felt this an encouragement to greater fervency in prayer for those who are so dear to me according to the flesh. And yet, the fact that I derive encouragement from this instance of an answer to prayer, is a proof of the weakness of my faith on the promises of God. If I sufficiently believed them I should not need particular instances

of their fulfilment to encourage me. Can anything be surer than the promise of God? Finished the first volume of Godwin's Commonwealth. Very little conversation, and that exceedingly trifling and general. What can I do in my present circumstances for the good of this family? The Lord direct me! Read two chapters of the Greek Testament. Bed at eleven o'clock.

"*8th.* Yesterday I was so fatigued that I wrote none in my journal, and to-night I have a much better excuse for putting it off in a very painful headache; but I must cultivate habits of regularity, and write something, however short. Yesterday I completed my eighteenth year. Hitherto hath the Lord brought me, and in spite of much wickedness and ingratitude He continues to bless me. How little have I done! Hitherto I have made my youth an excuse for much inactivity! Will this be an excuse at the bar of God? I have been much troubled these some days with abominably sinful thoughts. Lord, cleanse Thou me from secret faults; and O keep back Thy servant from presumptuous sins. Read part of Scott's Life. Much struck with his remarks on practical preaching, and the unpopularity to which his own system exposed him."

"TENNOCH SIDE, NEAR GLASGOW.

"*14th.* Arrived here night before last. My journal was neglected yesterday in consequence of my papers being mislaid. Left Dysart on Saturday morning, and arrived in Leith a few hours after,

where I stayed till Monday afternoon. A very unprofitable visit. Some conversations with my kind and respected friends Mr. and Mrs. Alexander I remember with pleasure, but scarcely anything else of my friends whom I had an opportunity of seeing. I feel very comfortable here, and have much to make me thankful to the great Father of our mercies. Although I am disappointed in one great object (attendance on classes in Glasgow) which I had in view on coming here, yet I trust the Lord has directed me. May I be enabled faithfully to fulfil the important duties of my station, and to devote every moment of my time to the service of my God! Read Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream. Never read a whole play of this great poet before. Some exquisitely fine passages; and throughout the whole admirably true to nature. But how much that is revolting, even to a mind so partially sanctified as mine! Can it be right in a Christian to travel over pages filled with vain imaginations, swearing, and often gross obscenity, in order to arrive at some beautiful passage, which, after all, can only gratify or improve his taste? The pearls are indeed fine, and present a great temptation; but, after all, they are not worth the diving for, or at least the ocean that covers them is too perilous to be needlessly encountered by so feeble an adventurer as I. Read two chapters in the Greek Testament. What a blessing that we have sublimer and purer joys than those that are afforded by the bright but transient flashes of unsanctified

wit, or the glare of a powerful yet polluted imagination!

"*Thursday.*—Rose at six. Read one chapter of the Greek Testament. I am engaged with my pupil four hours a day, viz., from seven to eight, and from ten to eleven A.M.; and from one to two, and from five to six P.M. My books are yet in Glasgow, and this has been an excuse for idleness. Read another play of Shakespeare's. More to disgust and less to gratify in this than in the last. I cannot read these plays without being injured by them. Wrote a letter to my dear Nesbit. Received one from my dear father. Have sat a considerable time this evening trying to make verses. Succeeded in manufacturing one stanza. I may say with the Rev. Thomas Fleming, 'God has not made me a poet.' And I hope I shall point out in the character that he was thankful for never having attempted to make himself one.

"I must begin to keep my eye upon my fellow-creatures. How much of the vice of my own nature arises from my ignorance of the world! How necessary is it to study it!"

"*Saturday.*—

"At the end of this week I will [illegible] I am at a loss. The study of [illegible] and the [illegible] of [illegible] are to me [illegible] with the [illegible] of the [illegible] are [illegible] I am [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

there too. The 'communion of the saints' is indeed a delightful privilege, but what is it when compared with that far higher privilege which change of circumstances cannot affect,—even that 'fellowship which is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ'? Every shifting scene of life that passes before me convinces me more and more that happiness has a very slight dependence on our external circumstances. They may add to it or diminish it, but they can neither *give* it nor *take it away.* Mere animal gratification is enjoyed nearly equally by all classes; all are equally subject to disease, and if the rich seem to enjoy more of the good things of this life than others, they only *seem* to do so. Luxury has deprived them of the comforts of life, and has converted its superfluities into comfortless necessaries. Even intellectual happiness I believe to be more generally and equally diffused than is commonly imagined. But the truth is, there is no true happiness without the enjoyment of God's favour. How true is it that '*his favour is life;*' for without it life deserves not the name; it is but a living death. 'Immo vero, ii vivunt, qui ex corporum vinculis, tanquam e carcere, evolaverunt; nostra vero quæ dicitur vita, mors est.' *We* are more highly favoured than the ancient philosopher who wrote these words. Even here we may have glimpses of the celestial happiness. *Eternal life* is begun on earth. It is true, we may not walk in the freedom of spiritual enlargement till we have put off these vile bodies, but even within their prison-house

there may be many an alleviation of our sufferings; we may be freed from those fetters that galled us sore, and deprived us even of the little freedom which the bounds of a prison-house might permit. We may be gaining new victories over *the devil, the world, and the flesh*, even while here. Let it be our earnest endeavour to maintain this holy warfare within our breasts, and while we drink freely of the fountain of life, let us not forget to present its vivifying waters to that world which is '*dead* in trespasses and sins.'

"I have been looking over what I have written, and find it is not like a letter at all. But I need make no apologies to you. I am here, nearly eight miles from Glasgow, and have been there only twice. My pupil went there yesterday with the family; and as there was room for me in the carriage, I went in the morning and returned in the evening. Of course I had not much time to see the town. I looked into the area of the College, a fine old substantial building. Their library, which was the only room I went into, does not seem to be as fine as ours. *Ours!* did I say? But you know what I mean. The Cathedral is a venerable building, though somewhat disfigured by modern additions. The statue of our revered Knox stands on a neighbouring hill. Glasgow is blessed with evangelical ministers in all denominations. There is an institution I visited last night, with the plan of which I was very much pleased. It is a sort of religious coffee-room. There is a large hall, where about twenty

different religious institutions hold their meetings, and a reading-room below, where the Reports and other periodical publications connected with all the religious societies of the day are to be found. A book lay on the table for the insertion of hints, or inquiries on any subject connected with the great interests of Christianity. In this I found some remarks in the handwriting of 'our excellent Chalmers.' I have had an introduction to the nearest parish minister; but have seen very little of him yet. He told me that his church was much too small for the parish,—and that he believed the greater number of his parishioners were growing up *like heathens.*"

"TENNOCH SIDE, *July* 5, 1826.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I begin to feel anxious to hear from some of you, although I believe the agreement was that I should write first. I am here as much shut out from the world, at least from what was *the world* to me, as I could be in the deserts of Africa or the islands of Japan. I write chiefly to beg you to send me a long letter,—it is all of friendship I can now enjoy. You will not expect much from this wilderness. I have little to write about that can interest you. But why should I say so, when there is a theme which is ever delightful to the mind of a Christian, and needs not novelty to give it interest? Yes! we have a joy which the world knows not, and which no changes in our earthly circumstances can at all impair. The dearest earthly friends may be removed from us, but there is a

'friend that sticketh closer than a brother.' Here I have no Christian friend, and sometimes my spirits sink very low when I think on other days. But these are sinful thoughts. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' Perhaps some path of usefulness may be pointed out to me; but at present I see little probability of doing anything except with my pupil. I have been in Glasgow twice. I met Mr. Erskine there, as well as Mr. Ewing, etc. All are against my being a missionary, but I have heard no arguments against it that seem to me at all conclusive. What is doing in Edinburgh? Have you any intercourse with the few St. Andrian friends that are in the great city? Alas for our little circle! It is now sadly broken up, and we never shall form a little circle again. One of our number is in the south of England, another in the north of Scotland, and all scattered abroad. The fragments of the little community are in Edinburgh. The '*tria*' are there; but, alas! they are no longer '*juncta in uno*.'[1] But I hope my lamentations are groundless. Have you no combinations for plans of usefulness either among yourselves, or of a more extensive nature? Something was talked of when I was in Edinburgh. Has it been accomplished? When do you go to Kirkliston? Let me hear particularly of your operations there. There will be full scope for your most strenuous exertions. Can you suggest to me any practi-

[1] He alludes to the *St. Andrews University Magazine*, which had this motto.

cable scheme of usefulness? Do favour me with a long letter."

Determined not to remain idle, notwithstanding the obscurity and difficulty of his situation, after very considerable exertion he succeeded in collecting a number of young men together, to form a weekly meeting for religious instruction. For their benefit he prepared a very excellent address, explanatory of the nature and design of their association.

About this time he appears to have laboured under severe mental depression. Of the cause of this no doubt can now be entertained. It was doubtless symptomatic of the insidious disease appointed by God to be the messenger of his dismission. That it was cherished by the intense working of his mind, by his seclusion from that kind of society which was congenial to his feelings, and by an anxiety respecting the accomplishment of his much-desired object, I feel equally assured. The following extract from his journal will explain some of the allusions in his letters:—

"*July* 18*th.*—Rose at seven. Have suffered excessively to-day from mental depression, and could assign no specific cause for it. The Lord has been graciously pleased to restore me to tranquillity; and I remember the former part of the day as I would a terrific dream. I had the opportunity of going in the carriage to Hamilton, and was in hopes that the fresh breeze and the laughing face of nature would dispel the gloomy darkness within my breast. But

it was all in vain; the malady raged with greater violence, so as almost to make me dread real madness, and to recall to my mind a fearful night of distraction last winter. I have besought the Lord earnestly that this might depart from me; and I believe that I owe my present tranquillity to His gracious condescension in listening to my prayers. I feel, what my pride likes ill to admit, that I am a very feeble creature; weak not only in body but still weaker in mind! Is this a fit character for a missionary? In this work I shall soon fail, except the Lord strengthen me. But *even I* may say, 'I can do *all things* through Christ strengthening me.' After all, I have forced myself to go through nearly all my regular studies to-day.

"*Friday.*—Have discovered much to-night of the cursed pride, fickleness, and vanity of my heart. Did those who esteem me most know me as I do myself, they would abhor me. I do abhor myself. Spent half an hour in prayer, in severe mental conflict. But even for this conviction of sin I will be thankful. It is well to know the worst, although I fear I do not know the worst yet. '*Who can understand his errors?*'

"I know the remedy; and, blessed be God, despair has not yet barred the way to it, although I fear, from the little effect my *supposed* application to the gospel has yet produced, that I know not how to use the remedy. The Lord can teach me. The workings of my mind have been severely painful for some days, although in very different ways. Perhaps the

Lord has given me over, like his ancient servant of whom I have been reading, to be tempted of Satan. Has the Mediator 'prayed for me, that my faith fail not'? I will believe that all this is for good. May it lead me to know my own utter weakness, that so I may make the Lord my strength! Then I may say with Paul, 'when I am weak, then am I strong.'"

"TENNOCH SIDE, *July* 17, 1826.

"MY DEAR TRAIL,—I believe, in regard to Christian society, your circumstances very nearly resemble my own; and if in these circumstances you feel as keenly as I sometimes do, I know that a letter from an old companion will not be unacceptable, even though it contain 'nothing new.' . . . I am now fairly settled within eight miles of Glasgow, removed from every Christian friend who might excite and encourage me, and sometimes I acknowledge I feel very much depressed, but the Lord is ever near. If I feel so faint-hearted here I know not how I shall endure the living solitude of a city of idolaters, or the extreme dreariness of a savage desert. But, 'through Christ strengthening me I can do all things.' What plans of usefulness have you set on foot since I saw you? Can you suggest anything to me that I can accomplish here? Have you any particular plans in instructing your pupils which you can communicate, for I feel myself quite a novice in the art of teaching, and I am aware that there is no small responsibility connected with duties that have such an immense influence in forming a

mind which is to exist for ever, and which in the remotest ages of eternity perhaps is to bear, in some respects, the form of that mould which was impressed on it in the earliest years of its existence. Have you been thinking more of missions? I find everybody dissuades and discourages me, urging the great wants of our own country. I think I feel the claims of our own land as strongly as some who urge them against my plans. But still this does not prevent me from feeling the immense argumentative force of the simple fact that nothing has yet been done for heathen nations proportional to their vast extent, and nothing to fulfil the wide command of our Lord. I have had two letters from Captain Felix pressing on my attention the state of Ireland. By this time our dear friend Nesbit has applied to the Scottish Missionary Society. I trust that more of our little circle will follow his example. How unfortunate are the debates about the apocryphal question! But why should I say *unfortunate*, as if they could happen without the knowledge of the great Head of the Church.

"18*th*. I have been reading the former part of my sheet, which was written last night, and find it is a very dull and careless scrawl. I wish I could send you something better, but the fact is I have been labouring under very uncommon mental depression, which renders me unfit for doing anything as I could wish. I have had a drive in the carriage to Hamilton to-day, and feel rather better. I know you are never troubled with this sort of affliction, and may

be disposed to laugh at it, but I can assure you it is tenfold more distressing than bodily disease. The latter often adds to spiritual comfort, the former generally destroys it. But I am ashamed of having said so much about my weaknesses, and assuredly I should not have adverted to the subject were it not as a plea for an early communication from you. Send me something to cheer and console me. Direct me to the great objects of eternity, and stir me up to do something in the cause of the Lord. Although I am sometimes thus depressed, it is not always so. The Lord has been very kind to me since I came here. I have been *forced* to seek all my enjoyments in communion with God. It is well, when we hasten after other lovers, that He, who will have our whole heart, should hedge up our way. And when He leads us into the *wilderness*, and dries up many a source of what seemed *holy* enjoyment, it is often not to punish but to bless us, to 'speak comfortably' to us. We do well, my friend, to examine whether the Lord alone be the object of our affections. When surrounded by pious friends who are ready to praise, or at least to esteem us for our zeal in furthering the interests of religion, it is difficult to determine the nature of our motives. Those who went before our Saviour in triumph to Jerusalem crying Hosanna, etc., were probably afterwards found consenting to His death, and even the boldest and most devoted of His chosen few 'forsook him and fled.' Are we ready to follow the Lord through *bad* as

well as through good report? Have we ever yet been put to the trial? Have you read Samuel Rutherford's Letters? I have been delighted and humbled by the perusal. How much of heaven may be enjoyed on earth if we will but care to seek for it! I feel that I know nothing yet of Christ or of fellowship with Him. Write very soon to your affectionate brother."

"TENNOCH SIDE, *July* 22, 1826.

"MY DEAR ANNE,—Your verses pleased me much; and with what else I have seen of your first attempts at composition, lead me fondly to hope that talents have been bestowed on you which, with due culture and persevering application, may render you, I will not say *accomplished*, for that is a vain thing as the term is generally used, but, to use an apparently humbler, yet in reality far more honourable term, talents that may render you *useful*. I say not this to make you proud, but to humble you, and to encourage you to persevere. You know very little yet—you have much to learn. I may just hint that in your letter I can observe a deficiency in one of the MOST REQUISITE of all literary acquisitions. You know what I mean; but in the present case the hurry in which your letter has evidently been written is a sufficient excuse. I like your verses. The idea in the fourth verse, I think, is truly poetical; but I would not have you aim at being a poetess, my sister. Make it an amusement if you will, or a means of acquiring correctness and facility of ex-

pression, but do not make it your AIM. The most brilliant acquirements are not the most useful. Let me remind you, my dear Anne, that you and I are born to fill humble stations in this world (and God be thanked it is so; the humblest are the happiest). Do not aim, then, at anything above your station. Do not court the society of the rich and the gay; for, *comparatively*, I may apply these terms even to the little sphere in which you move,—but choose your companions from those who have the true riches of knowledge, and (if I may add a qualification you may not easily find) *sterling piety*. The *manners* of your companions should not be overlooked; and by this expression I do not so much mean the knowledge, or ready repetition of a few *kind-looking* phrases, which even the most *unkind* can learn, as that amiable and obliging disposition which is the politeness of the heart. In the present state of society, however, a person who wishes to be truly agreeable will see the necessity of attending to a few of those *forms* of kindness which pass current in the world. I did not mean to write so many advices, but now that I have begun I will plead the authority, I will rather say the affection, of a brother as an excuse for adding some more. Let me entreat you to cultivate *domestic virtues*. The Bible bids us not only love and obey, but also *honour* our parents. Be particularly careful to remember this, especially in regard to our dear mother, to whom your little services may now render considerable assistance. Above all, my very dear sister, let me entreat you

to remember that we were not made merely to figure for a little on the stage of this passing world. This life is but the infancy of an eternal existence; and yet here the choice must be made that shall render all that is worth calling the life of an immortal creature *perfectly happy* or *perfectly wretched.* You think you know the truths of the gospel, my sister. Do you feel its influence? Do not be even too sure that you understand the message of glad tidings in the Bible. Many who now think they understand will find hereafter that they have mistaken its meaning. But, O do remember! it is not enough to understand. Examine whether Christ, and His atonement *alone,* be all your salvation. It is *easy* to *mistake.* We are never more apt to sleep the sleep of a security, from which eternal death alone will awake us, than when guarded from gross temptations by protecting friends, accustomed from infancy to correct, or at least *seemingly* correct, views of the gospel. My dear sister, as you value your happiness, beware of a misplaced hope of heaven. I do not cease to pray that the Lord would make you His own. I should think my prayers in part answered did I know that you had been constrained to pray with *earnestness* for yourself."

"*August* 2, 1826.

"MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—They say there is more pleasure in hope than in actual enjoyment; and perhaps this is the reason why I have not written to you sooner. You know I used to have

a great aversion to letter-writing; but now that it is almost the only kind of Christian intercourse that is left me, you may guess that I regard it with very different feelings. For a week past I have been cheering my solitary hours with the thought that I was just about to unbosom freely all my feelings to my dear John Adam (a luxury which is not the least precious privilege of true friendship), and day after day some little trifle has seemed a sufficient reason for putting off, while I believed the true cause of the delay has been the desire to indulge this pleasing expectation a little longer. And now that I have sat down to write, I frankly acknowledge that I have little or nothing to say—at least in the shape of news. I left Dysart too late to see you again in Edinburgh, whence I proceeded to this place of exile, where I have now counted five or six tardy weeks of unvaried sameness, excepting one or two visits to Glasgow, and an occasional walk to Old Monkland Manse. You know me too well to require me to tell you how I feel without a single Christian friend near. The harp has been often out of tune; and sometimes I have feared that its strings were about to break, when the Lord has again tuned it to His own praise. Yes, my dear friend, I have seen much of the deceitfulness of my own heart since I came here. I thought I could leave all and live happy in a solitary desert for the sake of Christ; but I find that much of my happiness was drawn from cisterns, and not from the life-giving fountain. And now that the Lord

has in mercy broken these to lead me to Himself, I have been ready to weep as if my all were lost. I fear I have mistaken love to Christians for love to Christ. I feel more reconciled to this banishment when I think that it may be intended to wean me from earth, and to fit me more for the missionary life. I have hopes that I may be honoured to be useful to my dear pupil. He is a most interesting boy. In our daily reading of the Scriptures he makes inquiries which delight me, and sometimes astonish me. All things are possible with God.

"*Monday evening.*—The above was written on Saturday night, and your welcome epistle was put into my hand yesterday morning. Your serious charges of carelessness might require to be more seriously met than in the above nondescript rhapsody, which you see had anticipated them, but too much of my sheet is now filled to leave any space for apologies. I leave you to make them for me. I am rejoiced at your intention of sending a paper on Missions to the *Evangelical Magazine*. It has a most extensive circulation. My conscience has been sorely reproaching me for my negligence on this subject. I have been partly terrified out of the idea of attempting publication, from the decided opposition our sentiments on this subject have met with when I have laid them before those whom I have from infancy looked up to as men mighty in the Scriptures. Do not mistake me—my own convictions are by no means weakened. Every prayer deepens their impression; and at times of closer communion

with God a brighter light seems to be shed on the path before me. My own conscience must be my guide; but I have discovered so much of my own fickleness and weakness of mind that I do fear to propose my sentiments as rules of conduct to others. 'Instead of being a teacher, I have need that one teach me what are the first principles of the oracles of Christ.' I have only begun to discover my real character; and I honestly believe that did any of my friends know me as I know myself they would be utterly disgusted with me, and scarcely believe me a Christian. But what has this to do with the subject?—Much. When I think of myself—a poor weak-minded boy, the creature of emotion, and almost the slave of circumstances,—entertaining opinions different from all my friends in Christ, however strongly they are impressed on my own mind, I have great misgivings when I think of presenting them to others. I am glad to have *one* at least who agrees with me. Our comparison of the present generation in our land to the Jews in the days of the apostles is very much disliked. The supposition that we are called to imitate the apostles in going to the Gentiles Mr. E. thinks *quite enthusiastic.* I like your plan much. It is very comprehensive. I hope it will be admitted, but I hardly *expect* it. I have *no* Christian friends here, but it is all well. I am *forced* to seek closer communion with God. Yes, forced. How just is your idea of the *refuge!* I have been at times apt to murmur at being sent here, but I am sure it is for

good. I have seen practically illustrated that man at his best estate is altogether vanity. I have seen more of the wickedness of my own heart; but more, too, of the preciousness and sufficiency of the Saviour. My studies have all a bearing on the Bible; and I think I study as much here as ever I have done anywhere."

"*August* 10, 1826.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I am really ashamed of not writing sooner; and yet it has not been for want of inclination. It is not often that a day has passed without remembering you before the Lord. Now that I have no Christian friend (indeed no friend at all) near me, I find it, indeed, a delightful exercise to meet my brethren and sisters in the Lord at a throne of grace. You have been long a prisoner, and I am now an exile. Yes, I am indeed banished from all that I love in this world; and I sometimes think that the Lord may be thus preparing me for the trials of the missionary life, by debarring me the privilege of Christian intercourse. I am often *much depressed;* and this convinces me that I have not yet given my whole heart to God. I think I can see that I have been sent here for good. The Lord often leads us into the wilderness to speak comfortably to us. He breaks the cisterns we have hewed out for ourselves, to lead us to the life-giving fountain. It is perhaps well for us when communion with God is our only enjoyment; and so it is with me from necessity.

"I was glad to hear that you had had some little

respite, so as to be able to wait upon God in the assembly of His people. How amiable are His tabernacles! What must heaven be, where the Sabbath is eternal, and the temple is the Lord Himself!—'Yet a little while' (in your case a *very* little while at the longest), 'and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry.'

"I have been reading Samuel Rutherford's Letters of late, and have been much delighted with them. What advances he had made in the way of holiness! I think, in the present day, Christians are apt to be content with too little. There might be more of that knowledge of God and of His Son, which is eternal life,—even in this world, if we would but seek for it more earnestly. It is not enough to enter the strait gate, we must also walk in the narrow way. Sanctification is part of our salvation. And hence it is that our most gracious Father sees meet to visit His children (as you can testify) with manifold afflictions and temptations, that the trial of their faith, being much more precious than that of perishable gold, might be found unto praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ. I doubt not you can testify that the furnace of affliction is a refining furnace.

"My dear friend, I should value a letter from you very much. My experience in the Christian life amounts to nothing more than a discovery of my wretchedness, and a *wish* for something better. I write little to comfort you,—I can only com- a of shortcoming. My own deadness and in-

difference often make me doubt whether I have yet tasted that the Lord is gracious. I know not anything so calculated to confirm and strengthen the faith of an infant Christian as the testimony of an aged saint,—especially an aged sufferer, who can tell that all the promises of God are yea and amen. It is true our faith should need the aid of no auxiliary evidence, when we have the promise—nay, the oath—of Him who cannot lie. But it does need it. I feel my faith often mingled with distrust. And even when I can say 'I believe,' I have need to prefer the petition, 'Lord, help my unbelief.' If you are so much recovered, as I have some reason to hope, from what I have heard, perhaps you may write a few lines of encouragement to your most affectionate brother in the Lord."

"*August* 15, 1826.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I thank you for your kind and undeserved letter, and rejoice to hear of your attempt to illuminate the dark places of our own land. I am anxious to hear of the success of your plans. I have been led, in the very consideration of the missionary question, to regard more attentively the state of our own country as to religious knowledge. It has been the increasing argument of my friends, against my intention of going to the heathen, that there is much yet to be done at home. The force of this argument I feel to a certain extent; but I find it is apt to be urged sometimes by those very persons who are slumbering on as if nothing

were to be done at all. There is much to be done at home; and there is need for very vigorous exertion. There are many, in this nominally Christian country, who are quite ignorant of what true Christianity is. This is indeed a dreadful thought, when we consider how many *true* Christians are scattered over the land. Take the case of some deadly bodily disease (an illustration which has been so often put), and think how we should look upon him who could calmly sit still and see his neighbour or his townsman drop into the jaws of death while he was acquainted with a remedy whose application experience had proved to be a certain cure. Would it be an excuse for this indifference that an unaccountable prejudice existed against the remedy in question, or that it was one of the fearful symptoms of the disorder that the unhappy victim imagined himself in good health? Suppose even further, that dispensaries were established through the land where the medicine was distributed *gratis* to all who chose to apply. (But, alas! I almost had forgot that in order to complete the analogy here, I must further suppose, that at *many*, nay at the *greater number*, of these dispensaries, a *counterfeit* drug was given for the real elixir.) Would humanity think it too much, in such circumstances, to walk from one scene of wretchedness to another, and earnestly recommend to the unhappy sufferers the use of a specific of such sovereign virtue? Is it true that a malady is actually raging in our own land—in our own town, in our own neighbour's house—it may be in our own

family,—a malady so dreadful that the whole sum of human wretchedness, in all its sad forms of bodily pain or mental anguish, can give but a faint idea of it, and is indeed but one of its *least fearful* consequences? Is it true, I say, that we believe such a fell disorder to be raging at our very doors; and believe, too, that we have discovered a sovereign antidote to its baneful influence, and yet scarce put forth a finger to administer the balm of life to our fellow-sufferers? I do think, my dear sir, that *private Christians* must do more than they do if they would stand clear of the blood of those who perish around them. They are not called to minister in public,—but might they not do much in preaching the gospel *from house to house?* In the supposed case of bodily disease, would it be an excuse for indifference or neglect on the part of any one who had the means and opportunity of usefulness, that there were *physicians* in the land whose *business* it was to attend to the sick? And is not the case quite parallel? I did not intend to fill my sheet in this way; but when I get into a subject I often find it difficult to leave it. I forget that I am writing a letter and not an essay. I have attempted to get some people to meet with me here; but there is no village quite near, and it being harvest it has quite failed in the meantime; but I mean to make another attempt after the harvest is over. I am confined in the meantime to private visiting, and *the distribution of tracts.* This, I think, a means of usefulness which ought to be neglected by none who

would attend to the injunction,—'In the morning sow thy seed,' etc. I have thought a good deal of Ireland of late. It has strong claims; still, I think the heathen have stronger."

"*August* 16, 1826.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—It has not been forgetfulness, or want of inclination that has kept me from writing sooner. I am here quite retired from the world. This state of seclusion has its advantages, and its disadvantages too. There is much time for the study of one's own heart, and for the contemplation of an unseen world. But the mind is apt to prey too much on itself. There is none of that reciprocal sympathy which is so delightful; which, by dividing our griefs, can almost remove our sorrow; and by partaking our happiness, does not diminish but multiplies our joy. I have no one here who is like-minded with me; and in these circumstances my spirits sometimes sink very low. I know this is very sinful, for God is here, and the access to his throne is here as free as in the bosom of Christian society. This, indeed, is my only enjoyment;

> 'That were a grief I could not bear,
> Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
> But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
> Supports me under every load.'

"Sometimes when I enjoy a nearer approach to God, I can indeed feel that the loss of Christian fellowship is more than made up; but in seasons of coldness and indifference there is none to stir me up, and *nothing* that can give comfort. But it

is well that it is so. It is well to be *compelled* to have continual recourse to a throne of grace. How sinful for a Christian ever to think of despondency, with such glorious hopes, and such precious promises to encourage him! But sin will damp the most glorious hopes, and unbelief will render unavailing the most precious promises. Perfect happiness can be attained only by the attainment of perfect holiness: while sin wars in the members there must be a want of enjoyment. I feel that it is sin which separates between my soul and God. I am sometimes discouraged to think that I have now seemed to myself a believer for a considerable time, and yet I look in vain for a progress in holiness and likeness to God. If I have advanced at all, it has been in the discovery of my own utter worthlessness. I *do* feel more than ever that I am poor, and miserable, and wretched, and blind, and naked. O that the Lord would discover to me more abundantly the riches of His grace, and let me feel more the presence of that Comforter who is assuredly with me, if I have not received the grace of God in vain.

"I have few opportunities of usefulness here, and this is sometimes a cause of sinful discouragement. I attempted a meeting, which failed owing to the hurry of the harvest! I have visited most of the cottages near, and distributed tracts, in which employment my little pupil is very willing to assist me. I have discovered one house of mourning, a family that has been much afflicted; there is a

willingness to listen to Divine things. I went with a person last Sabbath, who preached on an outside stair, in one of the lanes of Glasgow. I confess that it was not without trembling, and some degree of reluctance, that I consented to conclude the service by prayer. The people who gathered around us, I am convinced, cannot be reached in any other way. Oh to be willing to be accounted the offscouring of all things for Christ's sake! I have seen Mr. Burnet, and have promised to take Ireland into consideration, in making up my mind as to the course of life by which I can most glorify God. I still feel the claims of the heathen to be the strongest, although some very highly respected friends here think I might be more useful at home. I trust my only wish is to know the will of God."

The following extracts are from various letters written to his friend William Scott Moncrieff in the months of July and August :—

". . . I rejoice to hear of your intended return to St. Andrews; you must stir up the embers of the flame that has been kindled. There is much to be done, my dear friend, everywhere; and I think every Christian, however obscure, must feel in some degree with the apostle, that there is a woe pronounced against him, if he publish not the joyful intelligence with which Heaven has favoured him. It is well that death should sometimes deprive us of a familiar acquaintance or a dear relative; for the death of thousands whom we have never seen,

or at least never known, has been scarcely sufficient to prove to us that we *may* die; and all the warnings we receive fail of practically convincing us that we *must*. How difficult to conceive the true ratio of the finite to the infinite, of this brief life to that never-ending existence into which it ushers us! And, if difficult to conceive, oh how difficult practically to feel it! There is something delightfully pleasing in the 'little while' (ὅσον ὅσον) of the New Testament, if we are waiting for our Lord; but, if careless and indifferent, or afraid of His coming, how alarming the idea that 'the Lord is at hand!' Let us gird up the loins of our mind. Let us devote all our time to the service of our Master; 'now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.' Our friends are parting from us on every side, and we are scattered over the wide world. It is all well; 'this is not your rest.' Let our hopes rest on nothing short of heaven. It is true that the communion of the saints on earth resembles the intercourse of just men made perfect; but oh, what a resemblance! How unlike those grovelling souls to the spirits around the throne! And these corruptible bodies, how vile compared with those immortal forms which shall be fashioned like the glorious body of the Omnipotent Sovereign of the universe! And even our communion with God *here*,—how distant, how much interrupted by sin or obscured by unbelief! How few and far between the visits of our Saviour's love, when we think of that place where they 'cease not day and night to praise Him;' and where they

have no need of a temple, for 'the Lord God and the Lamb are the temple thereof.' Let us hold fast our confidence, and run with patience, looking unto Jesus, and ere a few more years have rolled over us, we shall join that 'multitude which no man can number.'"

"You could not have sent me anything more appropriate than Stewart's Discourses on the Advent. You know me too well to need to be told how I felt when separated from you all, and without a single individual to whom I could speak with freedom on the subjects nearest my heart. Mr. Stewart's book I have found a delightful companion. If I can guess at his peculiar views of the Redeemer's advent, through the veil of modesty which almost conceals them, I am scarcely prepared entirely to agree with him. I have been so accustomed to dwell with pleasure on those brighter times to which prophecy seems to point, that the bare possibility that the Lord may come to-day or to-morrow seems to blast all these delightful hopes; 'a multitude which no man can number' must first be 'gathered out of every tribe and kindred.' Still, as Mr. Stewart observes, this may be very soon accomplished. Oh that we may be looking for, and hastening on, the coming of the day of God!"

"I have a great dislike to writing letters, but nothing gives me greater pleasure than to receive them. I guess that this is pretty nearly the case with some of my friends, and therefore a considera-

tion of the golden rule should lead me to like the task of letter-writing better. I am most particularly anxious to hear from my friends since I came to this solitary place, and a family letter, always pleasing, will now be doubly sweet. The words and the looks of friendship I cannot now enjoy. Its written communications are all that are left to me. How unthankful we are ever apt to be! What a privilege is it that we can convey our thoughts to an absent friend! Without the noble invention of writing, a few miles would separate us more effectually from our friends than half the circumference of the globe can, possessed as we are of this wonderful medium of intercourse. But after all, epistolary correspondence is but a poor substitute for personal intercourse. We have symbols to express our thoughts, but we have no written characters that can express that peculiar vividness of impression or tenderness of feeling which is conveyed by the eye, the features, and the very tone of voice of a present friend. The words of a letter are in some respects dead like the characters that represent them, while the words of the friend with whom we converse, and even the ideas which these words express, seem to borrow life and loveliness from the lips and countenance that give them utterance. I have been writing several other letters to-day, and I believe that in all of them I have been mourning over the loss of friends, and lingering on the recollections of other days. And yet I feel that it is wrong to do so. This is a world of change, and if our affections are

set on any, even the worthiest, of the objects that flit before us, our happiness will be but short-lived. If we be risen with Christ, let us set our affections on things above. If we would faithfully serve our Master we must not look for a life of ease here, or even of enjoyment; we must 'endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.' I do little else than study and walk with my pupil, who is a very interesting boy. . . . Let it be our great object in our letters to provoke each other to love and to good works, for all is trifling that does not bear directly or indirectly on eternity."

"I relish my solitude much better than I did. I am utterly confounded to think of the unnumbered mercies the Lord has heaped upon me, and on the discontented ungrateful feelings I have often indulged. I have had a long walk this evening, visiting from cottage to cottage, with the view of collecting a few young people to form a weekly meeting. Great backwardness is manifested, and I have but faint hopes of its succeeding. I regret that I had so little Christian intercourse with you and my other friends in Edinburgh. I find that the bustle of travelling and the excitement of new scenes and new circumstances have a strong tendency to destroy spirituality of mind."

A letter from his friend C. appears to have contained some intimations of a very afflicting and painful nature respecting the workings of his mind. It produced the long letter which follows:—

"MY EVER DEAR C.,—Your last letter was indeed a most overwhelming letter, and did I really know any remedy for your mental distress it were indeed cruel to have delayed so long to administer it. But I have been perplexed and confounded. I have resolved to write, and yet tremble to take up my pen. I have delayed thus long to meditate and to pray. When the spirit of my friend was wounded —so severely wounded—I feared to take the knife into my own unskilful hand, and it seemed to me wisest to apply to the great Physician of the soul. The more I have thought of your case, the more I feel that it is beyond the power of human relief. I have done all I can. I have entreated Him who alone can bind up the broken spirit to send relief. He knows from dread experience the depths of temptation; He has experienced the horrors of an hour when God seemed to have forsaken Him, and the power of darkness appeared to rage triumphant. I write in the full hope that ere now your darkness has been dispelled by light from above, for it is light from heaven alone which can dispel *such* darkness. You see I have taken a large sheet of paper at your request, but it is only because of that request, for really I can pretend to give no consolation. I can only direct you to a higher source, but I can do so with the fullest confidence that there *you will assuredly find it.*

"The metaphysics of natural religion I have studied but little; but if I can judge from that little, it seems to me that the pretended demonstr

tions of the immortality of the soul, and the *moral* attributes of God, are little better than proofs how profoundly and ingeniously man can *trifle*. Much solid argument may be expended in the investigation, and many an ingenious method of argumentation discovered. We may have logically refuted, or *appeared to refute*, the objections of an opponent, but when we come to retrace all the steps, we find that no lasting impression is produced,—nothing satisfactory attained. Such discussions seem to me to end in nothing more than the ingenious and well-calculated moves in a game of chess. We have had some intellectual amusement; and perhaps, too, we may have *won the game*,—but *that is all*. I have lately read the third volume of a novel called Tremaine, where the arguments of Clark, etc., seem to me well condensed, and convincingly stated, but the above was my impression on perusing them. By the way, the above is no ordinary novel; it is well worth a reading. The clear, the acute, the *matchless* Brown, seems, *on this subject*, a trifler. Indeed, the dark cloud of mystery which veils the spiritual world gives us a liberty to imagine of it what we please, and a little ingenuity is all that is necessary to *seem to prove* what we imagine in a region wholly unknown. The more we think, the more we are persuaded of the reality of our own fancies, as when we gaze on the shapeless masses of coal in a fire, or on the clouds of a confused sky, our imagination can picture forth the outlines of animals, or castles, or forests, or *anything*, which

seem to grow more and more distinct the longer we gaze. But where have I wandered to? I might have told you in one little sentence that I have felt these metaphysical reasonings to be as unsatisfactory as you do, who have dived deeper into their profundities. Let me say, however, before leaving this tantalizing subject, that I do think the *existence* (and *if* the existence, of course the natural attributes) of God abundantly proved by the objects around us. For this, Dr. Brown says, and I think truly, that we have not to search far amid the mysteries of nature to find proofs, far less to tread the labyrinths of *a priori* argumentation. He who sees not a Deity in the marks and designs displayed in his own body, or in many of the most familiar objects around him, will not be convinced by demonstration itself.

"To leave this then: how delightful the *facts* of the gospel and the well-accredited testimony of an eye-witness from the world of spirits! But I know the dreadful subject, which is the cause (shall I say, which *was* the cause?) of your doubts and your distress. *Millions* created for a moment's giddy pleasure,—and then an eternity of unmingled wretchedness. Ah, my friend, the argument has struck *my* mind too with overwhelming force; and its stroke has cut the deeper, edged, as it has been in my case (I believe in yours too), with the poignant reflection, that some whom I hold dearest '*according to the flesh*' seem, at present, to be walking on to the gulf of eternal perdition. But why should I introduce this here? *You* can sympathize with me.

Oh, if there is ever a time that this proud heart can think with real delight of its own insignificance and ignorance, it is when oppressed by this awfully mysterious subject. When my mind has been darkened by presumptuous thoughts regarding the justice and mercy of the Eternal, the feeble ray of a single twinkling star has seemed like a ray of hope; and the conception of myriads of such worlds, or clusters of worlds, if it has not dispelled the darkness of the soul, has at least given the certain expectation, that *soon it* WILL *be dispelled.* What are *we* that we should fathom the counsels of the eternal and omnipotent Jehovah? 'Who art thou, O man, that repliest against God?' Has not God revealed to us enough to warrant this trial of our faith, especially when the express assurance is given that a time is coming when we shall 'know as we are known?'

"After writing this long letter, I am almost ashamed of it. I have written as if I were combating the arguments of an infidel, instead of attempting to console a Christian brother whom the adversary has been permitted to attack. It would, indeed, be cruel to heal up a cankering wound ere it had been probed to the very bottom; but I think I am not guilty of this, when I say, that even in that most dismal letter there are the proofs of a regenerated soul. Peter was given up to the temptations of Satan that he might be shown his own weakness. Some of the most eminent servants of God have been left to wander even into the dreary

regions of atheism for a while, as if to show their own depravity when unassisted by Divine grace. O do not talk of the *unwilling* rejection of a God! All atheists are *wilful* atheists. This, I must believe, while I believe the Bible. God has had some end in view, my dear friend, in giving you up to these dreadful thoughts. I trust He will bring good out of seeming evil, and that this severe trial will lead you to lie more humbly at the foot of the cross, and to put less confidence than ever in the speculations of a bewildering philosophy. Excuse—no, I will not say excuse, I have spoken with the freedom of Christian love. I have not half answered your letter, and yet my paper is quite full.

"Remember me to our dear Nesbit if he is still with you. I have had a letter to-day from John Adam, making the very solemn proposal of joining him in a mission to Madras, to leave this country in two years. Pray for my direction. We return to Dysart in the middle of next month, to be there for some time. I am glad of this, for here I am alone as to Christian intercourse. If I were actively employed in the service of the Lord, I think I could be happy in a desert; but here I do little or nothing. In study I have done a little: I have read the first book of Samuel in Hebrew; three books of the Anabasis of Xenophon, which seems to throw some light on the style of the New Testament. In Theology I have studied Paley's Evidences pretty carefully, and Bishop Lowth's Prelections. I have nearly finished Dr. Pye Smith's Scripture Testimony

to the Messiah (a most interesting work, which I beg earnestly to recommend to your perusal), and have just commenced Mosheim's Church History. It is late, but I can scarcely give over writing."

His friend, Mr. Herbert Smith, having proposed to him to assist and co-operate with him in some plans of usefulness which he was pursuing, it produced the following letter in reply:—

"TENNOCH SIDE, *August* 30, 1826.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—If I have delayed a few days in answering your very interesting letter, you can easily guess the reason. Your proposal demanded consideration and prayer. Did I make my own feelings the standard of my conduct, I should in all probability without hesitation have answered your kind proposal with a hearty affirmative. Two circumstances in my present situation have contributed not a little to depress my spirits,—the want of Christian society, and an exclusion from active exertion in the cause of the gospel. You can conceive, then, how delightful to my imagination was the picture of a truly Christian companion co-operating with me in acts of evangelical usefulness, and exciting me to more zealous exertion. Were inclination my guide, then, you see how gladly I should have embraced your kind offer. But this would have been wrong. In forming any plan we must not calculate on our own enjoyment merely. The Christian must look to higher objects. His question must be, 'Lord, what wilt *thou* have me to do?'

On considering the matter, therefore, in this light, I feel constrained (in spite of my own longings to comply), *for the present at least,* to decline *personally* co-operating in your interesting scheme. The difference of our religious sentiments in *a few points* has not influenced me in the slightest degree in my decision, except in the single point that it occurred to me that the fact, not of my *being*, but of my *being called*, a Dissenter, might probably impede, more than your liberality may allow you to suspect, the promotion of a plan which, from its very nature, must depend a good deal for its success on the co-operation of Churchmen of all descriptions. Had I thought of accepting, this must have made me hesitate; but as it is, other reasons have determined my opinion that it is my duty to remain in Scotland for some little time.

"There is a sort of understanding (although no positive agreement) that I remain in Colonel Moreland's family for a year. I have now been nearly four months. Here I have only one pupil; and of course much time for study, which I think invaluable, as I know not how soon my opportunities of study may be past. I am particularly anxious to study closely the original Scriptures, in case of being employed in the very responsible work of translation. This reconciles me to a retirement from active exertion in the meantime, although even in that point I hope to be able to do a little in the neighbouring cottages. I should feel it cowardly to fly from a station where God has placed me in

His providence, perhaps from some gracious purpose, merely because it deprives me of some pleasures, for which the Lord himself knows well how to compensate. The soldier in the camp must not murmur because he wants the comforts of domestic happiness. To all human appearance, indeed, there is little prospect of my doing anything here to promote the knowledge of the truth except through my pupil.

"On the subject of missions every prayer strengthens my purpose. I am aware of the glare of romance which fancy may throw round the idea of Christian expeditions to foreign lands; but I have tried to make due allowance for this, and have prayed that a youthful imagination might not lead me astray. The result is I am every day more and more convinced that my convictions in regard to this matter are founded on Scripture. It is impossible, within the limits of a single sheet, to state the grounds of these convictions. I have written something on the subject, which I may, perhaps, have some opportunity of communicating to you in one shape or other. I have taken medical advice, and am told that my constitution is more likely to stand in a warm climate than if it were more robust; but no definite opinion can be given on the subject. The same post which brought yours brought a letter from our friend John Adam, announcing his intention of going to Madras in two years, and asking me to accompany him. This is at present under consideration, and my decision may

affect my more immediate plans. My present plans are, if the Lord will, to remain here till May or June next year, and then pay a farewell visit to my dear relations, before leaving them for ever in this life. It is a long time to look forward to next summer; but should you continue where you are, and think I could at all assist you, I may then, by the Divine blessing on my studies, be able to give more efficient assistance for a month or two. In the meantime I shall pray for your success, and perhaps you will have the kindness to let me hear soon how matters prosper."

Various friends, interested in the religious welfare of Ireland, having requested him to take its claims on himself into consideration, he wrote the following letter to the Rev. John Burnet of Cork, which I insert, not only as a part of his history, but to show the comprehensive views he could take of a subject, and how deeply he interested himself in everything which related to the kingdom of Christ:—

"TENNOCH SIDE.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have had but a short notice of this opportunity of sending. The following are the queries that occur to me at the moment:—

"1. What is the proportion of professed Protestants to Roman Catholics; and what the state of religious knowledge and practice among the former?

"2. What the proportion of evangelical ministers in the Church of Ireland?

"3. What the number and character of Protestant

Dissenting ministers? I include Presbyterians of course.

"4. Are any itinerancies undertaken by resident Irish ministers, and to what extent?

"5. What is the number and character of the Hibernian Society's agents? Are the *readers* also *preachers*, or are they all pious men? Of course you understand me to mean as far as our imperfect judgment can decide.

"6. What is the number of the Hibernian Society's schools, and how taught? Are the school-masters understood to be pious men? Is religious instruction the *professed* object of these schools, or only common education?

"7. Does the Hibernian Society support any *preachers;* and if so, how many? Are the *two* you mentioned their agents?

"8. Do the people manifest a willingness to hear? And can you allude, in general terms, to the success that has attended the efforts already made?

"These queries will at least show you, my dear sir, how ignorant, perhaps how *criminally* ignorant, I am, of the state of the interesting country in which you labour. I could multiply more inquiries of a similar description, but I think under these you may arrange any information your time may permit you to communicate. If anything else should be suggested by these, and your engagements permit, you will have the goodness to mention it. I should be glad to hear *arguments* too, if any particularly present themselves. I promise solemnly to consider

the matter before the Lord, and to lay it before such of my companions as I think might be fitted for the work. In the meantime, I honestly acknowledge to you that I feel the claims of other parts of the world to be stronger. I trust my only wish is to know the will of God in this matter. I feel my ignorance and incapacity to judge, but He leadeth the blind by a way they know not. When you see Captain Felix, have the kindness to give him my respects. Excuse this very hurried letter, as it gets late. The Lord bless you in your labours."

While this letter shows his willingness to submit to whatever might appear to be the will of God in regard to the field of labour, it still discovers how much his heart was set upon the great object to which his life had been devoted. In the letter which follows—to Mr. Adam—he gives full scope to his feelings, and refers again to the difficulty of obtaining the consent of his friends:—

"DYSART HOUSE, *September* 17, 1826.

"MY VERY DEAR JOHN,—I daresay you expected an answer to your interesting letter long ere now, and have been attributing my silence to my wonted carelessness; but in truth this is not the case. I was cheered with the prospect of a short visit to Perth soon after receiving yours, and I thought it better to defer writing till I should know the mind of my friends concerning your very important proposal. My own opinion, excepting in so far as that of my friends and other circumstances might affect

it, was fixed almost as soon as I read your letter. With a deep and increasing conviction of the duty of going to the heathen, and with a strong impression of the advantage, and, in *my* case, almost the *necessity*, of a known and tried companion, this latter circumstance seemed to me of itself sufficient to turn my attention to a portion of the missionary field, of which, I confess, I had never before seriously thought. The language of Ruth to Naomi is the sincere expression of my feelings when I read your proposal; but, notwithstanding this, I do not yet feel quite at liberty to seal the contract, as you express it.

"On consulting my friends, I was astonished to find them even more opposed than before. There seemed to be even some disappointment that I had not by this time abandoned the idea of being a missionary altogether. Had the impulse on my mind been a mere boyish fancy, in all probability this would have been the case, exposed as I have been to influences altogether unfavourable; but I trust there is no enthusiasm in supposing that the impression has been made by the Spirit of God, when time and meditation and prayer make it deeper and deeper. Still, my relations are quite against my views. The first argument is *weakness of constitution.* Most unfortunately I happened to have a little cold on this visit home; and you remember I was rather unwell when you were with us. These trifling circumstances make my friends feel more confident in their argument. I confess

that I have felt the force of this objection very strongly; but after due consideration it does not seem to me sufficiently strong to warrant the plea of inability to enter on missionary work. I consulted the physician of Colonel Moreland's regiment on the subject. His opinion quite coincided with what I had often heard before—that no physician could predict how any particular constitution would suit a hot climate; but, in general, persons of a *thin spare habit* were more likely to stand than those who were *stouter*. This argument, you see then, I could get over, but there is yet another which my parents have strongly urged, and which is of so painful a nature that, were you not my most intimate friend, I should not lay it before you.

. . . . .

"I confess that all along it has weighed deeply with me, and has produced a greater willingness to submit to the wish of my friends in putting off for a little the final decision; but we must not be distrustful. All things are possible with God. How far ought these circumstances to weigh with me? I confess they make me hesitate to give you a decided answer, which else I should do with all my heart, in the affirmative."

The last letter which I received from him was dated September. In this letter he expresses himself with his accustomed affection, and unbosoms to me all his anxieties. Part of it, as well as of the preceding letter, I am obliged to withhold, from

motives of delicacy, though it relates to his chief difficulty in accomplishing the acquiescence of his parents in his leaving this country:—

"DYSART HOUSE, *September* 1826.

"MY VERY DEAR SIR,—I know that of late the fatigues and anxieties of public business must have pressed on you with more than ordinary severity; and when at home a few days ago I heard that, in addition to this, you had been visited with bodily distress. In these circumstances, it may seem presumptuous in me to encroach on your time and attention, but I trust you will forgive me. . . .

"When I wrote last to you I had the intention of offering myself to the London Missionary Society this summer. The only impediment was the opposition of my friends. I had already refused a good situation without consulting my father. He was rather displeased. On the offer of a second I thought it right to submit to his decision. His letter desiring me to accept, and your answer to my last letter, came by the same post. I was a good deal perplexed; but at last, against my own inclination, I submitted to parental authority. I thought this acquiescence might reconcile my parents to my ultimate design, which I still kept steadily in view. In this I am disappointed. They seem to have expected that time and new scenes of life would efface the impression. On a visit home last week I found their opposition to my leaving this country more determined than before. . . .

"I will never cease to hope, I will never cease to pray. These are calamities which my remaining in this country cannot alleviate, and yet they unnerve all my fortitude in the view of parting. Tell me how far you think this trying dispensation of Providence ought to weigh with me. Mr. Adam writes me, that he thinks of offering himself to the London Society, with a view to a station at Madras. I know the directors do not give the young men their choice as to the station they are to occupy; and, indeed, it would be wrong to do so. I trust I am ready to go to any part of the world where they think I may be most useful; but still I feel that the presence of a tried and beloved friend would be a mighty stimulus to exertion, and a great solace in trials. He talks of going in two years. Did the directors agree to such an arrangement, when should I be required to come before them? In my present situation I have only one pupil, so that I have a few hours for study. We are at present at the Earl of Rosslyn's house here, where we shall continue three or four weeks. I cannot tell what my plans are at present. I am quite confused. I think I shall stay over the winter, at all events, in this family, unless the Lord, by the indications of His providence, seem to point out some other path. I find Lord Rosslyn exceedingly kind and attentive. I trust the peep I have had at the pomp and luxury of the world has tended to convince me more decidedly that it is an unsatisfying portion. My pupil gives me great satisfaction. He has a very good mind. He is only

ten years of age, and yet enters with delight into the study of astronomy; philology he is also very fond of. I have conscientiously taught him the doctrines of the gospel. His judgment approves them; and sometimes I have thought his heart was impressed. If the Lord choose him for Himself, he may be eminently useful in the Church. His talents and family connexions open the way to very high stations."

He refers in this letter to his reading, of his diligence in which abundant evidence remains among his papers. Besides attention to the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, and to his classical reading, he abridged during this summer and autumn, with great accuracy, Horne's Introduction, Paley's Evidences, Dr. Smith's Scripture Testimony to the Messiah, and Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History. That he was not inattentive to other things is very evident from his letters.

In consequence of this letter, I wrote to his father some time after, urging the necessity of no longer opposing a desire which seemed so evidently of God, and pointing out the consequences of persisting in resistance.

A few more letters and papers will conduct us towards the closing scene.

"DYSART HOUSE, *September* 28, 1826.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I am covered with shame on reading your very kind letter, and especially on observing its date. I will make no apology, but simply beg you to forgive me, and not

to attribute my carelessness to want of affection, or even to forgetfulness of one of my dearest friends, and most highly esteemed companions.

"Your letter was indeed a refreshing one. Affliction is a blessing; and I doubt not that on looking back on the late trying dispensation of the Lord towards your family, you feel it good for you to have been afflicted. Your letter found me grovelling in the dust, wrapt in selfishness, and sunk in depression; brooding over my own vileness, and mourning the loss of privileges I had never deserved, yet regardless of the inestimable blessings which still remained. Such a letter was quite the medicine for my distempered mind. I forgot myself in sympathizing with your affliction; and the deep impression which a near view of eternity had made upon you, was I trust in some degree communicated to myself. O how difficult to keep up a *rational* conviction of the relation between time and eternity! How does our practice give the lie to our profession!

"29*th*.—I have been here a fortnight, and am likely to remain a fortnight longer, for which I am truly thankful. Here I am surrounded with Christian friends; and the value of such a privilege I feel more than ever, since I have had some experience of its loss. There is indeed an inexpressible heaviness in having no one like-minded. I have temptations here too, but I trust the Lord will uphold me. I am a good deal alone; but I must mingle a little with the society here; and to one accustomed to move in the humblest walks of life, the drawing-

room of a peer is not the place to learn humility, or to be more deeply impressed with the realities of an unseen world. Yet I trust this peep at the luxury and pomp of the world may be sanctified to me. In what very trifling do the votaries of fashion spend a life which must determine their condition in that eternal state into which time soon will usher them! Surely man at his best estate is altogether vanity. I have just come from the sick-bed of one of the servants, who has been ill since I was here last. He is in a very interesting state, and I trust has found comfort in looking to Jesus. I am anxious to hear of your brother's parish. I trust the Lord causes his work to prosper. I know you have been active in assisting him. Tell me the nature of your exertions.

"I have been a good deal depressed at the thought of my uselessness. I have done little to promote the glory of God this summer, and in study I have effected very little. My pupil gives me encouragement. I trust his mind is pretty thoroughly imbued with those precious truths of which I found him very ignorant. At times he has seemed affected. The Lord deepen and preserve these impressions. Last Saturday night I was much interested and affected by what he said. In the middle of our usual exercise he stopped, and said very earnestly, 'Eternity! Mr. Urquhart,—eternity! I have had a thought of that which I never had before.' Unwilling to interrupt his feelings, I paused, and fixing his eyes on the fire, he said in a little, with a tone of deep

earnestness: 'Well, I never was impressed till now with the necessity of believing *immediately* on the Lord Jesus Christ.' Such impressions may wear off, but I trust they will return. I am not without the hope that the Lord may raise up this child to be eminently useful in his Church. He is a very original thinker, and pursues science and literature with an ardour that is not common at so early an age."

"DYSART HOUSE, *October* 9, 1826.

"MY VERY DEAR SISTER,—I have been long expecting to hear how my father arrived, etc. And I suppose from this long silence you expect me to write first. I do not remember what arrangements my father made about writing when I saw him, but I certainly had the impression that, as I had more to excite anxiety than you, I had the best claim to have my anxiety first relieved. How did my father arrive? How are you all in regard to health, etc. How is David, the person about whom I am most anxious? These and a thousand other such questions I should like much to have answered. I beg that a letter may be sent *soon*, as, for aught I know, we may leave Dysart in a few days. I was much pleased with your letter, my dear Anne, and hope for a frequent renewal of the pleasure I have in hearing from you. You ask me to write to you about religion, and I believe the request proceeds from your heart, for I cannot think you would allow any motive whatever to make you trifle with sincerity on a subject of infinite importance. You know the

absolute necessity of *decision* in this matter. Persons of amiable dispositions are apt to be moulded into the sentiments of those around them almost without the consciousness that the opinions they have adopted are not their own, and have never had any solid foundation in their own judgment, and probably have never made any serious impression on their own heart. We must think and feel *for ourselves*, as *every one* of us shall have to answer *for himself* to God. I have nothing new to write you, my dear sister, on the subject of religion. All my little experience of a deceitful world, and a still more deceitful heart, tends only to confirm me in the belief of those grand truths which the Lord has permitted us to know from infancy. When the heart is overwhelmed with guilt there is nothing can give comfort but the consideration that Christ has made a full atonement, and the repeated declarations of Scripture that if we believe on the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved. The gospel cannot be believed till we feel that we are guilty. It is one thing to think of the death of Christ when we have no apprehensions about our state in a future world, and a very different thing indeed to catch a glimpse of this way of escape when justice has shut up every other avenue, and the wrath of God seems ready to burst upon the soul, which feels itself to be accursed. Ay, then we can estimate in some degree the value of a pardon which the Son of God had to leave heaven to procure; we can then tell something of what is meant by having peace with God;

we experience 'the blessedness of the man whose iniquities are pardoned.' Now this guilt and exposure to the wrath of God is not an imaginary case, into the belief of which we may work ourselves. It is the plain matter of fact. The Bible describes it most plainly as the state of every son and daughter of Adam. Why then will we shut our eyes to it, and rest secure and contented without applying to the remedy that has been provided?

"It is the great evil in letter-writing that we can scarcely enter on a subject when we are compelled to leave it. Nothing worth notice has occurred since my father was here. I have seen a little more of the folly of the world, and have experienced more of the weakness and worthlessness of my own heart."

"TENNOCH SIDE, *October* 26, 1826.

"MY DEAR SISTER,—I believe you owe me a letter, but as I am not very punctual in paying my debts in that way in general, it may perhaps atone for some long-delayed epistle to have sent *one* at least before it was due. I often think that my letters are too abstract to interest you, and that this discourages you from writing freely to me. I have seen parts of the country you have never visited, and have sometimes thought of sending you some descriptions of scenery, etc. But really I have no head for description. Trees and fields and rivers occur everywhere, and were I to tell you what I have seen in that way, it would only recall the scenes you yourself are familiar with, for I have not the *tact* of classifying and arranging these elements of natural

description so as to form any distinct picture of a particular landscape. But I have made a journey lately where there were no trees, no fields; there was a river, indeed, beside us, but fish never swam in it; and in the air, far around, a bird had never been known to fly. After this mysterious introduction, I feel obliged to apologize for my subject. But after all, I can assure you, though you may hear people talk with great contempt of a *coal-pit*, you may travel many a mile in this world of light and sunshine without seeing anything half so wonderful as the coal-mines at Dysart. But this I should have left you to guess *after* my description, for I fear after having said so I shall fail to make you think as I say. Well, to fall upon the subject without further preface. Having made an engagement the day before with my good friend Mr. Barclay, who conducts the work, and who promised to equip me for the expedition, I repaired to his house early after breakfast. I found only one dress had been procured, which they insisted on giving to me. I wish you had seen us as we set out. You can fancy my slender body, wrapt in a sailor's jacket and trousers which had been made for a stout man, and crowned with an immense old hat, which had an irresistible tendency to rest upon my shoulders. After half an hour's walk in this fantastic attire, during which time I afforded some merriment to the natives, and felt now and then a little hesitation on the subject of personal identity, we reached the place of descent. [illegible]endicular shaft, with a wooden partition

in the middle, reaching to the bottom. On one side of this partition are placed short wooden ladders, in a zigzag direction, from top to bottom of the pit. Having each lighted his candle, we addressed ourselves to the work of descending, and were right glad, after some fatigue and no little weariness, to find that we had reached the bottom. At this spot we were about half a mile from the shaft where the coals are taken up. Mr. Barclay led the way with a lantern, and after we had followed for some time, we began to perceive that we had entered a spacious gallery, the roof about twelve feet high. By the glimmer of our candles on the right hand, the wall seemed to be solid, but on the left, now and then appeared a spacious gloomy cavern, which seemed to turn at right angles to the route we were pursuing, but how far we could not tell; all beyond a few yards was covered with an impenetrable darkness. To let you know more than I did when surveying these gloomy regions, we were walking in what miners call *the level*, which is excavated in a horizontal direction (as its name imports), in a line at right angles to the direction which the stratum dips. In this way a level channel is obtained for the water that accumulates, without passing from the vein of coal, which you will easily perceive could not be accomplished by running a mine in any other direction. In that case, if you follow the coal you must descend with the stratum; if you keep a level you leave the coal. The caverns on our left hand were the *workings* which are always

wrought upwards; hence we had none on our right hand. On this side *a river* flowed which was supplied by tributary streams that issued from the caverns I have attempted to describe, or sometimes by a water-fall, where the roof had given way. Hitherto the murmur of the stream had alone broken the dreary stillness of these caverns, and the feeble rays of our candles had only made visible the darkness they could not dissipate; but now other sounds and sights began to burst upon us; a fire was seen blazing in the distance, and a number of motley faces, which still preserved some colours that could reflect the light (reflected by nothing else), danced and gleamed before us like the figures in a magic-lantern. The clanking of chains and the trampling of horses were now distinctly heard; and a hollow sound as of distant thunder grumbled through the subterranean vaults, as the loaded baskets (I might almost call them waggons) were dragged along. We had now in fact arrived at the pit where the coals are raised by a steam-engine; and by that time I was as much tired with my walk as I now am in describing it. We had not yet travelled over half the ground; but as the rest of our journey was more expeditious, I hope to make the description more brief. A train of empty baskets were ready to move, in which we made very comfortable seats of straw. Our horse was harnessed, our lights adjusted, and in a few minutes we started at full trot to explore the yet unseen ·es of this endless labyrinth. What we saw

here was just what we had seen before, till we arrived, after travelling another mile, at the place where the men were at work. Here the air was very close, from the smoke of their lamps, and we were glad to make our way back on loaded baskets, though contrary to the laws of those realms. We took no candles in returning, as a lamp is attached to each train of baskets. By accident this only remaining light went out about the middle of our journey, and we were left in darkness, of which those above ground can form no conception. Our horse continued to canter along as if nothing had happened, at a rate that made it a little difficult for me to keep my seat. In some time a twinkling lamp again appeared in the distance, on passing which things went on as before. The baskets we travelled in are set on wheels which move on a railway. The horses are in excellent condition, and have very good stables in the mine. They never see the light of day from the time they are first lowered down. Of our return I need not describe further.

"When you have read the above confused description, read the twenty-eighth chapter of Job, and tell me if it does not throw some light on the sublime description there. If not, I have failed to represent to you what I have seen. Man can indeed do much; but, after all, his power is limited. He can put forth his hand upon the rocks, and overturn the mountains by the roots. He can cut out rivers among the rocks; he can bind the flood from overflowing. His eye seeth every precious thi

and the thing that is hid he bringeth forth to light. But where shall Wisdom be found? God alone knoweth the way thereof; and oh, let us thank Him with our whole hearts, that what human skill could never have discovered, He has freely made known to us by the gospel. Man can 'bore the solid earth;' but the depth saith of this wisdom, 'It is not in me.' Man can fathom the ocean and explore its hidden caverns; but the sea saith, 'It is not with me.' In what a pitiable condition is man, with all his boasted wisdom, without Divine revelation! O how thankful then should we be, that this precious gift, the gift of heavenly wisdom, is freely offered to all! It is easily accessible to every individual. No careful and laborious search is to be made ere we can discover it; no difficult task to be performed ere we can deserve it. 'Say not then in thine heart,' etc. (read the passage, Rom. x. 8; and the parallel verses, Deut. xxx. 11-15).

"Let us embrace with eagerness and joy the precious truths that God has revealed to us. Pardon and reconciliation and spiritual renovation are the gifts that are offered. They are not to be compared in value to any earthly thing. They have been purchased by the blood of Christ, and are offered to us for nothing. O let us not then despise or neglect these invaluable gifts, which the possession of a thousand worlds could not enable us to purchase!"

"DYSART HOUSE, *October* 13, 1826.

"MY DEAR TRAIL,—Perhaps I should have written but I trust you will not attribute this delay

to want of affection. I trust this will find you a preacher of the gospel, and I am sure, if once all external barriers are removed, the state of those around you will constrain you to be instant in season and out of season. You mention having heard from our dear friend Adam, and I suppose he addressed you on the subject which has taken possession of his whole soul. Have you been thinking more of the missionary work? I feel the argument for personal engagement every day more strong; and if there are times when I have a longing persuasion that it may be my duty to remain at home, they are times when the chilling influence of the world has cooled every holy affection. This convinces me more than anything that the matter is of God.

"I had a letter from Mr. Adam yesterday, who seems to think of Madras as the place of his destination. I suppose he had begun to study Sanscrit when he wrote to you. He goes on with it. I could have wished much to accompany John Adam, but many circumstances seem to demand a considerable delay on my part. May the Lord make me submissive. I know His ways are the best. Generally, on looking back, we can see that every step we took was necessary for our welfare, although when we took these steps all was darkness and perplexity; 'The Lord leadeth the blind by a way that they know not.' It is a privilege even to be blind if we have such a Leader. Since we came here, the Earl of Rosslyn's family have been all at home, and there has been a good deal of company.

"I feel that the near approach of rank and fashion has a strong though almost imperceptible influence in superinducing a spirit of worldliness. Every new scene that opens to me convinces me that the world in which we live is more dangerous than ever I imagined, and every new temptation shows me that my strength is utter weakness. How difficult to learn the lesson of our own utter worthlessness! Experience alone can teach it. O that we may be enabled to look more simply to Christ alone! In Him we are complete. Through Christ strengthening us we can do all things. I thank you for your kind present, and for your still kinder advices. Pray for me, that the Lord would uphold me; for I feel that I walk on slippery places.

"We return soon to the neighbourhood of Glasgow, where I expect to spend the winter."

"DYSART HOUSE, *October* 16, 1826.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I have just been conning over your very interesting letter, by way of foraging for my own pen, for I fear this will be a very barren and uninteresting letter. It is now about five weeks since Colonel Moreland's family came to Dysart, and on leaving our former residence I was permitted to pay a visit to Perth, which was doubly sweet to me from having been removed for a time from all who were like-minded. One thing I was much disappointed in: my parents showed a more determined opposition than ever to my going to the heathen. I had hoped that by this time they would have been quite reconciled, and I had formed

my plans accordingly. I have now no plan. I am waiting till the Lord, by His providence, point out the way to me. Even my dear John Adam recommends delay in my circumstances. I fear he must leave me behind him, for I suppose, to be qualified to go with him, even as an assistant, I should require to be in London immediately. But it is well that we should have our plans frustrated. God has marked out the way for us already, and it is very presumptuous in us to try to mark it out for ourselves. I feel that the present is very apt to be overlooked in laying schemes for the future, and the opportunities of usefulness that daily present themselves are apt to be neglected in the imagination of still more favourable opportunities that are to come. This is evidently a device of Satan's. How many precepts have we in Scripture to guard us against delusion!

"Since I have been here, I have seen a good deal of what is called *the world*. Lord Rosslyn's family has been at home, and there has been a good deal of company. There is a fascination about rank, and fashion, and gaiety, and splendour, which has an almost imperceptible influence even on the heart that is conscious of their utter vanity. The smile of the world is more dangerous than its frown; and the kindness and attention of those who are called great have a strong tendency to lead away from the simplicity that is in Christ. This I have in some degree experienced.

"I do not know whether I ever wrote anyth[illegible]

about my pupil. He is a boy of a very affectionate and amiable disposition; and, if I am not mistaken, he has an intellect of no ordinary cast. But he has been quite spoiled, he has never been accustomed to obey anybody, and has never been punished for a fault. Of course, you can see in such a case I have a good deal to try me, but yet I have encouragement too. He has been several times a good deal impressed with the doctrines of the gospel, and though these impressions may wear off again, at present they give encouragement to hope and pray that the heart which has been influenced by them may be sooner or later entirely subjugated to the Lord. I rejoice to hear of your exertion in your neighbourhood. Persevere, my dear friend. I mean to renew my efforts to have a meeting near Tennoch Side. I am not in a condition for writing on Mr. Grove's pamphlet at present, as it is some time since I read it, and I have not a copy here with me. I feel in a very peculiar manner towards Mr. Grove, though I have never see him. I would travel a good way to meet with him. Give him my respectful and affectionate compliments. I will not send any expression of affectionate regard for my dear Nesbit, for I indulge a hope of seeing him in Edinburgh. I like the general outline of the Hamiltonian system very much. I have adopted it so far in Hebrew as to take all the assistance I can from our English translation, at the same time examining the grammatical structure of each word. *Pray for* me, my dear brother. I have need of your

prayers, for I am in a very cold and lifeless state.—Ever, my dearest Henry, yours most affectionately."

"TENNOCH SIDE, *November* 16, 1826.

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,—For some time back I have *every day* been thinking of answering your very kind letter. I had actually sat down some days ago, but finding I had nothing of importance to communicate, I felt unwilling to break without a cause upon your very valuable time; but I cannot resist the pleasure of conversing with you for a little, for it is now some time since I have talked with a Christian friend. . . .

"I am back to my hermitage, and have been here for three weeks. All around is more dreary now than ever, and in other respects external circumstances are no better than they were; and yet I know nothing of that strange dejection which pressed so heavy on me before. I wish you would destroy anything I wrote to you then, as—if I wrote as I felt—I must have appeared to you little other than a fool or a madman. I cannot help thinking, on looking back, that I was afflicted with a lighter species of the most dreadful malady that can visit a rational being. I do in earnest thank the Lord that I now enjoy not only health of body, but that little valued, but highly precious blessing, soundness of mind. I cannot say that the advice of your last letter did not damp me a little. But you are right; I must wait till the Lord direct me. If you must go without me, I think I can bear it. All my

experience tells me that I want a tried friend to lean upon (a sentiment, by the way, which you strangely misinterpreted in a letter to Scott); and such I hoped you might be to me; but I see my error. I must lean upon Christ. I am more convinced than ever that happiness depends little on what is without. O for a closer walk with God! for this alone, in any circumstances, can give true enjoyment. I have seen a good deal of the gaiety of the world since I saw you. It is all vanity. I have learned that lords and ladies are just men and women. It is probable that we return to Lord Rosslyn's at Christmas, to remain some time. So you see I am quite a pilgrim. 'We have no abiding city here.' That reminds me of a delightful month at Homerton, and of many a change since."

"TENNOCH SIDE, *November* 1826.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I trust you continue to enjoy, in some degree, the measure of health and freedom from pain which you did when I last had the pleasure of seeing you; but the uncomfortable weather we have had for some time almost forbids me to think so. Whichever way it is, I know that you refer it to the Lord, who doeth all things well. It is in kindness that He afflicts, and it is in kindness too that He sometimes gives a short respite from suffering. Perhaps it is in such seasons that the benefit of affliction is most felt. In the midst of severe distress the most serene mind must be agitated; and it is difficult to feel that the Lord

afflicts because He loves us. In such circumstances David was beginning to fear that the Lord had forsaken him; it was only by escaping from himself, as it were, that he could find comfort. 'This is my infirmity,' said he, 'I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High;' or, as some translate it, 'the *change* of the right hand of the Most High,' that is, His varied dispensations in dealing with His people. But when severer suffering is for a while removed, there is often a holy calmness that pervades the soul, and the remaining affliction, instead of ruffling the mind as before, has a soothing influence; and, like the exercise of fasting, melts the whole soul into willing submission to the Divine will. It is with bodily affliction, in some respects, as it is with the diseases of the mind—

'When the wounds of woe are healing,
When the heart is all resigned,—
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,
'Tis the Sabbath of the mind.'

"This sacred repose I am sure you have often felt, and have thought the trouble well worth the bearing which yielded such peaceable fruits. Such seasons are the earnests of that rest which remaineth for the people of God. It is an acquiescence in the Divine will that causes this holy calm within the breast. How sweet and sacred must that *rest* be which remaineth for us! Then all the dispensations of God will have wrought together in producing *perfect resignation* to the will of our heavenly

Father. Surely this must be perfect peace. Let us welcome, then, all that fits us for such a state of holy enjoyment. *All things* work together for our good. You will excuse me for writing on a subject of which I may be supposed to know little. True, I have had little bodily affliction, but I have not lived eighteen years in such a world without tasting the bitterness of sorrow. You know some trials that have pressed heavily upon me. You have been long severely afflicted, and if anything I can write can suggest any consolation, I shall esteem it a high honour to have been permitted to minister to one of the saints."

"TENNOCH SIDE, *November* 30, 1826.

"MY DEAR TRAIL,—The important subject of your letter has been much in my thoughts, and often in my prayers since I received it. I have felt a reluctance to write, from a feeling of the deep responsibility of influencing you in so momentous a matter, and from a consciousness of utter unfitness for the task you impose on me. On many accounts I am not the person to advise you. The book of Providence is often difficult to interpret, and I will not pretend to offer an opinion on the particular passage of it you have laid before me in your own history. We do well to remember, however, that the devil can quote from this declaration of the Divine will, as well as from his written Word, to give effect and [illegible]sibility to his temptations. Perhaps we can be sure that we interpret the Divine Provi- aright, in deciding a doubtful question of duty,

except when the mind has been duly exercised by prayer in regard to the subject connected with the particular event, or chain of events, under consideration. If the mind thus prepared has a particular bent, which is favoured or not opposed by external circumstances, I think in such a case we have rational grounds for supposing that prayer has been answered, and the desired direction has been given. Since supernatural communications have ceased, I see not how prayer can be otherwise answered. And there is no scope for the working of enthusiasm in obeying this inward impulse, when we limit it by the declarations of Scripture, and confine it to those points of conduct which, as you observe, are left undetermined by the sacred Word. This is the course you have pursued, I doubt not. It is the course I have tried to pursue. The Lord will direct us, my dear Trail. He who has made the path plain hitherto will direct us still. I am tired of laying plans, they have been so often frustrated. After all, I see that I have been ever too anxious about the future; and all such anxiety is useless, for the Lord will lead the blind by a way that they know not.

"My views with regard to missions are still much the same. The gospel is for mankind, for the world; and why should one little island contain *nearly all* the messengers of peace? The little success in some parts is no discouragement, nor does it even show that men had run where they were not sent. Remember the first attempts in Tahiti. Consider

the continent of Asia. John Adam remains in London, preparing, I suppose, for India. I say nothing of Rentoul, as I hope you have met him at St. Andrews; if so, remember me very affectionately to him, also to Duff and W. Alexander. Craik and Brown remain in Exeter. I have not yet heard of Nesbit's arrival in Scotland. I am anxious to hear how matters go on in St. Andrews this winter."

He wrote in the month of November a paper on "Fiction as a Medium of Religious Instruction," which was inserted in the *Christian Herald*, a periodical work published in Edinburgh.

CHAPTER VI.

The commencement of his last illness—Extract from his Journal—Letter to Mr. Tait—Letter to Mr. Craik—Letter to his father—Letter from Mr. Ewing to his father—Letter from Mrs. Ewing to the same—Letter from Mrs. Ewing, giving an account of his illness and death—Letter from Miss Cathcart on the same subject—His death—Letter from Dr. Chalmers to his father—Lines addressed to John by a friend—Concluding observations on his character and death.

THE time now drew nigh when my beloved friend was to be removed from this delusive and suffering world to the "unsuffering kingdom" of his adorable Lord. For that state of ineffable bliss he had been for a considerable time preparing, under the discipline of Providence and the sanctifying grace of the Redeemer. In knowledge he had far outstripped his equals of his own age; in zeal and devotedness he occupied the front rank of a chosen band of youthful associates; and in the feelings and exercises of humility he lay lower than the lowest. The measure of his spiritual stature was now completed, and the full reward of glory was made ready for him by Him whom he loved. I feel myself incapable of describing the closing scenes, and shall therefore leave them in a great measure to be told by others.

From a child he gave evidence of possessing a constitution of peculiar delicacy, which was therefore liable to be affected, both mentally and physically, by many causes which do not operate powerfully on persons of a robust and hardy temperament. The symptoms of a morbid depression which appeared during the summer of 1826, were only, I apprehend, the harbingers of the fatal attack by which he was appointed to be removed from this world. I fear it was not discovered in time that the brain was the origin of his complaints; the intense and unceasing action of the mind proving too powerful for his delicate bodily frame. In the mysterious arrangement of Providence, it would seem that whatever arrives very early at perfection is destined to be soon cut off. Premature growth is generally followed by a premature end. The case of Urquhart is very similar to those of Durant and Kirke White; and the inimitably beautiful lines which Lord Byron applies to the latter are, I conceive, equally applicable to my young friend. It is singular that the passage to which I refer was transcribed by him into a scrap-book entitled "Extracts in Poetry from various Authors," only a short time before his death:—

"Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science' self destroyed her favourite son!
Yes! she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the fatal blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low.
So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,

Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft which quivered in his heart.
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel:
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

The last entry in his journal describes the commencement of the attack which terminated his earthly career, and gives a most delightful view of the state of his mind. "The ruling passion," his devoted attachment to the missionary cause, appears strong even in death. To be withdrawn from this work was the only thing which excited his regret or extorted the expression of painful feeling; yet even in regard to that his mind appeared perfectly subdued.

"*December* 1826.

"*Wednesday* 13*th.*—An excessive languor and weakness has prevented me from studying regularly this week. Had a long conversation with the gardener last night, whom I find to be a very shrewd man. He is quite a Scotchman. The contrast, in point of intellect and acquired knowledge, between him and the English servants in the family is very striking. Yet they have travelled a good deal, and have nearly one-third of the day at their own disposal. His knowledge has been picked up in his own cottage and those around it. He argues well on the doctrines of Christianity; but I fear, as is the case, alas! with many of our countrymen, the head is engaged more than the heart.

"14*th.*—Rose to-day at a quarter to eight. Read

half a chapter of the Greek Testament, second chapter of Joshua in Hebrew. Dr. Cokely called to-day and pronounces my illness an affection of the liver. This has distressed me a good deal, as it may unfit me for the East, which I have long contemplated as the scene of my labours. But the Lord knows what is best. If He hedge up the way I *may* not walk in it. I *would* not if I might. I begin a course of medicine on Friday, which I pray God may bless for the restoration of my health, that my body may be fitted for His service. If this be not His will, I know that the destruction of this body will perfect the soul, and fit it for a higher and a holier service in the heavenly temple :—

'O most delightful hour by man
Experienced here below;
That hour which terminates his span,
His sorrow and his woe.'

"14*th*.—Not so weak this morning, but able to accomplish little in the way of study. Prepared and attended my meeting. This is always a refreshment. I was enabled to speak with earnestness and feeling on the mercy and the justice of our God. My breathing a good deal affected to-night in walking. Though the night is wet I feel better since I have been out."

How delightful it is to find that to the very last he laboured in his Master's service, and seemed to derive fresh strength from doing the will of God.

To his friend Tait he wrote the following inter-
ter on the 19th of December :—

"TENNOCH SIDE, *December* 19, 1826.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—This world through which we are passing is a desert, and no wonder that its dreariness should depress our spirits. Our souls too are suffering under a loathsome disease; and if we are sensible of its loathsomeness, no wonder that we sometimes abhor our own selves. But the desert through which we travel leads to our home, and we have an all-powerful remedy for the disease that preys upon our souls. True, sin will struggle on, and the old man will fight for the mastery as long as he may, but we shall soon leave the wilderness and all its sufferings behind us. Strange that we should ever wish to linger! You remember that beautiful hymn—

'There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.'

"I fear some one must be found to supply my place among the number of intending missionaries. You know that I have not been bent from what I thought the course of duty by the arguments of men; but now God has spoken in a way which I think (but I am not sure) is decisive. I have been sickly for some weeks, and it turns out to be inflammation of the liver. I have been taking the usual course of mercurial pills for some days, and the Doctor orders the side to be blistered to-morrow. I wished to write before I am quite laid up, chiefly to request you to tell me all about St. Andrews when you return. I hoped to have visited it soon, but the Lord has determined otherwise. Pray for me that whether death or life be in this cup, the Lord may enable me to drink it with cheerfulness. Remember that I am literally in a land of strangers. Not a single Christian friend to whisper consolation, none to whom I can pour forth the feelings of my soul."

Whether the means resorted to were those best suited to his case I pretend not to say, but while a partial recovery was effected, the disease would seem still to have gone on. To his esteemed friend Craik, at Exeter, he wrote at different times the following letter:—

"TENNOCH SIDE, *December* 1826.

"I have to thank you, my dear brother, for two affectionate letters since I wrote last. Your last was a letter of mourning, and yet it refreshed me much, and comforted me. It was but a day or two

after that I had a letter from our dear friend Tait, breathing the same strain of lamentation for worldliness, and panting after a closer walk with God. We are all one family, my brother, and what wonder that the feelings of our hearts are *one*, while banished from our home, and wandering amid dangers, fighting with powerful enemies, and surrounded by strangers who know us not, or who know us only to hate us. But let us take courage. 'The night is far spent, the day is at hand.' Weeping may endure for a night, but joy *will* come in the morning. It is not always by light and faith and joy that the Lord answers prayer for spirituality of mind. There is great truth in that hymn of Newton's—

'I asked the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly His face.

I hoped that in some favoured hour,
At once He 'd answer my request;
And by His love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

Instead of this, He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

Lord, why is this? I trembling cried;
Wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death?
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou mayst seek thy all in Me."'

... "Why does God leave us *so long* in a world of sin? Why were His ancient people forty years in travelling through the wilderness? Why are we exposed to so many temptations? It is because He will not only deliver us, but will show us the horror of that state from which we have been delivered. And the more we know of our own vileness, shall not our praise be the louder when we join in that glorious anthem, 'Unto him that loved us'?

"I have been a mourner too. New circumstances have presented new temptations, and the Lord has shown me my utter weakness. Once I thought my heart could not be viler than I knew it to be; but God has led me, as He did His prophet of old, from one scene of iniquity to another; and when I have thought that now I have seen all, He has opened some secret place within my breast and showed me 'greater abominations still.' Nor am I sure that I know yet the depths of iniquity that are within me. How easy to pass among men as pious and holy! They compare themselves among themselves. You talk about passing the Rubicon, my dear brother. The river of death is the Rubicon. Not till we have passed *it* shall we be completely freed from the world and from its cares. I say this, because I remember feeling as I think you do. I thought, did I decidedly give up the hope of worldly honours and comforts by deciding on the missionary life, I should no more be harassed by the cares or allured by the vanities of earth. But it is not so. To think *much* of the Saviour is the only way to be made

like Him. I like much your plan regarding Ireland. I do think your talents, and also those of our friend Brown, are quite of a cast for it. It has been urged much upon *me,* but you know well I am not the person for such a scene. You ask me concerning *my* plans. I have no plan at present. If Colonel Moreland goes to Edinburgh in April, I may probably stay a little longer with him. Some information I got to-day has distressed me a good deal, as it makes me fear that I shall never be fit for a warm climate. I have been drooping and sickly for some weeks. To-day the doctor has come from Glasgow, and pronounces my illness an affection of the liver. He thinks there is no inflammation, and that a course of medicine will remove this attack. I am able to go about, though not very fit for study, and have merely a slight pain, like rheumatism, in my arm and side. Rentoul, Alexander, Duff, and Trail are in St. Andrews. My meeting here is confined to young people; thirteen or fourteen attend. There is no village. They come from scattered cottages. Of course I do not preach, I talk to them. My meeting with them always refreshes and invigorates me. We go perhaps to Dysart at Christmas. I may perhaps have an opportunity of visiting St. Andrews."

"This is Christmas-day, and it is well for me the family have not moved. John Adam has written me lately; he is well, and goes on with his plan of preaching occasionally.

"The other part of this letter was written a considerable time ago; but I thought it better, since I had mentioned my illness, not to send it off till I should see what the issue might be. Decided symptoms of inflammation soon appeared; but I am glad to say that the Lord has blessed the means employed to remove the disease. At least we think so at present. You must excuse me for not writing more, as I am excessively weak. I have ate very little, and have been allowed to eat nothing nourishing for some time. Add to this, that I have had a good deal of medicine, and a blister on my side, and you will not wonder that I am much reduced. I can add no more at present, but that I am ever your friend and brother in the strongest bonds."

The last letter he wrote was to his father, though the painful event that so soon followed was then little anticipated:—

"TENNOCH SIDE, *December* 27, 1826.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—Christmas is passed, and I am afraid you will be expecting me. This is the reason, I suppose, that my many letters have produced no answers. The family do not go to Dysart; and in my present circumstances that has been a great blessing to me. I may venture to tell you, now that I am better, that I have had rather a serious illness—inflammation of the liver. I had been very weak for some time, loathing food, and oppressed with a pain in my arm and side, which I *called* rheumatism. Mrs. Moreland had the kind-

ness to send for the doctor of the regiment, who prescribed great abstinence; the blue pill to be taken every night; and lastly, a large blister for the right side. It has pleased God to bless these means for the removal of the disease. Of course I am very much reduced. I have been treated with as much kindness as if I had been at home, by the housekeeper especially, who always dressed my blister, and watched me like a mother. I could not have looked for such kindness in a land of strangers. The Lord can raise up friends wherever we are; but I have had no Christian to whom I could open my heart. But the Lord is here.—With love to all, I am ever your affectionate son."

This letter was written when he must have been very ill, as he found it necessary to leave Colonel Moreland's on the 2d or 3d of January, with a view to return home. He got as far as Glasgow; and, under the hospitable roof of Mr. Ewing, received that kind welcome which had invariably been shown him from the first period of his acquaintance with that excellent family. The following letter, addressed by Mr. Ewing to his father, is important, as it shows the progress of the complaint, the means which were employed to arrest it, and the deep interest which was taken in the amiable sufferer:—

"GLASGOW, *January* 5, 1827.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to inform you that your son came to us two days ago rather in a poor

state of health. I suppose he must have informed you some weeks ago of his having pain in his side, for which the regimental surgeon (who seems a very respectable man) ordered a course of mercury; that is now finished, but seems to have reduced our young friend to a state of great weakness. Nevertheless the doctor says he sees no cause for alarm, as there is little or no fever in his pulse; but there is no getting him to follow advice in taking his food. We hoped he would have cheered up a little here, from conversation and nourishment, but I am sorry to say we are disappointed. I think it my duty, therefore, to beg that, if possible, either you or his mother will come here in the beginning of the week, to endeavour to prevail with him to take nourishment, and to consult with his medical attendant what is best to be done. If he persist in neglecting his food he cannot get better. I grieve to write thus, but we are quite at a loss, for we cannot urge him, and he does not appear to be at present a good judge in his own case. I am writing without his knowledge, for when I proposed it before, he refused to let me."

His father, it may be supposed, lost no time in proceeding to Glasgow; but before he could reach it the most melancholy progress had been made by the fatal disease. Other medical aid had been called in, and that which had been supposed to be an affection of the liver was discovered to be an affection of the brain, on which an effusion had taken place, which ac-

counts for the comatose state into which he had been sinking for some days, till at last it had deprived him of all consciousness, and left no hope of a recovery.

My esteemed friend Mrs. Ewing, who watched his dying bed with a mother's anxiety, has furnished me with a full and interesting account of his last days, which, together with the additional information supplied by her valued relative Miss Cathcart, who also acted the part of a tender nurse, the reader, I am sure, will be pleased to receive in their own words:—

"He came in here on the Wednesday preceding the one on which he died, and seemed very weak and much worn-out with the drive; but told me he was now quite free of pain or complaint, except weakness and sickness when he took food. He said he had been so very ill, that though he never was insensible, he had felt what he never had before,—that he could not pronounce the words he wished to say. He appeared to me highly nervous; and, till his illness took a more serious turn, I had the idea, which the medical attendant confirmed, that it was a hysterical case, from weakness. Both the surgeon and himself thought he was able for the journey to Perth, but he was persuaded to stop till the Friday, and take one day's rest. No ticket was to be had, providentially, for Friday: for we should have attributed his illness and death to the journey had he gone. But it is very probable, though the ticket had been got, he could not have been conveyed to the coach, as we could never get him to sit

up after the Thursday night, though he told the doctor he was better, and that he had had five hours' sleep. His pulse also was better that day. That night, however, we thought him worse, and got a careful sick-nurse, in whom we could confide, to be in his room all night. Next day the surgeon called, and on examining his eyes, and trying him in every way to make him speak, he requested more assistance, and told us, what the other medical man confirmed, that it was a very bad case of suffusion on the brain. He continued quite insensible that night and next morning, and the medical gentleman then thought it was hastening to a close. His father arrived at eleven, but John did not know him when first he came. When Mr. Ewing came in from the forenoon service, it struck me there was more intelligence in Mr. Urquhart's face, and I begged of him to come up and speak to him and pray; which, to gratify me, he did, for he had no hope himself, thinking I fancied I saw what I so eagerly wished. Mr. Ewing spoke a few sentences on the hope of the gospel, as suited to one in the near prospect of death, and the glory, honour, and immortality that were treasured up in heaven for those whose trust was in the Lord Jesus Christ, and then prayed for him as seemingly near death. You may believe I watched narrowly the effect of this, and observed him exceedingly agitated and affected. When Mr. Ewing finished, his hands, which he had not moved for many hours, I saw him

and therefore I raised the clothes, when he stretched out his hand and pressed Mr. Ewing's, and smiled. Mr. Ewing said, 'Do you know me?' when he said, 'Do not I know Mr. Ewing?' After this he lay above an hour quite motionless, but apparently to me in meditation and prayer. At the end of that period he observed and named me, and said, 'My mind is quite calm now.' I said, 'I trust your hope is fixed on the Rock of Ages?' He three times replied, in a most impressive way, 'Yes; my hope is *fixed* on the *Rock of Ages.*' I went on speaking for a little in the same way, saying, You will find it 'a sure foundation;' that Christ is able to save to the *uttermost;* that He is *a very present help* in trouble; that the hope set before us in His blessed gospel is a *glorious hope.* His weakness seemed not to permit him to say much, but he repeated the emphatic words in each passage, in a tone of exultation I think I hear yet, and with a countenance beaming with delight. Knowing the state of insensibility from which he seemed newly recovered, I felt a kind of half fear at his only repeating what I said, and stopped,—when he went on himself with two or three passages importing the full triumph of faith. But now I remember only one—it was, '*I know* that nothing shall separate *me* from the *love of God,* which is in Christ Jesus *my Lord;*' but it is impossible to convey an idea of the tone and manner. It made all in the room weep abundantly except myself. I was thankful I could command my feelings on his account. From that time till

within an hour or two of his death, and long after he ceased to speak or see, whenever he heard Mr. Ewing's voice he ceased his moaning or laborious breathing to listen, or when any of us repeated a passage of Scripture.

"You will remember first introducing him to my husband, and I have often thought we owed to the fondness of that interview excited in both to each other the honour God granted us of having him to minister to in his illness and death. . . . I cannot but hope the Lord will bless the memoir to many souls. Surely such a bright star has not, in the short space it was seen, reflected all it was lighted up for of the glory of God."

The following are extracts from Miss Cathcart's letter:—

"We have witnessed a very painful and solemn scene in the death of that dear child of God. Much mercy was mixed with the trying dispensation. . . . In all his wanderings not a murmur or complaint was heard. When he was collected and prayed aloud, it was most delightful to hear him pouring out his heart to God in such humble and scriptural language. I wish the self-righteous had heard him declare that if he got where he deserved he would be in hell-fire, and that he had nothing to plead but the mercy of God through the righteousness of Christ. At times when unable to speak he appeared sensible, by the placid smile on his countenance. When Mr. Ewing was praying, and when he men-

tioned any of the cheering promises in the gospel to believers, Urquhart would say, 'Yes! yes!' with great emphasis. At one time when his poor father asked the state of his mind, he replied, 'In perfect peace, stayed on God,' and repeated a second time, 'stayed on God.' One morning he asked me if his father was up. I asked him if he wished to see him; he replied, 'Yes.' When he came he said, 'John, do you know your father?' to which he replied, 'I know my father;' and then Mr. Urquhart said, 'I hope you know your Father in heaven, who, I trust, has prepared a mansion for you.' I think the sweet youth said, 'I believe there is.' At another time when nobody was in his sight I heard him say, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' When alone in his room, but not that he could see me, he said, 'Who is there?' I went to his bed-side and said, 'Miss Cathcart,' thinking he might not know my voice; he replied, 'When did you come here?' I said, 'I have been with you all the time you have been ill here, and I feed you with what you eat;' he said, 'I am happy to have my friends with me.' I replied, 'You have a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother.' 'Yes,' he added, 'Jesus Christ is a friend who sticketh closer than a brother; but all the Lord's people are interested in each other.' At times when we did not think he knew us, he showed us he did by naming us, or holding out his hand, and expressed anxiety for Mrs. Ewing fatiguing herself by different times saying, 'My beloved Mrs. Ewing, lie down beside me.' The most heart-rend-

ing scene I ever witnessed was on the Tuesday night before his death. Mr. Urquhart came into the room, and at the bed-side gave up in prayer his son to the Lord, when all the yearning of the afflicted parent was expressed, and the submission of the Christian exemplified. Some present thought John sensible and agitated, but I was so much distressed myself that I did not observe. The poor father is much to be pitied, who says he has lost his child, son, friend, counsellor, and comforter. My friend Mrs. Smith's husband told me he had never been at a funeral where such a feeling of regret was shown. The sick-nurse and the servants paid him the greatest attention, and many tears they shed for him. He told us how very kind Colonel and Mrs. Moreland had been to him, also that the housekeeper had been quite like a mother to him during his illness."

His death took place on Wednesday the 10th of January 1827, when he was only eighteen years and six months old. His career was short, but interesting, useful, and glorious. However mysterious it may appear to us it was doubtless well with him, and Christ, who was gain to him in life, proved to him gain in death also. His course was calm, holy, and consistent; its termination was peaceful and happy. It was improved by Mr. Ewing on the following Lord's day from Psalm cxvi. 15: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." It produced, among many others, the following letter from Dr. Chalmers to his father:—

"St. Andrews, *January* 15, 1827.

"My dear Sir,—I cannot refrain from offering my condolence on the late melancholy bereavement wherewith it hath pleased a mysterious Providence to visit you. I received the intelligence by a letter from Mr. Ewing, which I circulated among the numerous friends and acquaintances of your son in this place. His death has created a great sensation among his fellow-students, by whom he was held in the highest reverence and regard, which feelings were shared also by the Professors, several of whom I heard expressing their utmost regret, and affirming him to be the most distinguished, in point of ability and good conduct, of all the disciples who ever attended them. I yesterday communicated the afflicting intelligence to the children of my Sabbath-school. They both knew and loved him, he having taken charge of their religious instruction for one session of College. They were evidently affected by the melancholy news.

"To your Christian mind there is a far richer consolation than that which is afforded by the report or the remembrance of his first-rate talents, talents which would have raised him to the highest summits of learning and philosophy had he not wished to consecrate them all to the service of his Redeemer. Your best and most precious comforts under this heavy dispensation are to be drawn from the consideration of that faith by which he was actuated; of that grace which animated his heart and adorned his history; of that glory for

the enjoyment of which he was so ripened and prepared; in a word, of that promise that they who sleep in Jesus shall meet again in that country where sorrow and separation are alike unknown.

"Few parents are called to sustain so severe a loss as you have now done; but with few, very few indeed, is the loss tempered by such precious alleviations.—I am, my dear sir, yours, with sympathy and regard, THOMAS CHALMERS."

The following lines addressed to him by one of his correspondents were indeed sadly prophetical of the event which so soon after took place. They are simple and beautifully descriptive of the feelings, not of the writer only, but of his friend, and strikingly applicable to his last closing scene:—

2 TIMOTHY IV. 6.

"The Christian Pilgrim bid depart,
Departs without a sigh,
Fear can no longer chill his heart,
Or sorrow dim his eye.

In Heaven's own garments see him stand
On death's much-dreaded shore,
He gazes on the promised land,
And seems already o'er.

We saw him oft betray a fear
As near this flood he drew;
But now a willing pilgrim here,
He kindles at the view.

A ray hath broke from Canaan's land
Across that sullen flood;
It bids him quit his mortal strand,
And onward march to God.

He marches on, for now his eye
Hath lost life's lurid ray,
As suns which quit a clouded sky
To shine in brighter day.

Oh could we catch a moment's view,
Of what he now must know,
Sorrow would fill our spirits too,
To linger thus below."

I feel as if I had now filled my allotted task; and that it is better to draw this narrative to a close than by attempting anything in the shape of character, to deprive the reader of the impression which the facts themselves and the concluding scene are fitted to produce. But I cannot abstain from a few concluding observations.

To me the undertaking has been one of a very painful, and at the same time pleasing nature, partaking as much of the mixed feeling which the poet describes as "the joy of grief" as anything which has ever engaged my attention. How much I loved him I have not ventured, nor will I now venture, to express. That he was entitled to it all, and to more than all, I am well convinced. If I felt towards him all the affection of a father, he repaid it with all the tenderness and confidence of a son. I feel as if the world had become by his death less an object of interest to me than it was; but I trust I have also been made to feel, in common with many of his devoted friends, that the attractions of a better world have been multiplied and strengthened by his removal thither.

Afraid to trust myself in describing his character

and attainments, lest my personal feelings might be supposed to have too powerfully influenced my judgment, I have interspersed the opinions and testimonies of others with my own statements. These testimonies I have not nearly exhausted; nor is it possible for me to convey an adequate idea of the extent to which he was beloved and admired by all who knew him. The sweetness of his natural disposition, and the bewitching simplicity of his manners; the soundness of his judgment, and the fertility of his imagination; the ardour of his pursuit of science and literature, with the variety and accuracy of his attainments, rendered him one of the most extraordinary individuals of his years. When with these are combined his extensive knowledge of the mystery of redemption and of the sacred volume; his simplicity of aim, with the fixed and intense ardour of his zeal; his love to the souls of others, which made him ready to lay his learning, his talents, his genius, and his life, at the foot of the cross, and to abandon the country where he might have shone and triumphed, for scenes of foreign labour and suffering; the eminent spirituality of his mind, the consistency of deportment, and maturity of character and experience at which he arrived, I need scarcely add, he presented an uncommonly rare assemblage of natural, acquired, and Christian excellencies. Of the truth of this representation every reader has now been furnished with the means of judging for himself; and I safely leave with him the conclusion to be drawn.

His Christian character is that on which the mind now reposes with the greatest satisfaction. As it regards his other attainments, "literature has failed, tongues have ceased," and "knowledge has vanished away." What he was as a linguist and a mathematician might have been of importance had he lived; what he was as a believer in Jesus is the only thing of importance to him now. He has attained to the perfect state, and experiences a high degree of that felicity which he could so well describe, and which he so earnestly panted to enjoy.

A correspondent to whom one of his letters was addressed, writes:—"He was eminently spiritually-minded. No one ever felt more the burden of indwelling sin, and never did captive exile long more earnestly to be loosed than he did for deliverance from its taint and its power. Hence he dwelt much on the holiness of heaven. It was the theme, he has often assured me, of his refreshing meditation when his mind was depressed, as he looked forward to the perils and sufferings and privations which he might be called to undergo in this world. I remember one day while I was with him, his telling me, that while reading the Scriptures that morning on this his favourite subject, his mind was so rapt in contemplation that he forgot for the moment where he was, till, when his consciousness returned, on looking into his own heart, polluted with sin, and then into the world around him, 'lying in the wicked one,' he burst into tears. He was possessed of much

tenderness of spiritual feeling, and was most vividly impressed by every Scripture truth which he received. In one respect, much of the same mind dwelt in him which was in Christ Jesus; he felt much for his brethren of mankind, and his heart bled for the condition of those who were not in Christ; yet was he possessed with the keenest indignation at iniquity, and every exhibition of it provoked his holy abhorrence. His was a character most exquisitely formed for Christian friendship. Possessed naturally of the most amiable dispositions, they were rendered still more so by the Spirit of God which dwelt in him. In his friends he encouraged the most unbounded confidence, and his was a heart into which, when distressed or disgusted, they could unbosom every thought which grieved them, and find a balsam for every wound. I speak not this at random. I know it from sweet experience."

I cannot conclude the memoir of my beloved friend without once more soliciting the attention of the reader to the prominent feature of his religion and of his religious character,—his devoted zeal to the glory of Christ in combination with the salvation of men. It is obvious, that to diffuse the knowledge of the gospel in the world constituted his life and happiness. The subject pervades all his papers, runs through all his letters, and at length entirely engrossed his thoughts. In his case it was nothing assumed or professed, but something growing out of the very principles of his faith, and constituting

a chief element in his religion. He had no conception of Christianity apart from the love of extending it. That which constituted its glory in his eyes was its perfect adaptation to the wants and wretchedness of men; and the more he knew the evil, and the better he became acquainted with the remedy, the more powerfully he felt the obligation to preach the gospel to every creature.

His devotedness, therefore, was not so much an act of obedience to a law as the operation of the great principle of the new economy, and of the new nature —LOVE,—grateful love to God, and compassionate love to men. Hence the calmness and rationality as well as the ardour of his mind, in reference to this great subject. He did not regard himself as making an unreasonable sacrifice—though to certain consequences he was acutely sensible—or as called to a work of a peculiar and unprecedented nature, but merely as discharging a common obligation, and engaging in a service which ought, in one way or other, to be attended to by every disciple of Jesus. He felt that much had been forgiven him; he therefore loved much. As he grew in spirituality of mind, he grew not only in deadness to the world, but in indifference to those literary and scientific pursuits in which he was so well qualified to excel, and in his admiration of the superior excellence of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord. He despised them, not because he was ignorant of them, or because they were beyond his reach, but aft he had subdued the difficulties of the ascent, i

had their loftiest summits full in view! Even then, he did not disregard them as worthless, but as less worthy than another and a higher object. While the laurels which he had so honourably won were yet fresh and unwithered on his brow, he laid them at the foot of the cross, and with high Christian magnanimity declared, that "what things were gain to him, those he counted loss for Christ."

When I speak of his indifference to the pursuits of philosophy, I mean not to say that he neglected the cultivation of his mind, or that he turned aside from any of the paths of learning and science which he was capable of exploring. I only mean to say that he pursued them no longer for their own sake, for the gratification which they afforded, or for the earthly rewards which they might have secured. They became subordinate in his mind to an ulterior object. In as far as they might fit him for more eminent usefulness, he considered them important, and studied them with diligence and unconquerable determination.

To the ardour of his spirit in the acquisition of the qualifications which he felt to be necessary for the service of Christ, and the intense working of his mind in regard to that service itself, I have no doubt he fell a sacrifice. Many an individual has been a martyr for Christ who has not expired on a gibbet, or suffered at the stake. Zeal for the glory and the house of God is a consuming principle. It burnt up the Saviour himself, and it has brought to a speedy termination the career of many a disciple.

Such, I feel assured, was the case of John Urquhart. His feelings became morbid; but this was the result of weakness of body rather than of any improper or undue exercise of the mind. The sensibilities of his nature were indeed refined and excited by his Christian principles till they became too powerful for the bodily structure on which they operated. But this reflects no discredit on Christianity. It only illustrates the weakness of man and the disproportion of his powers to the magnitude and the lofty enterprise of the gospel. Granting that it killed the individual, it only follows that the event is mysterious, not that a loss has been sustained. That the reward of the sufferer is secured we have the best reason for believing, and that gain rather than damage may arise to the cause of the Saviour eternity will enable us to discover.

Did the present state terminate the being and the bliss of man, we might well be discouraged, by the occurrence of such early deaths, from cultivating our intellectual faculties. The uncertainty of enjoying them for any length of time is so great, that the labour of the cultivation might seem disproportioned to the result. But if all intellectual and moral worth shall find place and scope in the eternal world, the case is very different. No mental attainment can be lost. The language and the literature and the science of heaven may be different from all that we have known on earth, but the capacity which grasped the word and the works of God in this world, and which was improved by

the influence which is from above, will operate in proportion to its strength and its spirituality on the things of eternity.

If the reader is young and enterprising; if he possesses talents, and if those talents are cultivated, let me submit to such an individual the consideration of the example and the lessons recorded in these memoirs. I mean the example and the lesson of high devotedness. For what purpose has God endowed you with His gifts and blessed you with His grace? What is your proposed field of glory or enterprise? Have you devoted your life and your talents to Christ, or to the business and the ambition of this world? Are you a Christian? Then is there one object placed before you, and one course marked out for you to follow. "None of us liveth to himself." Every Christian is Christ's property and Christ's servant. The service of Christ, the glory of Christ, and the salvation of the world, are as much the interest of the weakest believer as they were that of the apostle Paul. Every Christian owes his all to the Redeemer, and Paul could owe no more. We may not be honoured to preach the gospel, or to die for the gospel, but to live and die to Christ is the honour and privilege of all His saints. The life which is consecrated to His service, and the talents which are devoted to His glory, will be found the happiest, and in the end the most productive. It may be short, it may be long, as the will of God shall determine; that is not our concern, and ought not to cause our anxiety. But it

ought to be our anxious and unceasing desire that, "whether we live, we may live unto the Lord; or whether we die, we may die unto the Lord: that whether we live or die, we may be the Lord's." We are constantly reminded by the events which occur of the truth of the Scriptures: "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away." While these things humble us and remind us of our sinfulness and our mortality, we still have hope. "We are cast down, but not destroyed; we are sorrowful, yet always rejoicing:" for, "while the world passeth away and the lust thereof," we know that "he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

APPENDIX.

A.—P. 62.

AN ESSAY ON THE NATURE AND DESIGN OF THE MISSION OF THE SAVIOUR ON EARTH.

WHEN we look around us on the broad field of nature, and contemplate the numberless beauties of the universe, we are struck with the great power and glory of God as the Creator and Preserver of all things.

When we turn over the page of history, and reflect on the ages that are past, and more especially when we trace the various wanderings of the favoured descendants of Abraham, we are still more impressed with His goodness and wisdom as the God of providence.

When we turn to the inspired volume, and behold the just and perfect nature of the law which He has there announced to us, we are led to adore His perfect justice and holiness as the great Lawgiver.

From these sources we may deduce many of the attributes of God, and form some conception of His moral character; but there is a darkness which envelops it, which not one ray of mercy irradiates; there is a cold gloom which hangs around it, and which is not enlivened by one spark of love.

It is only through the atonement that we can beh
Him as the God of mercy; it is here that H

emphatically styled the God of love. It is only as He appears in the person of the Saviour that we dare approach unto Him; it is only here that He condescends to be called "Immanuel, God with us."

Here the darkness and uncertainty through which we viewed Him are dispelled, and life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel. Here mercy and truth meet together, righteousness and peace embrace each other.

The nature and design of the wondrous scheme of redemption are beautifully and simply described to us by Jesus Christ himself, who tells us that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Here man is represented as perishing,—for God gave his Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should *not perish;* by which is evidently implied that man, previously to his believing in the Son of God, is in a perishing condition.

We would first, then, consider the perishing state of mankind which called for the intercession of the love of God, and which is the state of every sinner before he believes in the Saviour.

Here we would remark, that God did not create man in this perishing condition; he brought it upon himself. In the beginning God created man in His own image, that is, with a moral character in conformity with His own, with a heart pure and holy, and abhorring iniquity. In this state of holiness, and at that time when man was morally able to keep the commandments of an infinitely pure and just God, his Creator, as a pledge of his attachment to Himself, desired him not to eat the fruit of a certain tree in the garden in which He had placed him; and at the same time warned him, in the most solemn manner, of the

consequences of his disobedience:—"In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

In defiance of this awful warning, the first of mankind put forth his hand and broke the commandment of that God who had bestowed upon him every blessing. In consequence of this transgression, a state of things took place in which every descendant of Adam has been utterly unable to keep that law which God was pleased to reveal to them. This law is of necessity in accordance with God's own character—perfect—promising life to every one that abideth in all things that are written in it to do them; and at the same time declaring, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Such a law is the only one which could be given by a perfect God. Man had undergone a change; he was now become unable to keep any of the commandments of the Lord; but because man had fallen, the law of God was not to be suited to his depraved capacities. Such an adaptation would have argued change in the Lawgiver—in Him who knows no variableness nor shadow of turning. This law every individual of the human race has broken times and ways without number. We all, like lost sheep, have gone astray. All have sinned and come short of the glory of God.

This, then, was the state of our fallen race. We had all broken God's law, and were exposed to its just condemnation. A holy God could not wink at sin, nor a just God forgive iniquity. It behoved that satisfaction should be made, or that the whole human race should be given up to endless destruction.

Such satisfaction man could not make. He could not even perform his duty, much less atone for the sins he had committed.

None of the blessed spirits before the throne could give for us the satisfaction required. They were all bound, as well as we, to render perfect obedience f

themselves at every moment of their existence, and could therefore perform no supererogatory duty to atone for the sins of others. Since then man had sinned, since he could render no satisfaction for himself, and since no created being, however exalted, could render it for him, there was but one alternative: it was necessary that the required satisfaction should be made by the Judge himself, or that man should be consigned to endless punishment.

This is the condition alluded to in the passage we have quoted. It was when man was in this state—when he had made God his enemy by his multiplied transgressions—that that very God against whom he had offended "so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Yes! at that very time when all that was dear to man seemed lost for ever—when there seemed to be no way of escape—when there was no eye to pity nor hand to help—even then God said, "I have found a ransom." His eye pitied, and His right arm wrought salvation. No sooner had man fallen from his innocence than God declared to him that "the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent." This was the first of that lengthened series of prophecies regarding a future deliverer which terminated in the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. It was through faith in His name, as foretold in those prophecies, that the people of God were saved who lived before His coming; it is through faith in His name, as manifested in the gospel—that more sure word of prophecy with which we are favoured—that believers are saved now; and through faith in His name also shall the elect be saved unto the latest generations. "For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

The design of the mission of Jesus Christ, we con-

ceive, consists chiefly in two things. The one is usually denominated our justification, the other our sanctification. The first of these consists in our freedom from wrath as the punishment due to our sins, being that part of the atonement which reconciles our forgiveness with God's justice,—that through which He can be just and the justifier of the sinner who believeth in Jesus.

The second, or our sanctification, is that which fits us for enjoying eternal life in the presence of God,—being that part of the scheme of redemption which reconciles our reception into favour with God's holiness,—that through which He can be of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and yet hold communion with the most polluted sinner who believeth in Jesus.

We have already shown that no less a being than God could atone for sin; but we must now remark that as man had sinned, so the law required that man should suffer. It was for this reason chiefly, we conceive, that our Saviour took not on Him the nature of angels, but took upon Him the seed of Abraham, being thus fitted in the estimation of the law to atone for the sins of man. Having therefore in due time appeared in the flesh, and sojourned a considerable time on earth for an example to His followers, the time drew nigh when the sentence of the law should be fulfilled in Him who knew no sin—when He, who was God over all, blessed for ever, and who thought it no robbery to be equal with the Father, should be made a curse for us.

The sentence of the law was death. It behoved, therefore, that the Substitute should bear that sentence,—and He did bear it in its fullest extent. He bore our sins in His own body on the tree, and thus magnified the law and made it honourable. While hanging on the accursed cross, the Son of God exclaimed, "It is finished;" and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost." Then was justice satisfied.

had wreaked its vengeance on the person of our Surety; and thus as many as believe in Him are saved from the wrath to come.

While He thus obtained our justification on Calvary, our great Redeemer also made provision for our sanctification. While He was yet with His disciples on the earth, He promised to send to them "another Comforter, even the Spirit of truth." To sanctify the heart of the believer, and to assimilate his character to that of God, is the peculiar office of the Holy Spirit. Sanctification is not, like justification, attained at once; it is a progressive process. When a sinner believes in Jesus, his justification is completed, he is entirely freed from the punishment due to sin; but he is then only partially freed from the influence of sin itself. The work of the Spirit is only begun in his heart. That work, however, will still go on; day by day he will increase in love for holiness, and hatred of sin, though it will never be completed on this side of the grave.

Such, we conceive, is the design of the gospel, and such the means employed to accomplish this design. We shall now attempt to show the fitness of the means for the end.

We have already seen that the law was not adapted to the fallen state of man, nor indeed could be, so long as God was just; but "what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending his Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh; that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

To man in his fallen and depraved state the gospel is most admirably adapted. In calling upon a sinner, it does not address itself to his generous feelings; it not appeal to his gratitude, and say, "Can you any r remain in disobedience to that God who has

done so much for you?" "Can you any longer love sin, when you see its awful consequences in the death of the Redeemer?" The force of such language could only be felt by a renewed mind; such language were addressed to an unregenerate sinner in vain.

In his mind there is no generous feeling; it is wholly selfish. In his mind there is no impression of the love of God; there can, therefore, be no corresponding emotion of gratitude. How then does the gospel address him? Is there yet any principle left in his depraved mind which may be impressed by its declarations? Yes, there is such a principle; it is this very selfishness by which we have characterized him,—it is a love of self, a desire of self-preservation, a desire, when he sees his danger, to escape from the wrath to come. "What shall I do to be saved?" is the language of every sinner in this condition. It was for such characters that the gospel was intended, and it is to such that it holds forth its most gracious invitations. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

If, through the blessing of the Holy Spirit, the sinner be led to this refuge, he immediately experiences a heavenly joy, a peace which the world knoweth not. To this joy succeeds love. His heart is now in some degree sanctified, and hence he is in some degree capable of receiving impressions of holy love; the emotion of gratitude is excited in his bosom, and he loves in return. He feels that the debt of love which he owes is far greater than he can ever pay; and his language now is, "What can I do too much for Him that died for me?" It is no longer a selfish principle which influences his conduct; he is now resolved to live not to himself, but to Him who died for him, and who rose again. It is not now, we apprehend, merely through the fear of future

punishment, or even through the hope of future reward, that he avoids sin and follows after holiness. He has now acquired a new nature, which cannot take pleasure in iniquity. He is not indeed freed from sin, for then he were perfectly happy; but it is now the object of his abhorrence, and he is looking anxiously forward to the time when it shall no more break in upon his enjoyment.

Thus we have attempted to give a cursory sketch of the nature and design of the mission of our Saviour; we have endeavoured to show how He reconciled the forgiveness of sinners, and their reception into favour, with the justice and purity of the Divine character; and also the fitness of the means employed for this purpose, and the wondrous change produced by them upon the character of man. And now let the reader solemnly ask his own heart, "Am I a partaker of the mercy here exhibited?" "Have I been led to commit my soul to the keeping of Jesus?"

On the result of these questions depends our eternal happiness. And in this important inquiry let us not deceive ourselves. "A tree is known by its fruits." If our character does not correspond with the precepts of the gospel, whatever we may think, we have not believed it. And if we thus find that our belief has been merely nominal, let us seek God before it be too late; let us come to Him in the way which He has appointed while it is called to-day; let us recollect that "now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation." Let us remember that every moment we put off our hearts are acquiring an additional degree of hardness; and let us take warning from the declaration, that "he that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

But if we do experience something of that joy and love which the gospel describes, and have thus reason

to think that we have believed in the Son of God, let us not be content with what we have already obtained; let us forget the things that are behind, and press onward to the things which are before, for the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus. Let us recollect that there is no standing still; that if we are not growing in holiness and spiritual strength, we must be falling back. Let us beware of thinking that the contest is over, as though we were already perfect; let us remember that sanctification is a progressive work; that it is not to be attained in a single day, or a single year, or in a series of many years, nor ever *wholly* attained, so long as we remain in this world of sin.

As a means of attaining greater degrees of grace, let us look to the Saviour and reflect on His finished work; the more we think on His sufferings, the more will we hate sin, which was the cause of them! The more we reflect on His love to us, the more will we love in return; for "we love him because he first loved us." With our love our holiness will increase, and we shall be the more assimilated to His glorious character; and consequently we shall the more largely partake of that happiness which is enjoyed by Him in full perfection. The subject of the love of God as exhibited in the atonement is infinite, and will be the theme of our praises through eternity. But though never able fully to comprehend, yet may we ever be learning more of the height, and depth, and breadth, and length of that love which passeth knowledge.

APPENDIX B.—P. 74.

DR. CHALMERS.

THE ST. ANDREWS MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

PERHAPS an apology may be necessary for again calling the attention of our readers to a subject which may be supposed by some of them to have already occupied too prominent a place in the pages of the University Magazine. It is not, however, to the general subject of missions that the following observations refer; but to an institution, which, for several reasons, is highly deserving of our attention. The meetings of the St. Andrews Missionary Society are conducted by one of the most distinguished men of the present age; and one who is both an *élève* and a Professor of our own University. After alluding to Dr. Chalmers, it is scarcely necessary to add, that the perfect originality of the plan of procedure in the public meetings of this society furnishes the subject with an additional claim upon our regard. We feel quite ashamed, indeed, that we have not ere now given a more detailed account of these highly interesting meetings. Our only excuse is that we have felt unequal to the task. When any subject is treated in an ordinary manner, a brief summary of leading ideas may be sufficient to suggest a pretty accurate conception of the whole; as a well-executed sketch may give a just enough idea of a common painting. But should we attempt to give any adequate conception of the rich and expressive diction, and the living imagery of Dr. Chalmers's style, by a meagre outline of his ideas, it were something as if a mere dabbler in the fine arts should hold up his own rude and imperfect sketch of some masterpiece of the *pencil*, and pretend thereby to afford a just representa-

tion of that original, in which every lineament gave grace and beauty, and every touch gave life. This, therefore, we shall not attempt. Our object in these remarks is to give some account of Dr. Chalmers's plan of procedure, which we think might be extensively adopted in meetings of a similar nature, with very considerable advantage.

Dr. Chalmers is, in the widest sense of the word, a Philosopher; and philosophy is his companion wherever he goes. He has here succeeded in introducing her into a place where, it must be confessed, she has but seldom appeared hitherto, and where her friends expected least of all perhaps to find her—the meeting of a missionary society. If we have been at all able to guess at the scope of Dr. Chalmers's general plan, from the few of these meetings we have had the pleasure of attending, he appears to us to have taken a most interesting view of missionary operations. He seems to regard the history of Christian enterprise among the heathen as a wide field of observation, from whence we may gather by induction some very important truths in reference to the Christian religion. Accordingly, while interesting selections are read from the periodical accounts of different missionary societies, the inferences that may be legitimately drawn from the facts there recorded are set forth by Dr. Chalmers in paragraphs of his own composition, occasionally interspersed with extemporaneous explanation. These serve to connect together the extracts that are read, and thus give to the whole the air of a continuous and well-arranged discourse, where some important doctrines are advanced, which are proved as well as deeply impressed on the mind by an appeal to very striking historical illustration. Apparently from a desire to give a more distinct view of the different spheres of missionary labour, Dr. Chalmers seems to wish to confine his attention to the

operations of one body of Christians at a time. At those meetings which we have had the opportunity of attending, during this and the preceding session, the facts which have formed the ground-work of Dr. Chalmers's observations have been gleaned chiefly from the accounts of the Moravian missions. We have been informed that, during the summer months, the Church Missionary Society and the Baptist Missionary Society have also shared his attention.

The facts connected with the Missions of the United Brethren, that Dr. Chalmers has brought forward, have given rise to some investigations concerning the great principles of our faith, which must prove interesting not only to the supporters of missionary societies, but to every one who feels any concern in the cause of genuine Christianity. Some of these inquiries are so interesting, and lead to results of such paramount importance, that we shall refer a little more particularly to those facts which tend to their elucidation.

The United Brethren have been at once the most successful and the most popular of all missionaries. And it may be interesting to examine a little more closely into these two characteristics of the Moravian missions. And, first, as to their success. What has been the cause of it? What are their views of Divine truth? What has been the mode of their instruction? And in their discourses, what are the truths which they bring most prominently forward? It is well known that on this very subject there is a division of opinion among the teachers of Christianity in our own land. One would think that a careful examination of facts might lead to a satisfactory determination of this question.

Some theologians are of opinion that a few of the leading truths of the gospel, such as the atonement of Christ, and the other doctrines that are inseparably

connected with it, should hold a most prominent place in their public instructions. Others, while they may admit that these truths are contained in the Scriptures, and as such are to be received by us as matters of faith, are yet of opinion that they are a little too mysterious for the common people, and assure us that they think themselves far more likely to promote the cause of religion and virtue, if, instead of chiming on a few theoretical dogmas, they attempt to enforce on the attention of their hearers those Divine precepts which embody the principles of a morality, the purest and most perfect that the world has ever known.

Now, on perusing the accounts of the Moravian Missions, we find that on this very subject a most interesting experiment has actually been made. These two systems of religious instruction have been successively brought to bear upon the same people, while their circumstances remained the same, and therefore the experiment may be deemed a fair and decisive one. What renders the case still more interesting is its great simplicity. There are no disturbing forces, so to speak, to confuse or embarrass our calculations in this highly important question of moral dynamics. The subjects of the experiment were savages in the very lowest state of degradation, and therefore we have no allowance to make for any state of preparation that might result from previous knowledge. If it appear from the facts to which we shall refer, that the declaration of those doctrines generally deemed too abstract to produce any practical effect on the popular mind, the doctrines, viz., of the total depravity of all mankind,—of the vicarious suffering of the Son of God,—of justification through belief in His atonement, and sanctification through the emission of the Holy Spirit; if it appear that the simple declaration of these truths has wrought efficiently to the moral and economic renovation of the most ignorant

and the most barbarous of the human species, then it follows *a fortiori* that these are the doctrines which, when preached in our own country, are most likely to prove effectual in producing uprightness, sobriety, and godliness throughout our own enlightened community.

To come then to the facts. The scene of the experiment was the inhospitable region of Greenland; and the moral and intellectual condition of the inhabitants was even more barren and dreary than the scenery with which they were surrounded. Here the only plausible system of instruction seemed to be to attempt to teach the savages those truths which are of a preliminary nature. Accordingly, the missionaries set to work most assiduously, in telling the Greenlanders of the being and character of a God, and of the requirements of His law. However plausible this mode of instruction may appear, it was patiently continued in for *seven years*, without producing even the smallest effect on those hearts which ignorance and stupidity had rendered almost inaccessible. The first conversion (as far as man was concerned) may be said to have been accidental. Some Southlanders happened to visit the Brethren as one of them was writing a translation of the Gospels. They were curious to know what was in the book, and on hearing read the history of Christ's agony in the garden, one of the savages earnestly exclaimed, "How was that? Tell me it once more; for I also would fain be saved." But it would be foreign to our purpose to enter into a minute detail of facts. We refer those who may wish to inquire more particularly into this most interesting passage of ecclesiastical history to the original accounts,[1] which may be found in the library of the University Missionary Society. Suffice it to say, that some time after this remarkable conversion, the brethren entirely

[1] See Brown's History of Missions, vol. i. pp. 294-298; Crantz's History of Greenland.

changed their method of instruction. "They now directed the attention of the savages, in the first instance, to Christ Jesus, to His incarnation, to His life, and especially to His sufferings."[1] This was the beginning of a new era in the history of the evangelization of Greenland. Conversion followed conversion, till the missionaries could number *hundreds* to whom the message of God had come, not in word only, but also in power. There is still one objection that may be made to the inference drawn from these facts, and one which at first sight appears very plausible. It may be asked, How do we know how far the first mode of instruction employed by the missionaries, although it produced no immediate benefit, may not have prepared the minds of savages for receiving with intelligence the truths that were afterward declared to them? To this we answer, that previous to the preaching of the gospel, the savages do not seem to have been so much interested in their teachers as to give them a fair hearing; and they surely could not be influenced by instructions to which they had never listened. But even were this a doubtful matter, the first conversion in Greenland is a splendid proof of the way in which the simple truths of the gospel seek their way to the human heart, unpioneered by any preliminary instruction whatever.

But, quite satisfactory as this experiment is, still, did it stand alone, we might justly be charged with a rash induction in drawing a general conclusion from premises so limited. But it does not stand alone. The Moravians have attempted the conversion and civilisation of men of almost every country and of every condition; and their uncommon success is borne testimony to by all who have visited the scenes of their philanthropic exertions. Amid the snows of Greenland they have planted their little villages of comfort and happiness;

[1] See Brown's History of Missions.

and the eye of the traveller has been refreshed as it lighted on some spot of luxuriant verdure which their hand has decked out in the midst of an African desert.[1] And wherever success has attended their endeavours, whenever they tell of a single addition to the number of their converts, it is to the preaching of Christ, and of Him crucified, that they attribute it all. Indeed, if we inquire into the reason why the Moravians have been more successful than other missionaries, we find that the distinguishing peculiarity of their preaching consists in this, that they dwell more simply and more constantly on the love of Christ. In all parts of the world their mode of teaching has been nearly the same, and the change which their instructions have produced upon men, the most diverse in their character and circumstances, is a beautiful illustration of the Divine efficacy which accompanies the simple preaching of the gospel. Under the instruction of these simple and often uneducated men, the roving and unrestrained savage has been led to abandon his irregular habits, and to cultivate the decencies of civilized life. Under their instruction the North American Indian has been divested of his barbarous cruelty, and has even been known to suffer the most palpable injustice, and the most inhuman treatment from his countrymen, without an attempt, or even a wish, to revenge. And finally, under their instruction, the degraded and almost heart-broken slave has been led to bow to the scourge of his insulting oppressor, with a meekness and submission which the religion of Jesus alone could inspire.

These are facts; and facts are far more eloquent than words. We leave them to make their own impression.

We are aware that we may seem to have dwelt too long on this one illustration, but the paramount importance of the subject is a sufficient excuse. Almost

[1] See Barrow's Travels.

every extract that Dr. Chalmers has read has tended to demonstrate the vast superiority of that mode of Christian instruction which is generally termed *evangelical.*

After dwelling so long on a single illustration of Dr. Chalmers's method of conducting the business of these meetings, we could have wished much in the present paper (and more especially as this is the last opportunity that may now be afforded of so doing) to have gone on with a more general account of the numerous interesting topics that have been discussed during the course of the Doctor's prelections. There is still one point, however, regarding the missions of the United Brethren, which we should be most unwilling slightly to pass over; and we are the less sorry that we have been led, in these detached sketches, to confine our attention exclusively to one or two points in the history of missions, inasmuch as we have all along expressed it to be our design to draw the attention of our readers, not so much to the subject of missions, as to those important truths which the experiments of Christian philanthropy may have tended more strikingly to illustrate and more firmly to establish.

We have said of the United Brethren that they have been at once the most successful and the most popular of all missionaries. We have already at some length inquired into the causes of their success, it now remains that we briefly advert to the subject of their popularity.

We have already seen that the peculiar views of religious truths which these Christians entertain are not such as generally meet with very high admiration in the world; and any person who has just glanced at their writings must know that the way in which they express their sentiments is not very highly calculated to please the ear or gratify the taste of general readers. Certainly, at first sight, it is not very easy to con-

how the very persons who dwell most exclusively on those doctrines of the Bible that are known to be most revolting to mere men of taste should at all have attracted their attention or gained their esteem; and yet it is a notorious fact that by men in power in the colonies where they labour the Moravian missionaries are very highly respected, while among men of taste at home they have become the objects of an almost sentimental admiration. The explanation of the matter which Dr. Chalmers has given is at once simple and satisfactory. It is just this:—The thing has had time to work; and those very principles which themselves are so generally nauseated by men of science and literature, have effloresced into a beauty and a luxuriance which command the esteem and excite the admiration of all.

When the man of taste reads in the accounts which these missionaries give of their success such sentences as these, "Our Saviour continues to bless our feeble testimony concerning the atonement which He has made for sinners;" "The Lord graciously owns our feeble endeavours, and accompanies with His blessing the preaching of the Word of the Cross"[1] (and these are fair specimens of the whole strain of their writings), in all probability the sneer of mingled pity and contempt curls upon his lips, or he turns proudly away with loathing and disgust; but when the same individual is told of smiling villages and cultivated fields starting forth as if by magic, in the midst of a barren wilderness; when he hears that those whom he had been wont to rank, in point of intellect, with the inferior creation, are now disciplined in the elements of general knowledge, and skilled in the endowments of the arts; when he beholds the wandering marauders of the desert associated in little communities where peace

[1] Periodical Accounts of the Missions of the United Brethren.

and order reign in every breast, and comfort smiles upon every family, his whole soul is enraptured by the realization of those very scenes, the mere imagination of which has given to poetry and romance their chief and loveliest attractions.

Indeed, so different are the emotions excited in the mind of a man of taste by the contemplation of the principles which are at work, and of the effects that are evolved by their operation, that he cannot be brought to believe that there is any such close connexion between the result and that which is alleged to be the cause of it. He will not admit that a state of things so truly worthy the admiration of every benevolent and right-thinking mind could ever have been the result of a mode of operation so despicably weak and unphilosophical; and so biassed is his judgment by former prejudices, that no form of evidence, however strong, can ever compel him to the belief that those scenes of happiness and prosperity which have so charmed his fancy can at all have anything to do with the canting weakness or the severe austerity of a system which, far from thinking it capable of introducing order and comfort where confusion and misery had reigned before, he had always been wont to regard as that which damped the hilarity and embittered the pleasures of those who were weak enough to become the dupes of its hypocritical promulgators, even in happier lands. Accordingly, in the broad daylight of the strongest evidence for the contrary, it has been most confidently asserted that the success of the Moravian missionaries is not at all to be referred to those causes to which themselves have ascribed it. The celebrated traveller Barrow, who visited the stations of the Brethren in South Africa, gives the very highest testimony to the success of their operations, but the nature of their operations themselves he most grossly misrepresents. *Their* system he con-

trasts with one which he is pleased to call that of the "gospel missionaries." "Instead of preaching to the natives," he informs us, "the mysterious parts of the gospel, the Moravians instructed them in useful industrious habits. Instead of building a church, they erected a storehouse. Their labours were crowned with complete success."[1] In a paper on Barrow's work, in the *Edinburgh Review*, as well as in another article in the same periodical on Lichtenstein's Travels, the same high commendation is awarded to the Moravians for the wisdom manifested in their plans, and the same gross misrepresentations are made in regard to the *nature* of these plans.[2] In the last-mentioned article we are expressly told that the Moravian Brethren "begin with civilizing their pupils, educating and instructing them in the useful arts." We are not sure whether this reviewer was the original inventor of the oft-repeated objection to missions in general, that "you must civilize a people before you can Christianize them." But if he was, it is most unfortunate for his theory that he happened to stumble on the operations of the Moravian missionaries in order to support it, for never has the objection met with more triumphant refutation than in the successful labours of these devoted philanthropists. The author of the review meant to compliment the Moravians; but they felt insulted by his eulogium, and were the first to come forward and deny his assertions.

Here, then, is a very high testimony to the efficacy of evangelical religion. A person unacquainted with the hidden mechanism is delighted with the visible effects which are produced by it. He begins to speculate on the principles in which such results must have originated. He forms a theory of his own, agreeable

[1] Barrow's Journey in Africa, p. 881.

[2] *Edinburgh Review*, vol. viii. pp. 434-438, and vol. xxi. pp. 65, 66.

to his own previously acquired modes of thinking, and proceeds forthwith to compliment those who had acted on so excellent a plan, and who had demonstrated its efficacy by the beautiful system which they had caused to emerge from it. The workers behind the scenes now come forward, and tell him that he has quite mistaken the matter; for they have been acting on a system altogether different. Our speculator is not only disappointed to find that his own theory receives no support from the facts under consideration, and may not, for aught that he has yet seen, merit the high eulogiums with which he has thought fit to honour it; but he is confounded to discover that he has been unwillingly bearing testimony to the merits of a plan at variance with his own, and that the system to which his high eulogiums are now most legitimately transferable is one which he has all along been accustomed to declaim against as irrational and to despise as unphilosophical.

APPENDIX C.—P. 86.

THE DOCTRINE OF A GRADATION IN REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS; AND AN ATTEMPT TO APPLY IT TO THE SUBJECT OF MISSIONS.

In all those descriptions of the final retribution which are given us in the Bible, our attention is called to two great divisions of the inhabitants of our world: namely, "those who shall go away into everlasting punishment; and those who shall go into life eternal." But though there be thus one grand classification of our whole species, where the line of demarcation is very broad and

very strongly marked; yet in the same description do we find an account given of minuter subdivisions, whose bounding lines are not so vivid, but which imperceptibly shade into and blend with each other. And we think ourselves fully warranted to suppose, that there will be different degrees of glory on the one hand, and different degrees of punishment on the other; and that these will be determined by the privileges we have enjoyed on earth, and the degree to which those privileges have been improved or neglected. He that had gained ten pounds was made ruler over ten cities; he that gained five, over five cities. And again, "that servant which knew his Lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes; but he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes. For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required; and to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more." But this doctrine of a gradation in rewards and punishments has been thought by some inconsistent with the Scripture doctrine of justification by faith, and inconsistent with the free and unmerited nature of that reward which shall be given to those who are thus justified. Were the glory promised a fair return for our well-doings, there might then be some force in the objection; but when we consider that after we have done all that we are commanded (and who is there that can boast of having done so?) we are still unprofitable servants; and when we consider that sin mingles with our best services, which cannot therefore be pleasing to that God who cannot look upon iniquity but with abhorrence,—we shall perceive that this view of the final retribution, far from being at variance with the grand and fundamental doctrine of the gospel, magnifies it and does it honour; inasmuch as it is the imputed righteousness of Christ

which imparts to our actions all in them that is pleasing and all that is acceptable to God.

The doctrine of the Cross is represented in the Bible as the foundation, and the virtuous actions of believers as the superstructure which is built upon it; the latter deriving all their strength and all their stability from the former: standing upon it, and falling in utter impotency to the ground as soon as it is removed. "For other foundation," says Paul, "can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burnt, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire."

There seems then to be a connexion between the degree of active exertion here and the degree of reward hereafter; and also a connexion between the degree of suffering here and the degree of glory that shall follow. "He which soweth sparingly," says Paul, "shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." And the same apostle assures us, that "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Of the truth of these remarks we have a very beautiful illustration in the mediatorial character of the Son of God. His was a life of the most strenuous exertion; it was His meat and His drink to do the will of His Father. His too was a life of the most unparalleled suffering. He was emphatically "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." And as He st

more than any one of His followers, as His visage was marred more than any man, and His form more than the sons of men, so shall His glory far exceed that of any of those whom He condescends to call His brethren. It is the connexion between His unwearied exertion and His reward, the connexion between His sufferings and His glory, that we especially advert to. Paul tells us that "it became Him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, to make the Captain of our salvation perfect through sufferings." And it is after giving an account of the humiliation of our Lord, that the apostle adds, "Therefore (on which account) God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name." But it may be thought, that though these remarks hold in their fullest extent with regard to Him who was without sin, and who could demand as His due that reward which was but a fair compensation for His faultless accomplishment of the work which was given Him to do; yet that they are wholly misapplied with regard to those whose very best services are polluted and mingled with sin. It is true that we can make no demand, that we have no plea to urge at the hands of justice, that our very salvation from wrath is a matter of purest mercy, of free and unmerited favour. But yet it is true that "God is not unrighteous to forget our work and labour of love;" and we are assured that if we suffer with Christ, we shall also reign with Him.

We shall first, then, consider it as a *privilege* to be permitted to labour in the cause of Christ; and we shall advert to one or two of the ways in which we can share in His sufferings, and consequently be made partakers of His glory. First, then, Jesus Christ was a martyr. He sealed His testimony with His blood. And hence the promise, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." And hence the

willingness, nay, the eagerness, of the first disciples to gain a martyr's crown. Yes, there was a time when the followers of Him whom Pilate crucified were proud to show their attachment to their Master at the expense of life itself. But those days of fiery trial are gone. And too much cause have we to fear that the spirit of martyrdom is gone along with them. That spirit of fervent love to God, and of devoted attachment to each other, which so distinguished the early Christians as to draw forth the applauses even of their enemies, is gone with the persecution which was the cause of it; and there hath come in its room a spirit of cold and heartless profession; a spirit of animosity and dissension among those of whom once it was said, "Behold how these Christians love one another!" The test of faithfulness unto death you cannot now make. In our land, at least, the voice of persecution has long been silent. But though your faith cannot now be thus tried in reality, did you never in imagination bring your Christianity to this test? After having read of the unwavering constancy of a Hamilton, or of the still more recent sufferings of a Wishart, whose memory yet lives so palpably in all that is around us, did you never ask your own hearts the question, "Would I have acted thus?" And in the glow of enthusiastic feeling, have you not thought with the generous and warm-hearted, yet self-confident apostle, that you were ready to follow your Master to prison and to death? Like Peter, you may indulge in the romantic thought of your attachment and your constancy, without, like him, having your feelings tried by the test of stern reality.

But, though the crown of martyrdom is now placed beyond our reach, and in this particular we can no longer drink of the cup which Jesus drank, nor be baptized with the baptism which he was baptized with, is there no other way in which we can suffer with

Christ, and consequently reign with Him? Is there no other feature of the Saviour's character whose resemblance we can yet trace upon our own? There is such a feature, one of the most prominent in all the mediatorial characters of the Son of God. Not only was He a martyr, He was also a missionary. He came on a mission to our world. He came to preach the gospel to the poor. He was sent to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind,—to set at liberty them that were bruised,—to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. It was for this that He left the bosom of the Father. It was for this that He emptied Himself, and took upon him the form of a slave. It was for this that He exchanged a throne of glory for a manger, and the praises of sinless angels for the revilings of sinful men. And it is in the same cause that the missionary now goes forth, leaving father and mother and houses and lands.

It has often struck us that those very objections which are now urged against the preaching of the gospel to the heathen might have been brought with equal plausibility against the first preaching of the gospel to our world. When you have heard the opposers of missions argue about the insufficiency of the means for the end in view, and in support of this objection proudly appeal to the fact that little has yet been accomplished, did it never occur to you that such in all probability would be the reasonings of those who opposed the ministry of our Lord and His disciples?

Just picture to yourself a few poor and illiterate men, with nothing that was imposing in their outward appearance, sometimes without a place where to lay their head, and sometimes eating of the ears of corn to satisfy their hunger. And when your imagination has filled up this outline of apparent meanness and poverty, just think of the mighty revolution which they professed

was to be brought about by their instrumentality, and you may conceive the sneers of philosophic pride with which these professions would be contemplated. You may well conceive what would be the feelings of the literati of the day; how they would remember the vain attempts of a Socrates and a Plato, and all the master spirits of antiquity, to reform the manners even of their own countrymen; and how they would laugh at the pretensions of an illiterate tradesman, the son of a common mechanic, who professed that the system which he taught should one day be acknowledged by the whole world. So much for the apparent insufficiency of the means for the end.

But mark, this was not all. Think again of the little success which seemed to accompany His preaching, think of the few followers whom He had gathered round Him, after spending thirty years in the scene of His labours. And think of the inconstancy of these few when the day of persecution arrived. The followers of Socrates stood by him when he drank the fatal cup, but the disciples of Jesus forsook Him and fled. Think of His death as a common malefactor, and then can you wonder if even the most devoted of his followers thought all was over, and if in the bitterness of their sorrow they confessed to the unknown inquirer that their hopes had died with their Master, but that once they "trusted that this had been he who should have redeemed Israel"?

But the opposers of missions tell us that here the means, though apparently inadequate, were not so in reality; that the men were inspired by the Spirit of God. We immediately answer them by applying the very same argument to the operations of the present day. The means, though seemingly inadequate, are not so in reality. We mean not to say that missionaries are inspired; but we do mean to say that the Spirit of God accompanies their labours. He who gave the command,

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;" gave also the promise, "And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

But this has been a digression from our original design, though we hope not a useless one. We go on to remark, that as there are special promises for the martyr, so are there for the faithful missionary. And as there was a time when the disciples of Christ were eager to wear the crown of martyrdom, so was there a time when the pretended soldiers of the cross were eager to gain the reward which is promised to him who shall leave all for the sake of Christ. There was a time when the inhabitants of Europe rushed with one accord to fight in what they deemed, but falsely, the cause of the Saviour. So great was the enthusiasm, that in that army there mingled men of every rank and of every condition, the high and the low. There might be seen the crown of royalty, and the coronet of nobility, and the crested plume of knighthood, towering above the humbler array of the surrounding multitude; and there, too, might be seen the peaceful banner of the Cross, floating above those who were soon to imbrue their hands in the blood of their fellow-men. That was an age of zeal; but it was also an age of ignorance. The present is an age of knowledge: would it were also an age of more fervent zeal! The true soldiers of the cross are now going forth to fight, but they wrestle not against flesh and blood. And they have buckled on their armour, but it is not a material armour, and they have taken their arms, but they are not carnal weapons.

But they fight against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. And they have taken unto them the whole armour of God, even the shield of faith, and the breastplate of righteousness, and the preparation of the gospel of peace. And they are armed with the

sword of the Spirit, even the Word of God, which is mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. The faithful missionary is the true soldier of the cross. It is he that hath left father and mother and houses and lands for Christ's sake and the gospel's; and to him is the promise of a hundred-fold in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting.

But as the labours and the sufferings of the missionary resemble those of Christ, so shall his reward resemble that of our glorified Head. For what is the reward of Christ? Is it not the souls which He has ransomed? In the prophecy of Isaiah God is represented as thus making a covenant with his Son—

"If his soul shall make a propitiatory sacrifice,
He shall see a seed which shall prolong their days,
And the gracious purpose of Jehovah shall prosper in His hands.
Of the travail of His soul He shall see (the fruit) and be satisfied.
By the knowledge of Him shall my servant justify many;
For the punishment of their iniquities He shall bear.
Therefore will I distribute to Him the many for His portion.
And the mighty people shall He share for His spoil."[1]

This was the joy that was set before Him, for which He endured the cross, despising the shame.

And what is the reward of the minister and the missionary? Is it not the souls whom they have been the instruments of saving? "For what," says Paul to the Thessalonians, "for what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? For ye are our glory and joy." Thus is it that if we attain unto the kingdom of heaven the souls which we may have been instrumental in saving here will in that day be as a crown of glory around us, and yet, along with ourselves, form part of that brighter crown which shall beam around the head of our glorified Redeemer, as in our solar system the satellites revolve round their

[1] Lowth.

respective planets, and yet are with them borne in their mightier orbits around that brighter luminary which is the centre of the whole.

There is such a thing as being saved, yet so as by fire; such a thing as being least in the kingdom of heaven: and even this is a thought of highest ecstasy; but there is a thought more ecstatic still. It is the thought of an abundant entrance, and an exceeding great reward, and a crown of glory that fadeth not away, and a splendour like the shining of the stars in the firmament. Yes, to emit the faintest ray from that dazzling crown which shall ever encircle the head of the Saviour is a thought far too glorious for human conception; but there is a thought more glorious still, —to blaze forth, the central gem of one of those brilliant clusters—to add to the glory of the Redeemer's diadem, and yet have around us a coronet of our own.

Hitherto we have considered it as a privilege to labour and to suffer for the sake of Christ; we come now to consider it as a duty. Hitherto our attention has been directed to the glorious reward of those who shall avail themselves of their privileges; we come now to consider the condemnation of those who shall neglect them.

We doubt not but there are some who would give a willing assent to all that we have advanced, but who, notwithstanding, would not be actuated by these remarks to a single deed of Christian philanthropy. They think that it may be all very true that a crown of glory is reserved for the martyr and the missionary, and that a distinguished place in the kingdom of heaven will be given to those who have been unwearied in their zeal and patient in their suffering for Christ's sake and the gospel's, but for their part they have no such ambitious views. They are well content if they

can but get to heaven at all. They like to steal quietly along with heaven in view, and not to make too much ado about religion. They think it right, indeed, to be religious; but they like not those who are religious over much. They do well in saying that they disapprove of ambition; we know not that, even with regard to heavenly things, this desire of greatness is ever in any shape countenanced in the New Testament. But it is not the reward itself which these individuals dislike, it is the suffering and the self-denial which lead to it. And too often is such reasoning employed as an excuse for treating with the most listless neglect all that has a reference to the extension of the kingdom of our Lord.

But there is one circumstance which has always struck us most forcibly in reading those allegorical representations of the final retribution which are contained in the Bible—a circumstance which tells most fearfully against that class of individuals to which we have alluded. And it is, that while a greater or a less reward follows the improvement of our talents, the simple neglect of these subjects us to a greater condemnation than if we had never enjoyed them. While those servants who had gained by the talents bestowed upon them received each a suitable reward, that servant who had gained nothing, not only received no reward, but was ordered to be cast into outer darkness, where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. And in that sublime description of our Lord's, where the final judgment is brought so vividly before us, the condemned are not accused of positive crime, but of conduct altogether of a negative nature. And when the Judge pronounces the fearful sentence, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire," He does not add as the cause of their condemnation, "because ye imprisoned me." It is "because I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat. I was

thirsty, and ye gave me no drink. I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison, and ye visited me not." Not only, then, should we consider as a matter of high and distinguished privilege that we have been endowed with talents, but also as a thing of deep and fearful responsibility.

There are various talents which have been intrusted to our keeping. Some of us may have received more, and others less; but we shall all have to render an account according to what we have, and not according to that which we have not. There is one talent which we have all of us received, and that, too, a talent of no common value; even that Book which maketh wise unto salvation. This wisdom is within the reach of every one of us; and this wisdom it is our duty to send to those who have it not. Or it may be that in that day there may be some who have been less highly favoured than ourselves, but who have more diligently availed themselves of the privileges they enjoyed, who shall bring against us the accusation, "We were hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and ye supplied not our wants."

It is in vain for any one of us to say that we can do nothing in the cause of evangelizing the heathen. We may be able to give but little to support the external mechanism; but there is something more required in this mighty work than the mere outward apparatus, even that quickening principle which of old breathed life into the dry bones of the prophet's vision; and which even now is exerted in bidding those live "who are dead in trespasses and sin." The Holy Ghost is the gift of prayer. It may be that we can give but little to the support of the outward means; but we can all pray for that life-giving principle, without which these means will be employed in vain. It may be that

we cannot ourselves go forth to reap; but we can at least "pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers into his harvest." But there are some of us who can do more; to whom there has been intrusted the talent of this world's wealth. This is an element, my friends, which is absolutely necessary to the carrying on of the cause of Christ on earth. It is a talent which we have received from God; and yet how little of it is employed in His service. Can it be that so many millions are annually embarked in the uncertain speculations of this world's merchandise, and that a few thousands are all that are employed in the service of Him who is the rightful owner of all that we possess? Can it be that so many are willing to lend on the treacherous security of this world's contracts, and that there are found so few who are willing to lend on the security of His word who cannot lie, and who hath promised a hundred-fold in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting?

But there are some of us who have received talents of a higher order still; talents which might enable us to engage personally in the work of missions, even those mental endowments which, with the teaching of the Holy Spirit, might qualify us for preaching to the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ.

It is altogether vain to assert, as some do, that great mental powers cannot be profitably employed in preaching to the heathen. It is true there may be some exceptions; but in the general, we know no office in the Church of God where the very highest mental attainments can be more beneficially employed than in the office, all-despised as it is, of the Christian missionary.

Mental endowments are gifts which more than any other, perhaps, have been alienated from the service of Him that gave them. And it will not be the greatest condemnation of by far the greater part of those who

have received them, that they have wrapt them in a napkin, or buried them in the ground. Not only have they been withdrawn from the service of God, but far too frequently have they been employed in the service of His enemies.

This is the kind of assistance which is most wanted at present in the missionary cause. It is not work that is wanting; it is not wealth to carry on the work; it is labourers.

It was not the hope of rendering any considerable pecuniary assistance to missions which induced some of our number to attempt the formation of this society; it was the desire of cultivating a missionary spirit among ourselves. We remembered that from the halls of Cambridge there had gone forth the zealous and devoted Martyn; and that a sister University had sent forth a Brown and a Buchanan; and we were not without the hope that even from this remote and hitherto lukewarm corner of our land, there might be found some to imitate their honourable, though despised, example.

This may serve to explain to you why we have already laid out so great a portion of our funds in procuring the lives and the writings of some of the most distinguished of our missionaries. And we are sure that there are few who can peruse the diary of a Brainerd or a Martyn without being animated with something of that devoted spirit which animated these illustrious servants of our God.

But we fear lest it may be thought by some that these remarks savour too much of selfishness; that we have held up as an incitement to exertion the hope of glory and the fear of condemnation.

Well do we know that if the love of Christ constrain us not to live not unto ourselves, but to Him that died for us, then all other inducements will be utterly powerless. But in this age of antinomian delusion, when

religion has, among one class of our community, been transformed into a thing of definitions and cold speculation, and when, among another, it has dwindled into a thing of mere feeling and poetic sentiment, we deem it right to bring forward those passages of the Bible which bear most directly upon our conduct.

For how often in these days of cold and heartless profession do we meet with those who have the most perfect knowledge of all that is orthodox and all that is Calvinistic; who can argue most ingeniously about all the dark and doubtful points of theology; whose heads have been stuffed with the dogmas and the disputations of a speculative divinity, but whose hearts have never been reached by the melting declarations of the gospel!

These are willing to talk and debate about religion, and they are willing, perhaps, to speculate about the possibility or impossibility of their salvation to whom the glad tidings of the gospel never came. But if, on the ground of the uncertainty of the question, you urge home upon them the duty of sending instruction to the heathen, and if you but mention Bible or Missionary Societies, immediately are they ready to silence your every argument by their usual cant charges of fanaticism and enthusiasm.

How often, on the other hand, do we meet with those whose religion is not indeed so cold, but altogether as lifeless; with those who are loud in the praise of benevolence, and who are ever saying to the poor, "Be ye warmed, and be ye fed," whose tenderest emotions are excited by the recital of some tale of imaginary woe, but who would think the lofty dreams of their sentimentalism degraded by being brought in contact with what they reckon the grossness of real life. And how lamentable is it to think that in this class of individuals we can sometimes meet with those who can talk and who can write the most pathetically about the misery

and the degradation of the heathen, and who can yet demonstrate by their own deeds that the religion of the Bible has even less influence upon themselves than the mock morality of the Koran on the followers of Mahomet, or the fables of the Shaster on the deluded votary of Brahma.

APPENDIX D.—P. 155.

ADDRESS ON THE DUTY OF PERSONAL ENGAGEMENT IN THE WORK OF MISSIONS.

I AM tired of arguing with the opponents of the missionary cause. It is my intention this evening to address myself to those who profess to be its friends.

I can easily conceive a mind so biassed by prejudice as to take a distorted view of every argument that can be adduced on this, or indeed on any other subject whatever; or a mind moving in such a sphere as never to have had these arguments fairly presented to it; and, therefore, I am by no means disposed to speak roundly of all who refuse to lend their aid to missionary societies in a tone of unequivocal condemnation. But I do confess I cannot imagine a mind which has deliberately weighed the arguments, and candidly considered the facts of this important subject, still refusing to embark its energies or its influence in some way or other, in the work of evangelizing the nations of the earth. Indeed, the cause of missions has already met with such able defence, and the arguments of its opponents have been so often refuted, that they themselves seem to be almost sick of the very sound of their oft-repeated objections. And more than this, as if to show that the subject is quite impregnable, even at those points which the adversaries have never assailed, the advocates for the *promulgation of* Christianity, like the advocates for the *truth* of Chris-

tianity before them, have even brought forward fictitious objections of their own invention, in order to demonstrate with what perfect ease such objections could have been met, had the adversaries of the cause adduced them. And truly, after the champions of the missionary cause have done their part so well, it seems altogether needless still to keep up the debate with those who seem determined to resist the appeals of the most cogent reasoning, and even to set at nought the authority of human testimony. For of those who persist in denying the efficacy of missionary exertion, it may in truth be said that they "will not believe the great work which the Lord is working in these days, even though a man declare it unto them." Surely, then, we cannot justly be charged with a want of charity, when thus compelled to the belief that, after all, this pretended opposition of judgment on the part of our adversaries is nothing but a screen for the coldness and indifference of their hearts.

I turn, therefore, altogether at present from those who oppose these exertions of Christian philanthropy, and address myself to the friends of missions. I address myself to you, who, by being the members of a missionary society, profess yourselves the advocates and supporters of this benevolent scheme; and more especially to those of you who, by entering on a course of study preparatory to the duties of the Christian ministry, have thereby professed to devote yourselves unreservedly to the service of God in the gospel of his Son.

And I do not address you, my friends, for the purpose of again repeating those unmeaning compliments that are wont to be presented to the subscribers and office-bearers of missionary societies at such meetings as the present. I do fear that there is too much of the tone of this world's flattering adulation in the public language of our missionary assemblies. The doctrine

of this essay may be unpalatable, but I believe it to be true, that the members of missionary associations have absolutely done nothing, when we consider the high demands of a cause whose object is the spiritual and moral renovation of a world. Neither do I address you for the purpose of picturing forth in the colouring of romance the high devotedness of missionary character and lofty achievements of the missionary life. This has often been done already; but like most other poetic descriptions, while it has excited the imagination, it has failed to influence the conduct. It may have caused him who listened to indulge in some fairy dream of exile and martyrdom for the sake of his religion and his Saviour, while all the while it is quite possible that not only he, but even the very person who drew the splendid picture, may have remained altogether unimpressed with the sober convictions of a duty his imagination had set forth in such glowing characters. In reality this has been the case. One cannot help wondering, that of the many who have pleaded so earnestly for the cause of missions, and have declaimed so eloquently concerning the high dignity of the missionary enterprise, so few have been found who were willing to go forth to the combat. It seems to me that while the enemies of missions have altogether despised and vilified the missionary office, the advocates of missions have erred in the other extreme, by regarding it with somewhat of a sentimental admiration, and by describing it rather as a work of supererogation than of duty.

We have been too much accustomed to regard the missionary life as an undertaking of most extraordinary magnitude, and as reserved for a few of the most daring and devoted spirits in the race of living Christians; and thus we easily succeed in pushing from ourselves the duty of personal engagement. But we should do *well* to view the matter apart from this borrowed

splendour, which by its glare obscures rather than brightens the object of our contemplation. After all, the greater part of the work must be accomplished by ordinary men. And I am persuaded, if we but take a candid and sober view of the case, we shall begin to suspect that the matter *may* come home in the shape of duty, even to ourselves. Great as are the sacrifices the missionary makes, they are but small when we take into account those sublime truths which we believe as well as he. And it is of the very deepest importance that we should bear in mind that those very sacrifices are represented in the Bible, not as the fruits of an overreaching faith which may fall to the lot of but here and there a mind of apostolic endowment, but as the test of simple discipleship itself. "If any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." If by these, and the remarks that follow, I can impress the mind of any one of you with the duty of engaging in this great undertaking, let me warn such an individual of the delusion of putting such convictions away from him on the ground that this is a work far too high for him to engage in; or under the deceitful impression that his shrinking from such an enterprise is a sign merely that his faith is weak, and has not yet acquired sufficient strength to warrant his engaging in a work of such difficulty and self-denial. If the words of Christ be true which I have just repeated, to shrink from duty, even in the face of all the trials that present themselves in the contemplation of the missionary life, does not argue a weakness of faith merely, but a want of faith. The man who is not ready to part with country, and even life itself, at the bidding of his Saviour, is not worthy of the name of a disciple.

Now, were it not that the minds of all of us in

regard to this subject are under the influence of most overpowering and bewildering prejudices, I am sure I should only have to lay before you the present state of missionary operations in order to convince you of the duty of taking the question into most serious consideration, whether you may not be called to engage in this work of evangelizing the heathen. You give your assent to the duty of sending the gospel to pagan countries, and by your subscriptions you profess yourselves willing to co-operate in the accomplishment of this grand object. And so far you have done well. You may have thought you were doing all that was in your power for the furtherance of the great design, and you may never once have suspected that there was any call for greater services on your part. But if I can convince you that there is such a call, then, on the simple score of consistency, you are bound to listen to it and to obey it. For if this matter demands our attention at all, it demands our deepest attention; if it has a right to our services at all, it has a right to our most devoted services. If you are not prepared to make greater sacrifices in this cause than you have ever yet done, when manifestly called to do so, then the little you have done will only serve most clearly to condemn you. Others, who deny the importance or disbelieve the efficacy of the missionary project, may have some plausible excuse for standing aloof; they are at least consistent with their own profession. But assuredly it does convict us of singular hard-heartedness towards our fellow-men, if our zeal for their conversion can carry us the length of giving up a few paltry shillings, which were not surrendered it may be at the expense of a single comfort, and our zeal can carry us no further. We might pardon, though we could not defend, the incredulity of the individual who would not believe that some family near was in a state of starva-

tion, but we should utterly detest the sordid avarice and unfeeling apathy of the man who by giving something should just show us that he gave credit to the tale of suffering, and who yet, by the worthlessness of the trifle which he gave, should let us see that the wretchedness of his neighbour had made no suitable impression on his heart.

Now, I say there is a call for much more devoted services on your part than you have ever yet rendered in the work of evangelizing the nations. If we are disposed to estimate the prosperity of the missionary cause from the sums that are annually poured into its coffers, we should indeed augur well of its success. But you are aware that after all *money* is but a subordinate part of the apparatus. It may be the mainspring of the machine, but it is not the machine itself. The agents who go forth to the work are the effective part of the mechanism. And what avails it that we have obtained a good moving power if there be no machine to set it in motion? A good-will to the cause of missions has been on the increase, but there is every reason to fear that the spirit of missionary zeal is on the decline. It has grown more fashionable of late to subscribe to missionary societies; in consequence of this the revenues of the different societies have been so increased as would enable them to extend their plans, could they but find a sufficient number of zealous and devoted agents. But such is the languishing state of missionary zeal, so little is there of what Horne would call "a passion for missions," that it is with considerable difficulty the present stations can be supplied; and in such circumstances it is altogether vain to talk of extending the plan of missionary operations.

When first the proposal was made to send the heralds of salvation to the ends of the earth, the Christian

world received the proposal with eagerness and joy. A splendid equipment was fitted out, and many were desirous of sharing the honours of the victory that was so confidently and so ardently anticipated. But the novelty of the missionary enterprise is gone; and it would seem that the spirit of undaunted chivalry which a scheme of such lofty sublimity and such disinterested benevolence at first excited, has languished and well-nigh expired under the heavy pressure of those difficulties and discouragements which an actual experiment has brought to light.

The Scottish Missionary Society is in want of labourers; the London Missionary Society is in want of labourers; the Church Missionary Society (to the shame of the Churchmen of England be it told) have for some time been compelled to gather the missionaries whom they send forth from the other countries of Europe. And, to sum up all, even among the Moravians themselves, so famed for the devotedness of their missionary zeal, that spirit of other days which could brook slavery and death for the sake of Jesus would seem to have died away. Of them it once could be said, that no sooner was a missionary station vacant than there was an eager competition who should have the honour to supply it; for then it was counted an honour, for the love they bore to Christ, to succeed to a dreary station, amid eternal snows, or to fill the places of those who had fallen by the murderous hand of the savages for whose sakes they had left their country and their home. But now there is a difficulty in finding persons willing to go even to stations of ordinary comfort and ease. In this state of matters, what avails the increase of missionary funds? Do you not feel that there is a loud call for something more than mere subscriptions? And to whom can this appeal be made but to the members of missionary associations? And on whom

can it be urged home more forcibly than on those who have professed to surrender the whole energies of their minds and their bodies to the promulgation of the religion of Christ?

This is a statement of facts, and such a statement, I am sure, would be quite sufficient to call forth the willing offer of his services from any one who believes in the efficacy of missionary exertion, and who is not tied down by some peculiar circumstances to his native land, were it not that the mind is driven from its convictions of duty by prejudices and affections the strongest that can influence our nature—and I will even say, the purest that can oppose the will of God. Accordingly, I have found in my own experience, that even those who are most liberal in their donations to missionary societies, and most active in spreading among their friends a spirit of good-will to this work of Christian philanthropy, immediately abate their ardour and turn upon another tack so soon as the duty of personal engagement is pressed home upon themselves, or even upon any of their near relations. Those who are most strenuous in their arguments for the general cause of missions instantly start objections to the proposal of themselves becoming missionaries. A thousand plausible arguments immediately present themselves:—Our own country has much higher claims upon us; all are not yet converted here. Besides, the success of missionaries has not been very great, and we think we can do more good by remaining at home. Such arguments, when in the mouth of an opponent to the general cause of missions, none so forward to answer or so eloquent in refuting as they, and yet to the very same refuges do they betake themselves when we merely carry out a little further, and make a new application of their own previous assertions.

Nor do I at all wonder at this, though I cannot apo-

logize for it. The ties which bind us to our country and our home cannot be so easily broken. The love which we bear to parents and sisters and brothers, and a whole circle of affectionate friends, is perhaps the strongest passion that has its seat in the human breast; and Christianity, far from impairing, refines and strengthens the attachment. The land which gave us birth, and where our fathers lived before us, and the companions of our youth, and the affectionate guardians of our tender infancy, are objects which, most of earthly things, deserve our love. There is but one, and only *one Being* in the universe, whom we are commanded to love with a stronger affection. It is little wonder, then, that when feelings like these—so strong that no time or distance can ever efface their influence; and so pure, that piety itself imparts to them a tone of deeper tenderness—that when feelings like these exert an opposing influence, even the most devoted Christian should be startled at the first proposal of a duty which speaks destruction to them all.

It is on this account that I feel the statement of facts I have laid before you may not be sufficient to call forth your services to the work which loudly calls for them, and in which you profess to take an interest. It is only on this account that I feel that the statement I have made needs to be enforced by arguments. For I believe that to a mind which could take an unprejudiced view of the matter, no reasoning would be required to convince him of the urgency of the appeal, and no argument, however strong, could add to the force of the simple statement.

I feel, however, that it is necessary to reason with you. And the main argument on which I would insist is founded on the commandment of our Saviour: "Go ye and teach all nations." This has often been repeated by the advocates of missionary exertion; and though it

may thereby have lost something of its freshness, it has yet lost nothing of its force. I consider it still the stronghold of the missionary cause. But I am inclined to take a more extended view of the precept. Not only do I look upon this little verse as the great foundation on which all arguments for missions must be received,—but as the only scriptural authority which we can have for preaching the gospel at all. I can conceive many other inducements which lead men in our own land to profess or pretend to be ministers of God. But I believe that every truly Christian minister in the land must rest the whole authority of his commission on this and similar commandments. Now you must all perceive the bearing of this argument. It places our own country exactly on the same footing with the other nations of the earth, and it makes the work of the missionary abroad and the minister at home one and the same work. *The world is the field*, and the preaching of the gospel is the work to be accomplished. And it is only in as far as Great Britain is one of the "*all nations*" specified in the terms of the commission, that we have any warrant from Scripture to preach the gospel here. Grant me but this view of the subject and the question comes home with irresistible force. How comes it that all the labourers should have contrived to cluster together in one little corner of the vineyard? What special order has been given by the Lord about this little island on which we dwell? Or, in what does the vast superiority of its claims consist? It is nothing to my argument that in this country an ecclesiastical establishment has poured forth its benefices over the land, and has connected with the profession of the Christian ministry the comforts of civilized life and the enjoyments of a refined society, or the opportunities of literary and scientific retirement. With the hirelings that have crept into the Church at present I have

nothing to do. Neither is it anything to me that numerous sectaries with which some of us may be connected have spread themselves over the land, and are struggling for the superiority. I have no sympathy with the outcry that is made by each rival party about the interests of *their cause*. I know of no cause that demands the homage of our hearts and our services but the cause of Christ. Now, strip our country of these, and other accessory distinctions, which I think all of you will admit should have no control in giving it a higher claim upon our Christian services, and then tell me wherein it differs from other lands, in as far as the scriptural argument for the preaching of the gospel is concerned.

I am persuaded, that with all our knowledge of geography, we are accustomed, from irresistible prejudices, to rate the extent and importance of our own country much too high. Now, in order to dissipate this delusion, and give the subject a more manageable appearance, let us try if we can take a reduced sketch of the world, diminishing everything proportionally, just as a land-surveyor finds it convenient to draw upon paper a reduced representation of the estate which he has been measuring.

Let us imagine, that instead of the world, a single country had been pointed out by our Lord as the field of action. And since we are most familiar with our own land, let us just suppose that the particular country specified was the island of Great Britain; and that, instead of the command to go forth into all nations, and preach the gospel to every creature, the order had been to go throughout all the counties of this island, and preach the gospel to every inhabitant. I find, that on a scale which would make the population of Great Britain represent that of the world, the population of such a county as Mid-Lothian might be taken as a suffi-

ciently accurate representation of the population of our own land.

In order, then, to have a just picture of the present state of the world, only conceive that all who had received the above commission somehow or other had contrived to gather themselves together within the limits of this single county. Imagine to yourselves all the other divisions of Scotland and England immersed in heathen darkness, and that by these Christians who had so unaccountably happened to settle down together in one little spot, no effort was made to evangelize the rest of the land, except by collecting a little money, and sending forth two or three itinerants to walk single-handed through the length and breadth of the country.

I shall be told, however, that illustration is not argument; and so distorted have our views been on this subject, that you will be disposed to think this a perfect caricature of the matter. But I deny that this is an illustration at all. It is merely a representation on a reduced scale; and I believe you will find it to be a correct representation of the state of the world. It is no argument against the conclusions of the practical mathematician, that his calculations have had to do, not with the very objects or doctrines themselves about which he determines, but with proportional representations of them which he has delineated. The very same thing holds here. And if you but grant the correctness of my representation, then the deductions made from it are every whit as conclusive as if our minds could so expand as to do away with the necessity of the representation, and could gather their conclusions with as much ease from the consideration of the objects themselves about which we reason.

You will permit me, therefore, to argue from the representation a little further.

Were I to ask you what, in the case we supposed,

you would imagine to be the duty of the ministers who had clustered within the limits of a single county, when their commission embraced every county in the land; you would at once reply, that they ought to spread themselves over the face of the country, till every corner of the field shared equally in the benefit of their ministrations. Now I am almost afraid to transfer this question from the representation to the actual case before us. Not but that I believe I might most legitimately do so, but because I feel that I cannot carry along with me the sympathies of the Christian world. In fact, I am arguing at present for a much humbler effort than the fair answer to such a question would land us in. To return to our ideal field of operation: let us suppose that even the little band of itinerants began to fail, and a difficulty was found to recruit their numbers. Let us suppose that the funds collected were sufficient to send forth more, if any could but be found who were willing to go. Let us try if we can fancy anything in the shape of an excuse which our professed evangelists could allege for still refusing to quit the little territory to which they had all along so pertinaciously adhered. Some might say they did not think it was the proper time to go forth. You might meet them with the unlimited command of their Master, and especially His promise to be *always* with them in the work to which the commandment called them. Others might say they did not think those who had gone forth already had taken the right plan, and might even urge in support of this that actually the two or three preachers who had been sent forth had not yet converted the country. The direct reply to such would be,—The error of another is no apology for your disobedience. It is only a louder call to you to fulfil the command of your Lord, by some plan which will be more agreeable to His will. Such excuses might be framed by those

who had never co-operated in the little effort that had been made. But can you conceive that those who had given their entire consent to the plan itself, and had been zealous in sending forth others, could have any imaginable excuse for shrinking back when their personal services were called for? Let us try if we can invent any. They might tell us there were yet many within the little sphere they had allotted to themselves who were yet unconverted. They might bear witness to their own negligence, by telling us that actually there were still some within their own sphere of action to whom the message they had received from the Lord had never been fairly delivered. They might express their apprehension that if they began to go forth over the face of the country, the little spot which they had hitherto cultivated with so much care might hereafter be overlooked in the wide field which lay before them, and come to be altogether neglected. And some might even have the effrontery to tell us that they quite felt the urgency of the call to go forth over the face of the country; but for their part they had rather stay at home and persuade others to go.

You feel that there is something ludicrous in the very description. There is such an utter discrepancy between the command and the professed obedience to it; between the work to be performed and the scantiness of the means that are expected to accomplish it; between the obvious call of duty and the frivolous excuses by which they are evaded. Now, would this were but an imaginary picture; but it must recommend itself to all of you as too true a representation of the present state of the world, and of the kind of obedience which the disciples of Christ render to the last command of their Lord and Saviour.

I have thus tried to set before you, and illustrate my main argument, that the world is one field, and conse-

quently that every minister of Christ should be ready to go to that part of the field, wherever it be, which stands most in need of his services. You must perceive that we have taken it upon ourselves to circumscribe most unwarrantably the limits of our commission; and that in these days nothing adequate to the fulfilment of our Lord's command has so much as been attempted. I have pressed upon you the loud demand that there is at present for labourers, in order to maintain even the comparatively feeble effort which the Christian world has of late put forth; and you perceive that the objections to this appeal just hinted at appear sufficiently frivolous. I am aware, however, that on these or similar objections the whole force of your refusal to obey this call must rest, and therefore I feel it necessary to take each of them singly into more serious consideration.

I shall say nothing concerning the argument that the heathen are not in a fit state for receiving the gospel, and other similar objections. These are adduced only by the opponents of missionary societies. I take it for granted at present that I am addressing those who give their full assent to the duty of sending the gospel to the heathen, and who give their decided approbation to the plans that are in operation for the accomplishment of this grand object. The arguments which I mean to consider at present are those which are urged by the supporters of missionary operations when a demand is made for their own personal services. Among the most prominent of these is the assertion that all are not yet converted in our own land, and therefore our own country has the first claim upon our regard. The terms of the argument are very true, but the conclusion drawn from it I believe to be false. It is a lamentable fact that so many in our own land are not under the power *of the* gospel. But why? In by far the greater number

of instances because they will not come unto Christ that they may have life. Have they not had the message of mercy proclaimed to them, and what more can the messenger do? Have they not been plied, Sabbath after Sabbath, with the call to repent and believe the gospel, and if they still remain impenitent, what more can man accomplish? Can we hope to do more than apostles with all their miraculous powers and their unwavering faith could effect? When the gospel was declared by those extraordinary men who had trod this earth in the company of their incarnate God, and who, after He left them, were visited with the supernatural endowments of His Spirit,—the account of their success is that "some believed the things which were spoken, and some believed not." And as long as the Scripture doctrine of election holds true, it will still be found, wherever this gospel is proclaimed, that some will receive the message and some will most obstinately reject it. Far be it from me to adduce the doctrine of election as a reason why we should ever cease to ply with all our earnestness, and admonish with all our tenderness, the most hardened unbeliever or the veriest scoffer at sacred things. But I am quite warranted in adducing it, in order to show the fallacy of the expectation that we shall ever be able by any concentration of our energies to any sphere, however narrow, to convert *all* who dwell within these limits to the truth of the gospel. We do well to consider whether by such expectations we be not opposing the purposes of God. He has given us no reason to indulge the hope that He will choose His people exclusively from our nation, although that nation has been favoured very highly. He has said that He will take one of a city and two of a family; and it is said of the redeemed in heaven, that they have been gathered "out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."

But it may be said that I am not giving a fair view of the case, for that very many in our own land have never had the message of mercy fairly proclaimed to them. This is too true, and a disgrace it is to the ministers, and even the private Christians of Britain. How easily might the numerous evangelical ministers of the land, or at least the evangelical ministers among the Dissenters who are hindered by no ecclesiastical authority from preaching the truth where they think it has not been fully declared,—how easily, I say, might they dispel the ignorance that yet darkens the spiritual atmosphere of this enlightened country? But, after all, I do not feel the force of this claim when weighed against the claim of those who are literally perishing for lack of knowledge. I do believe that every inhabitant of our land has heard so much as makes him utterly inexcusable if he be ignorant of the way of acceptance before God. If he sits under a minister who perverts or but imperfectly declares the gospel, he has the standard of truth in his hand, and by the Bible he can and he ought to try the doctrine whether it be of God. If he have not a Bible himself, he has seen it in the possession of others, or at least he has heard that there is such a book, which many believe to be a revelation from Heaven. And finally, even in the haunts of the most abandoned depravity, where ignorance and wickedness may have spread a gloom as dismal as the darkness of paganism itself, even there the wretched inmates are still reminded of a God and a Saviour; if by nothing else, yet by the weekly return of a day of unusual stillness, and by the oft-repeated and well-known invitations of the Sabbath-bell. But when you urge as an excuse for remaining in this land, that some within its borders are yet ignorant of the terms of mercy, do you indeed mean to wander from parish to parish and illumine every dark corner on which the light of truth has not

yet shone? Or will you venture, where none have dared to venture before you, within the receptacles of vice and infamy, to proclaim the tale of a Saviour's sufferings to those who may never have heard of His name? If you will not or cannot do these things, then this argument is no argument for you.

Closely connected with this objection, that all are not yet converted in our own land, there is the apprehension lest a spirit of missionary zeal should damp the spirit of exertion at home, and that our own country should suffer from our attention to foreign lands. The spirit which excites this apprehension for the eternal welfare of our countrymen deserves the highest commendation. But depend upon it the fear is quite unfounded. I am quite willing to allow that our kinsmen according to the flesh have the first claim upon our Christian sympathy. It is true that, as the messengers of Christ, and as far as the command of our Saviour is concerned, the world is all before us, and no country has any peculiar claim upon our regard. But as men who are linked to those around us by bonds so strong as those of relationship, and all the other connexions which form the cement of civil society, there is no doubt something very peculiar in the claims of our native land. To true patriotism I am willing to allow all the eulogiums that poets and orators have heaped upon it. The love of our country is a very noble affection. But there is a thing which has been misnamed patriotism, which consists not so much in loving our own country, as in despising and disregarding every other. But surely it but ill accords with the liberal sentiment of the present age to despise any brother of the human family, because he has not sworn allegiance to the same sovereign with ourselves; or because, forsooth, he happens to be separated from us by some river and mountain, or imaginary political boun-

dary. Time was when in our own little country every petty chief was a monarch; and whatever may be the associations that romance has gathered around these olden times, every generous mind must look back with detestation and disgust on that narrow-minded spirit of clanship, which could tie down the affections of an individual to the few families that happened to bear the same name or to serve the same lord with himself, and which pronounced him the noblest of his clan who hated with the deadliest malice the whole world besides. But what is this pretended patriotism but the dross of this same detestable spirit? We surely have not need to be told, in this age of enlightened liberality, that God has made of one blood all nations that are on the face of the earth. And if the spirit of the age cannot reclaim us, Christianity at least should reclaim us from such bigoted narrowness. A spirit of true patriotism is in perfect harmony with a spirit of the most extended liberality. Your benevolence must overflow the narrow channel ere it can dilate itself over a wider surface. Just tell me of a man that he is a general philanthropist, and I can immediately conceive of that man that his family and social affections are stronger than those of other individuals. There may be exceptions to this rule, it is true, for it is quite possible to find monsters in the moral world as well as in the natural. All I assert is, that it is the general tendency of an extended benevolence to unite us in closer affection than ever to those objects which have a nearer relation to us. And, indeed, in the late extension of our Christian philanthropy to other lands, this principle has been most beautifully illustrated. Whence sprung our tract societies, our school societies, our itinerant societies, and the other institutions that are now in operation for instructing the ignorant of our own land? They have all *originated* in the impulse that was given to Christian

philanthropy by the formation of the Missionary Society. The stream of Christian benevolence, when it sought its way to the ends of the earth, first filled and overflowed the reservoir that had contained it. The very consideration of the case of those who were further removed from them made the Christians of our land take a deeper interest in the situation of those who were connected with them by stronger ties. It is on this account that I would have you to extend your views still further, till not only would I have you think of our country as a little spot, when compared with the world, that so you may feel the close relationship that exists between ourselves and our fellow-countrymen; but I would have you think of this globe itself on which we dwell as but one among the myriads that travel with it in their mighty journeys through boundless immensity. And then will you begin to feel that the whole human race forms but one little family in the universe of God. We shall thus forget those small distinctions which the ambition and avarice of man have made upon the face of our globe. We shall feel ourselves to be denizens of this earth, and the inhabitants of the universe. We shall feel that we are united to our fellow-men by stronger ties than the indefinite relation which subsists among all the creatures of God. Are we not united by the ties of a common nature? Are we not involved in a common calamity, in that we have forfeited the favour of our God,—a calamity which, for aught we know, may have happened to our race alone, of all the families of the universe? And is not a common pardon offered, and has not a common Saviour died for us all?

I have thus tried to answer the objections that spring from an overweening partiality to our own country and from the ignorance and unbelief that still exists there. But by far the most triumphant answer to all these arguments is founded on the authority of apostolic ex-

ample. Paul the apostle had a much stronger attachment to his country than any modern patriot can boast. He wished himself even accursed from Christ for his brethren's sake, and yet he gloried in being the apostle of the Gentiles. But there were feelings stronger than patriotism that bound the early disciples to the land of their fathers, feelings which none but an Israelite could experience. Their country was the land favoured of Heaven. Their countrymen were the chosen people of God. And if any may urge as an excuse for lingering in the land of their nativity that all their countrymen had not yet embraced the gospel, assuredly the apostles and early evangelists might have used this plea. But far different was their conduct. They thought it enough to have fairly offered the terms of mercy to their countrymen, and when some rejected the message which they delivered, so far from thinking this a reason why they should still remain, they considered it as the very signal for their departure. They thought that those who had never had the offer of God's favour had now a prior claim upon their regard, and they addressed their countrymen in such language as the following: "It was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken to you; but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles."

There is still one other argument, perhaps the most plausible of all, against engaging in the work of missions, and to which I beg very briefly to advert. It is, that in the present state of matters we can do more good at home than abroad. A minister in this country, it is said, may make as many, and sometimes more, converts than the missionary in a heathen country. And the question is triumphantly put, whether the soul that is converted at the distance of some thousand miles from our land be more precious than the soul which is con-

verted in our own neighbourhood; and whether it be not a matter of as great thankfulness and joy that a soul has been delivered from a state of self-delusion, though living in a country called Christian, as that a heathen has been turned from idols to serve the living God. The argument has a great semblance of fairness, but I think we shall find it to be unsound.

In the *first* place, it is not true that in general the success of ministers at home is greater than that of those who labour in heathen lands. And, *secondly*, though it be allowed that the conversion of a soul is not more acceptable to God because of the place where the conversion is wrought, yet there is much in the case of those who first turn to the Lord from a nation of idolaters, that may well fill our hearts with unusual joy and thankfulness, inasmuch as these are the *first fruits* of a hitherto uncultivated field, and may be regarded as the earnest of an abundant harvest. In the same manner, you can easily conceive how a few grains of wheat, though comparatively little worth in a cultivated country, might acquire an immense value in a new colony, where no other seed could be obtained. Besides, there is much in preparing the way. We are not to suppose that the conversion of a world is to be the work of one generation. The ground must be cleared ere we can so much as sow the seed, and this must be a season of toil and difficulty and discouragement.

You will perceive the fallacy of the objection now under consideration, in almost any case but the one before us. Let us suppose an accommodation of our Saviour's parable of the vineyard to the present circumstances of the world. Imagine to yourselves all the husbandmen to have settled down in one little fertile corner of the vineyard, and to have left all the rest with the soil unbroken, covered with briers and thorns,

and trodden down by the beasts of the forest. When called to account for their negligence, you may conceive them to answer: "Our fathers have planted vines and they have yielded fruit luxuriantly, and we truly thought that we were acting best for your advantage in choosing that spot for our labours where the fruit was most abundant." Who would not see in such a case that their own ease had been consulted and not their master's interest? And who could help the suspicion, that they wanted to press into their own cup of the overflowing vintage?

I have thus tried to set before you the present state of the missionary cause, and the loud call which there is for efficient labourers. I have stated to you the great argument, that the world is one field, and that our Saviour's command is not fulfilled so long as the distribution of His ministers over this field is so very unequal. And finally, I have tried to answer some of the objections that are made to personal engagement in the work.

The matter some time ago presented itself very forcibly to my own mind, and I felt that it at least demanded my serious consideration. As I have proceeded with my inquiries on the subject, the difficulties seemed to have gathered thicker on the prospect, but the convictions of duty have grown stronger too. The arguments for personal engagement seem to me to have acquired the strength of a demonstration. I have therefore resolved, with the help of God, to devote my life to the cause; and I have only solemnly to charge every one of you who are looking forward to the ministry of Christ to take this matter into most serious consideration.

Some of you may think that I have not satisfactorily answered the objections which may be urged against *personally* engaging in the work, and other objections

may possibly present themselves to some of you. But I ask you seriously to examine whether there do not lurk under these objections a want of devotedness to God and a secret love of the world. Why is it that there is an eager competition for the ministerial office in our own land, where a comfortable salary is annexed to the preaching of the gospel? And why is it that the love of country can be overcome whenever any worldly advantage is to be gained? But when the gospel is to be preached where there is no reward but the reward of winning souls to Christ, and no honour but the honour that cometh from God, there alone the ranks of the labourers are thin, and there deficiencies can with difficulty be supplied. I mean no uncharitable insinuations respecting your motives, but I ask you, if too much reason has not been given for the outcry that has been made against priestcraft by the worldling or the infidel!

Do not think I wish to press you into this service. It is a maxim which much experience has taught the Moravians, never to persuade any man to become a missionary. I have laid the matter before you, and I leave it with your own conscience, as you soon must answer before God.

I have the happiness to mention to you that your respected secretary of last year has given himself to the work, and I know that there are some present who have felt the urgency of the call.

I am not without the hope, that even from this unnoticed association a little band of devoted labourers may be raised up, who shall carry the name of their Saviour to the ends of the earth, and shall meet in another world to receive that high reward which is reserved for those who have left father, and mother and sister, and brother, and houses, and lands, Christ's sake and the gospel's. * * *

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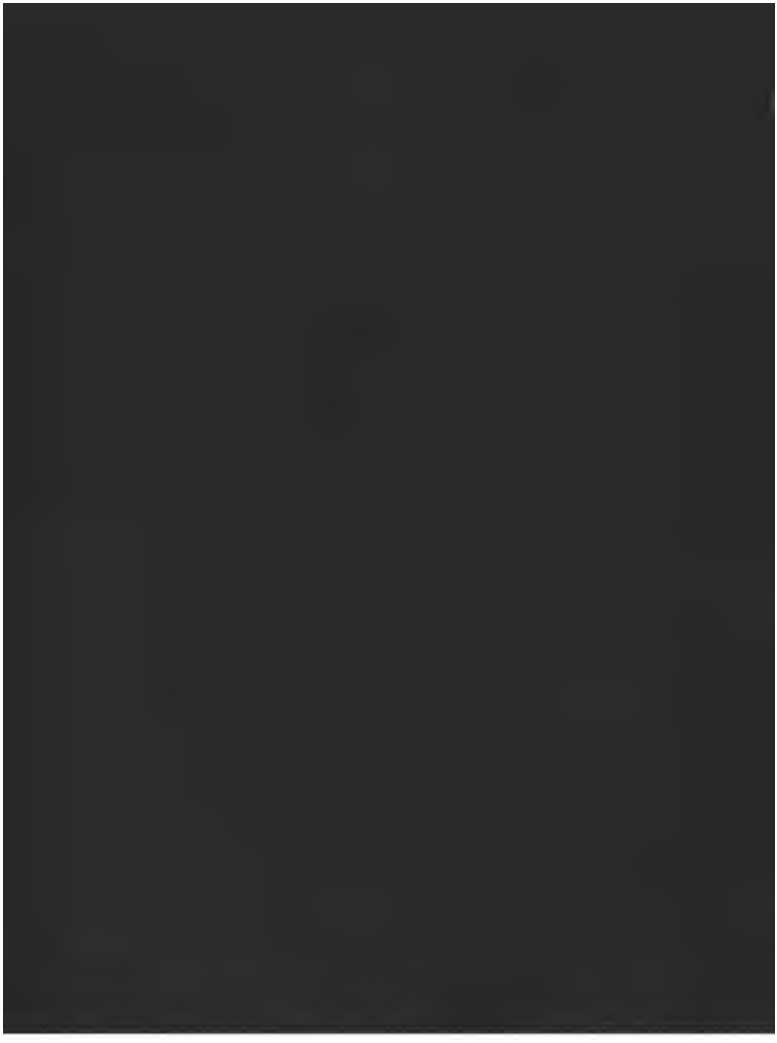
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